

THE
New Academy
OF
COMPLEMENTS,

ERECTED FOR
Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers,
Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers,
Citizens, Country-men; and all
persons of what degree soever,
of both Sexes.

*Stored with variety of Courtly and
Civil COMPLEMENTS, Eloquent
LETTERS of Love and Friendship.*

WITH
An Exact Collection of the Newest
and Choicest
SONGS A LA MODE,
Both Amorous and Jovial.

COMPILED
By L. B. Sir C. S. Sir W. D. and others
the most refined Wits of this Age.

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To the Reader.

IF thou a Fresh-man art, and thorough bent,
To bear Loves Arms, and follow Cupid's Tent,
Find whom to love; The next thing you must do,
Learn how to speak her fair, to write, and woo:
Last, having won thy Mistress to thy Lure,
I'll teach thee how to make her Love endure.
This is my Aim, I'll keep within this place,
And in this Road my Chariot-wheel I'll trace.
Whilst thou dost live, and art a Batchelor,
The Love of One above the rest prefer;
To whom thy Soul says, Thou alone content me:
But such a one shall not from Heaven be sent thee;
Such are not dropt down from the azure Sky,
But thou must seek her out with busie Eye.
Well knows the Huntsman where his Toyls to set,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet;
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his Fenn;
The Fisher knows what Pool the Fish are in.
And thou that studiest to become a Lover,
Seek in what place most Virgins to discover:
Which having done, make one thy sole delight.
Then thou must study to dissemble right:
Swear by her Beauty, seemingly be lcth
To break the bond of such a sacred Oath:
Sigh when she sighs, and what thou seest her do,
By imitation strive to do so too.
Gaze on her Eyes; and when thou seest her sip,
Kiss thou the Glass where she shall place her Lip.
But I'll no longer keep thee at the Door;
Refuse the Book, for that will teach thee more.



Complemental Expressions towards Men,
LEADING TO
The ART of COURTSHIP.

S I R, your Goodness is as boundless, as my desires
to serve you.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Load-stones that draw
even your enemies to love and to admire you.

Sir, It is my profession to appear in all places, a
servant to your Merits.

Sir, I have nourisht in my self a continual care of
seeking opportunities to do you service.

Sir, you have so pursued me with your favours, that
I am capable of no other pleasure, but to entertain
them.

Sir, Such is your deserts and my necessity, that I
want both words and services to express how unseign-
edly I honour you.

Sir, Your bounties have been shew'd upon me with
such excess, that I am incapable of a Complement.

Sir, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than
new proofs of my obedience.

Sir, When I have finished your desires, I should
intreat you to reserve some new commands, so great
a pleasure I take in being yours.

Sir, You have deserved more services from me,
than my life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the excess of my affection, that all my
passions do but wait upon your good fortunes.

Sir, I confess I never merited the effects of such
noble

nobleness, as that you shall account of me as an object of your vertuous inclinations.

Sir, the pleasure I entertain to consider your goodness, is more satisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, should I not render you thanks for your many favours, I should die of a deep impatience.

Sir, your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour.

Sir, you are so highly generous, that I am altogether senseless.

Sir, with the same joy that I formerly embraced your friendship, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage; and shall love you with the same passions as before.

Sir, I have made a vow to honour you all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service.

Sir, I am daily in disquiet, and shall be, till some occasion be offered me suddenly wherein I may appear to you to be more than verbal.

Sir, this tyranny of your humour or inclination, is too great a punishment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'tis my ambition to conserve the honour I have obtained of being your servant.

Sir, you are so noble in all respects, that I have learned to love, as well as to admire you.

Sir, I am grown jealous of your generosity, your favours come so fast on me, that I shall be forced to seem ingrateful.

Sir, your passions are mine; nor can I live more in freedom, than when I am bound to you in the bonds of Friendship.

Sir, you are the rising Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear you in my heart.

Sir,

Sir, you are the Star I reach at.

Sir, you are the Miracle of friendship.

Sir, your goodness wants a president.

Sir, you have the power to sway me as you please

Sir, be pleased to instruct me how I may thank
your love.

Sir, I am your friend, and that word speaks me
wholly yours.

Sir, you have so far engaged me, that I know not
what I can do, that is not at your command.

Sir, when I would admire you, you wrap me up
in wonder.

Sir, my zeal is so fervent towards you, that I am
sick with passion.

Sir, if you have not cast off the name of Friend,
make me companion of your cares.

Sir, I take so much pleasure in serving you, that
I am proud to please you.

Sir, you are the only Anchor of my hopes.

Sir, I shall study to chronicle your Vertues.

Sir, fear no dangers, my arms shall be your San-
ctuary.

Sir, you are so full of fair desert, that I have no
faculty but what is yours.

Sir, you are so highly noble, that your purse is my
Exchequer.

Sir, I am a captive to your Honour, and your fair
example steers me.

Sir, your Complements call your faith in question.

Sir, you tell me stories, midnight would blush to hear.

Sir, the Ocean's not more boundless than your Fa-
vours.

Sir, be confident of my affection, while I have room
to lodge you in my bosom.

Sir, I am sick 'till I see you, whose presence is my
restorative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

Sir, You have the power to steer me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for your safety, that passion, like midnight, sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, To be obedient to your Commands, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessing of your Mistress fall upon you.

Sir, I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those debts I owe to you and honour, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield my self to your direction, manage me at your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speak you the Muses Darling; you have suckt the Marrow of the Court.

Sir, You are amorous as the youthful May.

Sir, I'll be Just to you, as Heaven to truth.

Sir, I'll out-wait a Bayliff to attend you.

Sir, You value my weak deserts with too much partiality.

Sir, Necessity hath neither law nor shame; for contrary to my nature, I am forced to become an humble and an earnest Suiter to you.

Sir, You have out-run the world in honours race.

Sir, I am honour'd in this Acknowledgment.

Sir, I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in her Commendation.

Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may requite your Love.

Sir, you have power to oblige my Soul.

Sir, I must die, or live to be ungrateful.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon, if I have omitted those honours due to your deserts.

Sir, without a Complement, I am your Friend; and that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir,

Sir, Pray admit this stranger to your knowledge, his deserts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I must be conquered by your courtesies, 'tis my glory to be your slave.

Sir, having your favour I am rich, without it none so miserable.

Sir, I shall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This visit is as welcome, as the greatest honour you could do me.

Sir, May your own Vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy presence.

Sir, May this meeting create a lasting League of Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I should be entirely happy, should I find an occasion to imprint the Characters of your vertues in my breast, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your civilities have endear'd you to me; you shall rule as a Planēt in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunāte, that delights may stream into your bosom.

Sir, The pleasures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, Your Vertue and Eloquence make you immortal upon Earth.

Sir, From the first time that I beheld you. I have made it my zeal to express my self your most humble servant.

Sir, if you love, as you say you do, you will have patience: True love will last a siege.

Sir, It is the design of my ambition, to be passionately your most faithful servant.

Sir, The pleasure I have in your love, and the assurance of my own innocency, hath caused me to give this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather than lose your company, I would compass the utmost bounds of the Terrestrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be so, tho' fate and death forbid.

Sir, I am in earnest, 'tis not my humour to treat my friends with dreams.

Sir, this your Barbarity to your friend, shall not make me forget you nor my own duty; for though the strongest love oftentimes degenerates into the greatest hate, yet I am resolved to live and die yours.

Sir, your suit is an impertinent trouble to us both; for be assured, 'tis as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love you.

Sir, nothing shall rob my heart of the fair image of your Vertues, but Death it self.

Sir, your bounty exceeds the small stock of my Merits, that durst not have entertained such an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of those favours you afford me.

Sir, it is by your bounty I am enabled to make a present, accept therefore of this small one, that the world may testifie how much I glory to proclaim the first Founders of my estate.

Sir, I have found you so much my faithful friend hitherto, that I doubt not but you will appear so hereafter, if need require.

Sir, Fortune is now propitious, and hath sent you this grateful acknowledgment for all your favours.

Sir, your mind contains a spring of vertue, each day affords me a fresh character of your friendship.

Sir, your reality hath gained my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occasion to testifie my acknowledgments.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Strumpet, and extorts from me an Interest for the sum of favours she formerly did trust me with.

Sir, Fortune I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with necessity; for this is my opportunity of embracing so rich a treasure as your self.

Sir, be wise, and as the Proverb saith, *Look before you*

you leap, he is happy that can withstand a temptation with a noble resolution.

Sir, Should I twine my arms to Cable, sit up all night like a Watching-candle, and dull my Brains through my Eye-lids, yet I must love you; I then loving you, and you me; who is the third person shall hinder us?

Sir, you seem to be a man of much reading, you talk of nothing but warbling Rhapsodies.

Sir, you understand your authority over me; I dare not deny my endeavours to perform whatsoever you shall please to command.

Sir, Heaven, which hears and answers prayers, give a blessing to all your vertuous desires.

Sir, The late courtesies you did me are borrowed, and like an honest Tenant, I shall provide my Rent against the time of your demand.

Sir, I would advise you to be careful of your honour, but I doubt you were never yet right worshipful.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied, your innocency hath cleared my jealousy.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of any thing may prompt you to suspect either my love or duty.

Sir, I cannot be so tedious in the performance of your commands, as you are to employ me.

Sir, Farewel, you are grown rude, I dare not hear you further.

Sir, I hate your base desires; you and your lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator; you give your lust the golden titles of pleasure and delight, but forget what bitterness attends the end.

Sir, I submit to your Censure, either to approve or to condemn; you are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Courageous.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn fortune, while she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may pleasures be your attendance, whilst I court your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my bosom be your religious sanctuary.

Sir, your bounty hath added so many feathers to my wings, that I am in haste to do you service.

Sir, may we from this day date our immortal friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your desires.

Sir, Your fortunes are your own, but your fate is mine.

Sir, you humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to obey, no man can be more proud of your commands.

Sir, Let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, only the earnest of my gratitude.

Sir, 'Tis your presence that compleats our joys.

Sir, My blessings are derived from you.

Sir, pursue your pleasures, my life shall be engaged to your interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but shame and my fearful blushes teach me a farther duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave you, having nothing to requite you with but words.

Sir, You are kind in this friendly visit, your welcome and my thanks are infinite.

Sir,

Sir, Let us embrace as friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, Sleep is not more welcom to the wearied Traveller, than you are to my house.

Sir, My entertainment speaks me most freely welcom.

Sir, Let me know your ground for this suspicion.

Sir, How have my actions rendered me suspected?

Sir, Envy hath no power to hurt your fame.

Sir, Malice can never blemish your deserts.

Sir, My submission waits upon your pardon.

Sir, Nothing is wanting, but my all, your presence.

Sir, One that desires to serve you, sends this paper to salute your hands.

Sir, You bestow too great an honour on him that is your creature.

Sir, Teach me me to be grateful, I dare presume my soul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your service.

Sir, My thanks, and the endeavours of my life, are a debt I owe to you.

Sir, I shall be your debtor, if you keep me in your mind.

Sir, I have one suit, and shall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more, than in loving you.

Sir, I am proud when a kind opportunity makes me yours.

Sir, Understand your own worth, and then know I can have no power to slight any occasion of serving you.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my wealth.

Sir, The rough humours of your age, are unfit to be compelled with the smooth brows of youth.

Sir,

Sir, I beseech you be more sparing of your courtesies, lest the world take you for a prodigal.

Sir, Be not so inconstant in your affection, lest in the conclusion you appear too much like the Mary-gold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shrink before the Clouds of adversities.

Sir, by your singular Character the Lady seems to be so rarely accomplished, that to her only, I commit the treasures of my life and fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuse, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my reputation, than be negligent of your commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your grace and courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the roads of Vertue.

Sir, let me be still a sharer in your favours, so shall I grow proud of my own fortunes.

Sir, this part of the world shares in your prosperity, since you were born to serve your Prince, and to command his people.

Sir, my only glory in your service, is to be humble and to obey.

Sir, your Endowments shine beyond the degree of brightness.

Sir, your inventing new fables, speaks you a good Poet, and me a good Subject for your Romantick fancy.

Sir, your good Fortune, and noble Resolutions shine so clear in all employments, that it appears Nature made all things to honour you.

Sir, your virtues are so well known, you cannot think I flatter.

Sir, I never had those ambitious thoughts to think you could affect so imperfect a creature as my self.

Sir, your virtue may give a lustre to a Prince.

Sir,

Sir, Without you, the States necessities increase.

Sir, I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you service.

Sir, you can never die, succeeding Chronicles will give a life to your Heroick acts.

Sir, If you command, I will despise the worst of fate, or bow to the infidelities of cruel fortune.

Sir, My appetite is sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.

Sir, He that tramples on your fame, stamps upon the reputation of the whole Court.

Sir, your vows have so amaz'd me, I know not how to answer.

Sir, In all shapes, and under the most fearful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

Sir, I will forbear commending you, since all that I can say is dishonourable to your deserts.

Sir, the chief objects of my thoughts hath been the glory of your name.

Sir, I prostrate my presumption at your feet, I shall lose happiness if you forsake me.

Sir, My very thoughts are yours, you have an interest in them as well as me.

Sir, All my acknowledgements come far short of the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, you mistake my dispositions, if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me so intemperate.

Sir, Should my friendship appear on any occasion to serve you, it would remain as a recluse.

Sir, the world would be so unpeopled, and Nature would lose her pride, were there no such men as you to maintain their honours.

Sir, your virtue can be recorded by none but by your self.

Sir,

Sir, Though you injure me, my humility shall make me silent.

Sir, Though your anger seems to thunder, I can forbear no longer.

Sir, Your favours came so fast, they will neither suffer me to be miserable, nor to seem so.

Sir, Your actions are so vertuous, they carry an authority always with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, lest you tire him whom you have so often injured.

Sir, If you alledge excuses for so poor a trifle, you make your self a stranger to my love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transcend the Subject on which you bestow them.

Sir, Your fortunes are fair, but your Judgment may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent qualities might become the presence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or discontents, that I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world.

Sir, Your favours have raised me so high, that I seem to stand upon a precipice, and to discern my fall with the greater terrour.

Sir, I have long since learnt, A Lovers Religion is to swear and forswear.

Sir, I have a new life in being yours, your goodness gives me a new creation.

Sir, Futurity shall crown the relicks of your honoured ashes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I shall not hold my self absent from you, whilst I retain any room in your heart and memory.

Sir, You are the heir of a rich inheritance, the evidence of your vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is so little goodness in the world, since by the rich stock of vertue that rests in you, others are become bankrupts.

Sir,

Sir, I owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your Soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; or to have their names so disjoined in an Anagram, 'twould puzzle ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poesie are divine; commonly infused together, yet 'tis ordinarily tyed to rules of flattery.

Sir, Your Oratory makes me suspect your faith, let it suffice. I love you; Nor shall it be long ere *Hymen* shall seal the contract.

Your very Servant Sir.



Complements towards Ladies, Gentlemen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, It is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a reputation by my ruin.

Madam, The grace of eloquence is seated on your lips.

Madam, Your Beauty is the conquerefs of man, who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your eyes.

Fair

Fair one, your feature and your vertues excell all mortal sense.

Madam, when I see you I am in paradise, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feast of love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be satisfied with the wonders of your beauty.

Madam, your complexion clear as is the skie, was never fram'd but to be ador'd.

Madam, Though my person is removed from you, my purpose is not, for I still retain and will till death, the resolutions of being, Madam, yours.

Madam, I dare be confident you have too much vertue to study the Art of dissimulation.

Madam, be faithful to him that dares look on death to preserve you, or endure all the despights of Fortune to defend your reputation.

Madam, your beauty hath so bereav'd me of my fear, that I do account it far more possible to die, than to forget you.

Fairest, Take this for a certain truth, I shall rather chuse to abhor my self, than to pitch my affectionate resolutions on any object but the excellency of your beauty.

Madam, your kindred may be cruel in keeping us asunder, but my heart shall never stray from the duty it bears to your vertues.

Madam, I shall ever sacrifice the best of my endeavours to the favour of your affections.

Madam, It was not through a conceit of my own deserts, that I have shot at so fair a mark as your verruous and innocent fair self, my presumption hath only this excuse, it was directed by love, and I may well stray, when my guide is blind.

Madam, you have vanquished me, I am an eternal prisoner to your beauty.

Fairest

Fairest, your Beauty is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

Madam, your Soul is so divinely bright, that what is otherwise dare not approach to you, lest it sees its own deformity.

Madam, you have my prayers at all times, though you go hence; we cannot be absent from one another since I have placed you in the secret Cabinet of my heart.

Oh Madam, If the thoughts of your departure make me melancholly, the real absence will be a misery worse than death.

Fair Madam, It is cruelty so frown at parting, that cloud bids me expect a storm, but oh what bliss I find in this deceit; you seem angry by your frowns, and yet each brow lodges loves deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to you, but my affection hath overswayed my reason, be not still cruel lest you make me so desperate, that I shall be no longer either my own or yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equalize your virtue, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear Love, My heart will not suffer my tongue to utter that fatal word, farewel, since when I leave you, I shake hands with my most perfect object of Beatitude.

Madam, If you know not how to love, I know not how to live, unless in torments.

Madam, be pleased to wear this Diamond, which comes with an ambition to recover a greater by your smile.

Madam, Make me poor, or miserable, use your pleasure with me, so you enrich me with your love.

Dear Lady, Must I needs part with all my felicities at once, Then adieu fair Sun of my soul, and suppose I am with you; for we cannot part since our hearts so firmly are united.

Fair

Fair one, Adieu, Be still more fortunate, and less cruel; whilst I, though the most unhappy, resolve to continue constant.

Madam, Unless you give me your self, it lies not in your art or power to requite that affection where-with I do adore you.

Madam, I never yet offered my affections to any beauty but your own, since then you have the pre-heminence above all others, be favourable to him that gives it, and with it, himself wholly to your disposal.

Madam, Give me but the favour to suffer me to discover my affections, and then if you shall think fit, silence me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my respects when you are gone hence, it will be some consolation to me, though I have not the sight of your eyes, if I may be assured you have me but sometimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole estate is summ'd up in your smiles.

Madam, What crime of mine hath raised your angry frowns?

Madam, To call you fair, is an Epithete beneath your Beauty.

Madam, *Cupid* hath fixt himself in your eyes, and wounds all that come but near him.

Blush fair creature, blush; since to be coy, is to be cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwise than what you seem, a beauty.

Fairest, It is now high time to cherish my desires, let them be no longer Prisoners to the shades of silence.

Dear Madam, your love is the perfection of my desires.

Fairest, make me so happy, as to raise my affections to the honour of being yours.

Madam,

Madam, Be wise, and doat not so much upon your own beauty; the Man with the bald pate can so alter physiognomy, that in a short time it shall fright you more than a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past your art to shun me, I will put a girdle round about the world but I will find you.

Madam, You are the Queen of beauties, your vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis your beauty is the divinity, which mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady fine, Your Tyrant-beauty hath but a short reign; you cannot say 'tis yours, for you cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, 'Tis true, you are handsom; but remember Faces are like Books, they that study them do best know them: and the truth is, they are liked only as they please the Courteous reader.

Madam, Why will you shun me? let me but view my wealth; otherwise, Where is my comfort, more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Cask of Jewels in the dark?

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving you, but the most unhappy if you deny your love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the gods themselves will rob me of you.

Madam, I am sick of love, be you my Physician, or I shall suddenly expire.

Coy Mistress, Once I loved you, but have learned more wit now, than to follow such a blind guide as *Cupid*.

I'-faith Widow, I am in love, and 'tis with you; the untoward boy *Cupid* has wounded me; 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him: he glides through the Isle of Man in a minute, gets into *Middlesex*,

sex, and keeps his Christmas there till he's fired out with heat and flames.

Scornful Girl, can you imagine I ever did intend to dote, especially on that small stock of Beauty of yours, which serves only to convince me, you are not extreemly ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painter, Poets, nor Players were ever guilty of half so many cruelties, as you (by the darts of your eyes) do exercise on those that admire you most.

Dear Madam, when I am absent from you, I am sick of love, but every visit gives somewhat of consolation to my passion.

Lady, I am wholly yours, it is your beauty that hath taken me from my self.

Madam, your vertues are my meditations; you and my thoughts are never absent.

Madam, you are the admiration of the World, like a fair picture you draw all mens eyes to see and wonder.

Fair Creature, you are that rich Cabinet wherein nature hath lockt up all her rarities.

Madam, So to usurp an Authority, is according to neither Law nor Reason.

Fair one, This Kiss from your inspiring hand, will add to my former happiness.

Madam, This favour, and you Crown your Servant.

Madam, your Beauty hath the art to teach Christians to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be merciful or I am miserable, your eyes are as the Ambassadors of life or death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of those wise men that rule the Stars, you might then conclude, I might be able to govern my own affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward Vertues,
your

your name will be recorded in the Register of Saints.

Madam, your frowns are the emblems of death, but your smiles give me a second being.

Madam, To be absent from your service is a Torment, since every of your commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have pass'd my vows, to confirm them, I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours 'till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a smile.

Fair one, I'll pay the last tribute of my lips to your fair hands.

Madam, your heart is like pibble, smooth, but stony.

Madam, Continue constant, and be assured, I will rather lose my life, than part with my resolutions of serving you.

Madam, Since you are born into the world to be admir'd, you shall not eclipse your self from him that can live no longer than he serves you.

Most Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon those Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as vertue.

Oh Madam, Be like your self, fair and not resembling *Narcissus*, benighted with the clouds of scorn.

Madam, May Heaven smile upon you, farewell and prosper.

Madam, you are all-sweetness, and I the admirer of your Vertues, Oh let me fly into your bosom.

Madam, be not cruel, but save that creature whose life depends on you, whose every power owns not himself but you.

Madam, you are a Deity, to whom my heart presents its devotion.

Madam, My soul is in a flame, and remains a Sacrifice

crifice, 'till you shall please to accept it.

Madam, May I become the scorn of time, when I prove so monstrous as to give you the least occasion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happiness upon your Lip, and study thereby some new way of number, to multiply my bliss.

Madam, The treasures of Grace and Nature were exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Madam, My language is as my intention, plain and real; he that makes use of golden words, does it only to gild over the corruptions of his soul.

Dear Madam, I am ravished with the well-tuned Harmony of your pleasant voice.

Lady, I return to you all your vows, be free, as the Air you breathe in.

Madam, Can you be so unjust as to deem my language feigned? I shall sooner forget to eat than to honour you.

Madam, Far be it from me, to speak a language should displease your ear.

Farewel, Incomparable Mistress.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts, I should want room to entertain your love.

Madam, Be assured I will either enjoy you, or dye a Martyr in your quarrel.

Madam, For your sweet sake my meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am valiant, witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Mistress, To be plain with you, I love you; but I want utterance, and that is a good sign.

Sweet bit of beauty, the delight of mine own soul, I am come to visit thee, and have brought with me a hundred thousand salutations.

Most resplendent Lady, I am full of the fruits of love, and should be proud if you would be pleased to participate,

Dear

Dear morsel of Modesty, How I love you ! and so sincerely, that I protest to make you Mistress of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands ; and upon the same I give you an earnest-kiss in the high-road to Matrimony.

My dear girl, thou hast catcht me, my heart thou hast had before, now here's my hand.

Fair one, Seal my pardon for my former rudeness, and may I forget my Love, if I lose my civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty ; it is the sole Commandress of my thoughts.

Dear Madam, The breath of new-blown Roses is not more sweet than yours ; I could kiss thee, 'till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, By your fair self, I love you with as much true zeal, as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Mistress, I am in paradise when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A thousand *Cupids* call me to kiss your hands.

Fairest, By the law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiss.

Madam, You are the fairest ; Nature ever did design for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your sweet breath informs me, your Mother sed on Roses, when she bred you.

Madam, I shall be more grateful, than to slight those benefits you shewr upon me.

Fair one, You have taught me to despise my self ; I can do nothing but admire your virtues

If I am void of reason, Fairest creature, suffer Love to be my Advocate ; that will not allow of limits.

Mistress, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when once abused, may turn into fury.

With-

Without doubt Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fancy, created Beauty, it was their Master-piece, since they themselves are unable to oppose that force which they ordain'd.

Madam, it is impossible any one should see your beauty, and not become a captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of Beauty, or of Vertue, unless you are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, did not your virtues instruct my understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worth or Beauty, dare rob all that is good, and sin against truth it self.

Madam, it was the Spring of your Beauty, that first rais'd in me those noble desires, which soon after burst'd into streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace you as my Wealth and Honour.

Fairest, your absence will be the death of him that loves you above all that can be dear or precious; should Armies keep us distant, I would charge through a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with Death himself, but I would gain you.

Madam, your features bound me in fetters as soon as I first saw them, and the excellent endowments of your mind hath since retained me not only your prisoner, but your servant.

Madam, you are the Epitome of Nature, in whom is compris'd all that savours of what is sweet or glorious.

Madam, give me leave to call you mine, and one day the effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, speak once more, Angels will listen to the Musick of your voice.

Madam, You have laid a charm upon my soul, my senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmony of your hand and voice.

Madam,

Madam, The thankful Lute shews how much it does rejoice to be graced with the touch of your fingers.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive great faults, and upon the acknowledgment of my error, you cannot find an object more deserving your compassion.

Madam, May your own vertues attend you ever, that you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem you dear.

Madam, The chiefest grief I bear with me from this place, is the sense of leaving my heart where I cannot stay my self.

Madam, I have a heart, but it is worn in your breast.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they are the two bright Stars by which the Barque of my affection steers to the wish'd for shoar of my felicity.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would purchase with my life.

Madam, Continue to be good, and hold him still in your memory; whose only felicity it is, to hope to be enshrined in so fair a monument.

Madam, I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late the heat of your favours revived my besotted spirits; but the darts of your piercing eyes have so altered the whole frame of man in me, that I am become a perfect flame, which nothing can quench out but the pleasant streams of your love.

Madam, The Magnetick-stone observes not the summons of the North-star with more activity, than I do your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours, may I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplished
C Lady

Lady in the world, may Heaven compleat its bounty in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kiss to your fair hand.

Madam, Be assured, my love and loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have life to retain any affections for your beauty.

Fairest Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine vertues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you; yet should an opportunity be offered, the constancy of my dying heart should manifest how much I am yours in death.

Madam, I will be stedfast as inviolated faith, immoveable as a rock; and till death will glory in my constancy, as the chiefest Jewel of my life.

Madam, My desires lie captiv'd at your feet; but one glance from your sparkling eyes will enliven them again, and add a fresh Vigour to your languishing Prostrate.

Dear Madam, Desire but my Content, let me but have your wishes, and I will be in a continual thirst to do you service.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to please you, as my duty does to serve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made; Heaven hath given me desires, but not deserts.

Madam, I should be simple and unworthy, should I imagin this Present worthy your acceptance, since what we think are rarities, are not truly so, unless by the character of your esteem.

Madam, I have sent you but a small token, choosing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with the Graces; since Nature hath designed you for the store-house of all her most excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but ere long the effects shall answer your expectation.

Dear

Dear Lady, Speak again, Angels will be mute,
and listen to your voice.

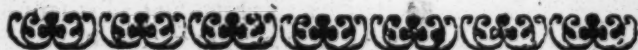
Madam, I am silenced with your breath; each
word of yours lays a Charm upon my Soul.

Madam, You are favourable in this, that you will
suffer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Mistress of most rare perfections,
such as command the world to express abundance of
duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In those smiling dimples, Cupid hath
pitched his Tents.

Madam, you are all Vertue: from your sweet lip
the morning gathers blushes.



Letters for all Occasions.

1. *A Tender of Service to the King's most Excellent Majesty.*

May it please Your Majesty,

I Am not ignorant of the great presumption where-
with at this time I give a trouble to your Majesty;
Nor can my deserts give me any hopes, that the least
beam of your love should shine on any thing that in
me can be thought a merit; since I have learned, you
may command in all things; and it is contrary to the
duty I owe to your excellent Majesty, to disobey in any.
But that your Majesty may know, you have a Subject
that durst be Loyal even in disloyal times, I have now
attempted to arrive at the height of my felicities;

which i. not only to be honest, but to be known to be

*Your Majesties most humble Servant,
and obedient Subject.*

2. *A Tender of Service to the Queens most excellent Majesty.*

May it please your Majesty,

THough I am a stranger to your Majesty, yet since I bear the glorious title of a loyal Subject, I have hence assurance that your Majesty will vouchsafe to give this boldness a favourable aspect: for indeed I should doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Sovereign, should not your Majesty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my service: let me now only beg the trouble of a pardon, and I shall for ever study, as in duty bound, to manifest my self,

*Your Majesties Loyal Subject,
and most humble Servant.*

3. *Respects from an Honourable Lady, to the Queen.*

Madam,

IF my passion had not over-rul'd my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming so mean an object for your sacred eyes, till some commandment of your own had put them upon occasion to give them attendance; but the care I have to preserve my self in the honour of your memory, and favour, will not suffer me to continue any longer silent: I therefore most humbly pray your Majesty, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aspiring to your service: which yet I should half suspect to be less perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambitions, as my obligations; but the one accompanying the other, will establish me for ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being

Madam, Your Majesties most humble Servant.

4. *A Person of Quality to a worthy Lady; the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another; for I approach to your presence with as a profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladyship is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness: but when withal you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self: I have but little to say, but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will; yet howsoever I shall be daily praying, that you may be as happy, as the world knows you to be worthy: and especially, that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some straw or stick, towards the erecting of that great Building: till then, I am prostrate at your feet, and with a fervent zeal shall continue,

Madam, the Adorer of you Virtues, &c.

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extream kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered, which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of silence: But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather chuse to appear in this kind to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service, which want not life, howsoever they are deprived of lustre, wherewith to crown the

estimation which your worth hath begotten in my soul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there is any sense in

*Madam, the most affectionate of
all your Servants.*

6. *A Letter of Kindness, from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOU may imagin I dream or doat, otherwise I should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, nor make so long a reach to you still, by the arms of my ill-written lines; but I thought once you were near hand, and coming to visit me: when soon after I understood you design'd your self for other ends, which yet put me into such a valiant choler; as some of them know who were neare to me, and must bear with my humors; lest I should want them I might be angry with my self; for I can do nothing but in earnest, though that earnest proves commonly as true nothing, as if I were in jest. Pray let me have an account of your health, and of those affairs, wherein you may guess my love may say I am concerned; for be assured, you shall never be owner of any care whereof I will not have a part, either by taking, if you will give it; or else by stealing it, if you will not give it: but will needs be the first to offend Justice so far, as to hide it from

Your most real, real Friend, &c.

7. *From one Friend to another.*

Sir,

THE express of your goodness hath raised me to a degree of happiness, beyond even my own power of wishing: and after such height of good fortune, this only regret can take hold of me; that you did impose something upon me as disagreeable, as this was complying with the very utmost of my ambi-

ambitious desires, that so I might thereby have had the satisfaction of giving you an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy in performing any action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better serve to express my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

8. A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his sick Mistress.

Sir,

I Was too sensible of those troubles which I left with you, not to inquire whether you are eased of part of them, or not: And therefore I beseech you, send me word how the noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish, both for your sake and mine own. Besides that, even the world is concerned, in that so excellent a creature, who is so hardly sound, may not be so quickly lost. Favour me in this particular, and the kindness shall make me, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

9. The Gentlemans Answer to a Lady, concerning his sick Mistress.

Madam,

I Am infinitely ingaged to you for the sense you have of my troubles, and the love you bear to the Life of my Life: She is yet extream ill, and yet so good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am so highly sensible of not only yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that knew her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may Heaven give her a liberal portion of it, though it be abated out of mine: So much I owe to her virtues; and not a little to your self, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humblest of your Servants.

10. The Lovers first Address to his Lady.

Madam,

I Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your self for the Acknowledgments you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make him considerable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the custom wherby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that I ever can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants, which is infinitely desired by, dear Madam,

The Admirer of your Worth, &c.

11. The Lovers Complemental Letter to his Mistress.

Incomparable Lady!

I Was happy in receiving a command from you, and I shall be proud in my performance, since it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service: let but one accent fall from your divine lips, and the very winds are ready to convey it; the melody of your warbling voice can charm the Syren to a silence, and compell the Crocodile to spare his dissimbling sorrow. Dear Madam, the sight of your beauty is sufficient to create fresh blood in withered veins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are sad, Angels themselves are sad. Pardon my prolixity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that inclosed the Cretan Minotaur. 'Tis easier to eat fire and not be burnt, or to cut Diamond with Glass, than to speak your real praise. O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Ideots turn Orators, and inspires the Age with such admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, only out of a duty to

to your deserts, that they may celebrate your Praises, which is a task too great for them; as it is for, Excellent Lady,
Your sincere Admirer.

12. *The Ladies return to her Servants Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHEN I think of you, I am in a maze, in so much that I suppose you to be every thing that is good: Majesty is placed on your brow; your Tongue for its Eloquence may be Musick for the Gods; your Looks are so pleasant and so airy, that *Cupid* appears there in his best grace; and when you walk, the Earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as being sensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty; discretion now perswades to give the preheminance to *Pallas*, not to *Cupid*; you were pleased to try a conclusion on my Feminine capacity, and you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate accordingly. But, dear Sir, though I must acknowledge my Affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the prodigiousness of your Sex in former times: should I believe all to be Gold that glisters, I might see my error, as well as others have done before: however, Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my Womanish Suspicion: for such is my high esteem of your Worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am
Yours.

13. *A Ladies forewarning her Friend to another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

PERHAPS you may pretend that this procedure of yours is only to awaken me, for the better trial of my Faith and Constancy: but believe, it is not

safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire : nor is it any ways commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady ; I need not name her, since you know to whom that Epithet belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsom, there is then the more danger, and wiser men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched allurements of a strange woman: To be merry with a Lady, or to converse and walk, and use language tending to Courtship, with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended, is frequent with men, and may be born with, when managed with discretion ; but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account, as to offer Courtship to that same piece of vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy : Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagancies, that you may rid me of that suspicion which as yet lies heavy upon my heart : I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had ; That you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self ; since our late Contract, and the truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy: till then I shall (not rest but) remain,

Yours, even in impatience.

14. One Ladies advice, to another near Marriage.

Good Soul,

I *Tis an unruly Age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you. I understand there is a Gentleman, Mr. A.B. is extremely prodigal of his pretences to you,*

you, in the way of Love and Marriage: my Caution is only this, That you have an eye to your own welfare, build not upon empty promises; for if you once suffer him to please his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honour. Consider, as he is above you in purse, and the portions of this life, (beauty only excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountifull proportion) whether his intentions are real or feigned, make him your own; and then if you fall in two (you may understand the phrase, by observing the occasion) he will be bound by the Laws of GOD and Nature to bear a part with you in whatsoe'r happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give this admonition, did not report speak loudly of his passion for you, and of his conditional promise, to be yours hereafter, if you consent to be his first: Such a Love hath subtil limits, and more Meanders than a harmless Maid can discover. It is reported too, that you incline somewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honourable: Yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are, That if he should perform his vows to you after he hath feasted his appetite, yet such a breach in your reputation will continually admit of strange sallies, checks, and opprobrious terms; as Strumpet, Slut, Light-House-wife, &c. and, What did you afford me, that another man might not have had? and, When the glass is broken, it is not easily cemented. Dear Soul, keep Heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocency; so shall your Honour be unsported, and your life happy; which is the earnest desire of

Your Cordial Friend and Servant, &c.

15. A Lover to his false Mistress.

Stain to thy Sex!

Hath modestly now forsok thee, that thou
abuse that affection that adored thee

manifest my self a dotard to gain thy love, and having had a multitude of Promises from thee, of Constancy and firm Affection: darest thou now to admit of another's Flame? Now thou seemest more deformed than ever I thought thee fair, so ugly a Monster as Ingratitude. By this I do perceive thou didst enjoin me to smother our Affections, only that thy new Servant might not have any occasion to be jealous, I will hate thee for thine own sake; and him, for robbing me, altho' but of a trifle: and that my Revenge may soar high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin with him, and then proclaim thy levity; and how thou hast deserted me after a long League of Friendship, after thou hadst made thy Vows to be none but mine, and hadst admitted a Stranger to thy bosom: was it for this that I delighted daily to be praising thee? How did I spend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty, Vertues, and thy Person that I once so much admired? I will now study to contradict my own fond Opinion, and so decipher thee, that thou shalt seem as odious to the World, as thou dost to me: else, let Facedo so, and more, to

Base Wretch, Thine once, but now his Own.

16. *On sending a Book.*

Madam,

THAT you may perceive I do not forget you, let this poor Present inform you: it is the Famous Romance entituled *Pharamond*, and written by the Author of *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*: were it not a Piece of great worth, I should not have thought it fit for your perusal: however, were it otherwise, I dare assure my self it would not be unwelcome; since to question that, were to doubt of your good will to

Madam, your faithful Servant.

17. *A*

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover.*

Sir,

THere was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious Titles of Divine Mistress, Most Accomplished Lady, and what not? yet to manifest the frailty of all these Expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated; you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not so, but that your slighting of me may be the more apparent, you have not bestowed your Visits as you use to do: If I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame-worthy, as at present I take you to be. But that you may see I am not quite void, neither of good nature nor affection, I must needs confess I do somewhat doubt my own deserts, as well as your disposition, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,

Wholly yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

THough your occasion enforce you to turn tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self might be admitted into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for: however, I confess my self so much engaged to you on other accounts, that I fear you would think your self too great a loser, should we but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than a Blank or Cypher: Which that you may do

do, I will still bear the badge of your obligations, and when I appear false, let me be cast aside as none of your Coin, but as a Counterfeit: in the mean time, Sir, call me what you please, so you pardon the Errors of this trouble, which I concluded might be more fitly offered, than my acknowledgments should be concealed: but I shall sin no further against your patience, only believe me to be, as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command.

19. A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friend's behalf.

Madam,

THrough an ardent desire to become your debtor, I have attempted to crave a favour of you in behalf of a Friend; whose deserts, when once known, will speak both his thanks and commendations: I am advertised by him that there is a Lady, to whose young beauty you have no small relation; and he having a passion for her, knows not how to gain the favourable opportunity to kiss her hands: 'Tis therefore my request, that, remember me when you see him; and if you can further his resolutions, be assured the acknowledgment shall be great, as your civility, and with all observance paid, by, Madam,

Your real Friend and Servant.

20. Another to the same purpose.

Madam,

Pardon me, if I tell you, you cannot be just, if you spare your civilities to me, since my affection is such to your service, that I shall ever esteem it the glory of my life, to be employed by your commands; since therefore necessity doth compel you, receive this Gentleman as my Friend, that I may honour your merits, and endeavour to get some for my self, that I may

may be the more capable of performing those duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very Servant, &c.

21. A Letter of Complements, from one Friend to another.

Sir,

YOU have so well studied the Art how to oblige, and withal how to express your favours, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blush, for putting so harmless a creature in so ill a habit; nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfy my self therein, unless I could tell with a safe conscience how to play the thief, and steal your words and actions from your self. Let me now only adventure to tell you, that it is a kind of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing note-worthy, but that we all live so fairly in friendship, as if faction were a stranger to our train; as for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it; and the favours which I receive by you, would dignifie it: and howsoever, the honour of your commands, if I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as with immodesty I will boast of to the universe; nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any ones commands, than mine to

Yours.

22. An Answer to the former Letter.

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were delivered by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienced Artist; only let me tell you, I can discover a little dawbing here and there; but as you are my

my Friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire Affection to be more generously express'd, I can but return thanks to you; or rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist of thoughts than words. I must crave your pardon, now I am compell'd to let you know, I have scarce time enough allow'd me to say how much I am,

Sir, your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistress.*

My only Joy,

WHY should should strange fancies, and indigested humors create a breach in that Affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I; if I have offered any occasion for your dislike, let me be unpardonable: but if you will give me slights and neglects for my real love, it is you must be unjust: for shame let not any dispute be rais'd now, just now that we are travelling in the way of our felicity: from whence come these suggestions of yours, that things will look hereafter with a worser face, and that you fear your condition will have an ill change. Do you hold intelligence with Heaven, or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of a Deity; pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate Promises, nay firm Protestations, did not long since pass between us, then, when we called the little Birds, and the lifting flent Screams to be witnesses to our Oaths: remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes: if all this shall seem as musick too harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim: But I dare not shew so much rigour towards you, you whom I so much love and honour. I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune; since my only happiness takes wing, and the Life of my Life thinks me

un-

unworthy to be beloved: However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkind, my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, or your Sacrifice.

24. Civil Complements, from one Friend to another.

Sir,

TO be Civil, is to be Noble, and both these qualities excel in you; it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgments for your favours to me; since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and virtue. I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart had it most freely welcom: for your lines did not only pleasure me, but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such Visitants, after they have taken leave of only your hand; for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not. Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavours to contribute somewhat to your content; for it is the chiefest aspiring boyes of, Sir,

Your eternal Friend.

25. A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a new choice.

Dear Soul!

WHat Melody can be sweeter Musick than the Sympathizing of our Loves? I am not able to divine; and I am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit, although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradise whilst I am in your favour, wherefore, O wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be firm as truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me? Dear Heart, let me not be forgotten in a moment,

ment; let not me, whom your Beauty and your Verue have ravished with admiration, become so vainly expensive of my time, as to lose that Jewel, dear to me as my life. I will not, nor dare I believe you can be so unkind; but shall hereafter tell the erring world-you are all goodness, and that there are those Ladies even in this our age, that will not forget their vows, and know how to be constant in the best, or worst of times, as well as, Most worthy Lady,

Yours, in the bonds of true affection.

26. A rich old Gentleman, to a fair young Virgin.

Young Lady,

LET not my years be an obstacle to your love, since I have those gifts of fortune, that will not only maintain your affections, and keep the fire of love in a continual flame, but will also afford you all those Ornaments which Art hath designed for the adorning such tender and beautiful Buds of Nature: Besides, though I come not to you with a powerful Look, or in the mode of a young Gallant; yet know my Girl, my zeal for you can be as hot, and as sincere as the sprucest pretenders in the world: and if age doth make me seem in your apprehension as a withering tree, yet I have Gold will keep its colour; and it is that which in this world is ones best friend. Pray have me in your thoughts, and I shall watch for an opportune Season, wherein I may make my self farther known to be, Fairest Lady,

Your most affectionate Servant.

The Answer.

27. A beautiful young Virgin, to a decrept rich old Gentleman.

Grave Sir,

YOU are too far distant from me in years, to be admitted into my affections, since you are arrived to

to the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is Love: However, I must do you so much Justice as to condemn your discretion, for the fishing with a golden bait; for believe me, next to Beauty, I cannot imagin any thing to be more taking among mortals, than the glorious name of Wealth: I could be content to keep my Coaches, my Pages, Lackeys and Maids; but I confess I could never endure the society of a bald pate: How can you think, reverend Sir, that I should love you, when by the temptations which you offer, you clearly manifest your opinion, that if I should marry, it must be to your Gold, rather than to you? I confess, a Silver-myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my years to doat on; but I have a childish humour peculiar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections so, as that they suffer Treasure, as a Load-stone, to draw them to its beck. 'Tis true, wealth will be welcom to me, to maintain my train, but the person of that more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more welcom to a Maids Embraces. Can you think me so weak, as to exchange the Flower of my youth, for a bundle of snow, or rotten dirt? No Sir, Gold, with a Man is good, admirably good; but it is Man that in the School of Love, passes for the principal Verb: For my own part, rather than join my self to a meer wedge of Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags, so they have any affinity to a Man.

*Oid men are grey, old men are grey,
I'me a lusty bonny young Laß;
And I prethee Old man away.*

By this time, good Old man, you know my mind; be wise, and wed your self to Heaven, and I shall thank you, if in your death you remember to bequeath your Gold to

Your young Adviser.

28. A Letter of Courtesie, from Friend to Friend.

Sir,

I Have no kindness for this Letter, for I heartily wish it lost; that you may find me before it perform the service it was sent for: but you may perceive by its content, (for they are short) that I hope it will not be long ere you make me happy in your company. I am the more easily perswaded it will be sudden, since I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of your return to Town, and my earnest desire to see you, may convince you, that I hold you to be as it were a Sun in my Hemisphere. My occasions compel me to forsake my usual Road of being tedious, and must conclude with that real truth of being, Sir,

Yours, undivided, though at distance.

29. One Gentleman to another, in behalf of a Friend.

Sir,

ERE I had so much good fortune, as to thank you for your former kindnesses, I am importuned by an honest Friend to recommend him to your favour: he hath an humble Suit to you, and as he assures me, a very just one, and hath omitted other opportunities, only that it might pass your hands. Sir, if you have any good will left for me, pray bestow part of it on him, and let the rest plead my Excuse for this fresh presumption; which if you please to interpret as a desire I have to serve you, you will judge aright of

Your Debtor, and humble Servant.

30. The forsaken Maid; to her treacherous Friend.

Most unkind Man!

IT is my exceeding wonder, that you should be one to make up the number of those that dare to be wicked. Now do I see my folly: when I hugg'd you in my bosom, and believed those Oaths and Protestations, which

which you have most villanously broke. Now can I call to mind the Advice my experienced Friends gave me, never to trust to the Pretensions of your Sex? Oh! can you see me on my knees, with wet and swollen eyes, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your self? or have you no regard to that innocent Lamb, as yet but in my Womb, which though of a small volume, yet it is but your Self in a less Frame: if you believe, or but think it not yours, let me be ript up, and then you will perceive each member to bear the true Image of your own; and your Name is likewise near it, for since you told me what it should be called, I wrote it in my very Heart. I have nothing more to say, but only to desire you to be so true to your self and me, as to remember and perform your Vow: if not, be so merciful as to rid me of a loathsom Life: for if you do neither, my disgrace will be publick: and rather than live your Strumpet, I should esteem it a greater happiness, since my Misfortunes have brought me to the Misery, to die

Your Sacrifice.

31. *The Lady to her importunate Lover.*

Sir,

Since you are resolved to be troublesome, I shall likewise resolve to be impatient: let me not be any more perplexed with your impertinent Pretences; or assure your self, if my advice be slighted, and you continue as vain as formerly, I have so much interest in those that have worth & honour, as to engage them to correct your Insolency; and that not with Fift or Cane, but Weapons less vulgar, and more dangerous: therefore be advised before it be too late, since I am designed for another, and not likely however to be

Yours.
The

The Answer.

32. The Lover to his Threatning Lady.

Worthy Lady,

CAN you think I can live, and want your love? or can you imagin I can fear death it self, when I am inspired by the thoughts of you? I will not be so uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your heart is made of Adamant; but be assured, whoever dares be so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Sword as sharp as his, and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; but if I chance to fall in so fair a quarrel, my Soul is so entirely fixt to your vertues, that if any chance afterward to injure you, or defile your honour, it will appear in your defence; for I have made it my resolution to be, Dear Madam, *Yours living, or in death.*

33. A Letter of Enquiry, from Friend to Friend.

My good Friend,

I Am designed now to be troublesome to you, but it is only that I may be satisfied in two points, first I am to tell you, I live as a thing without rest or patience, and shall continue so, till I hear how you escaped in the late accident: for I hold my self concerned in all your dangers, and shall readily enlarge mine, so I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as well as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that my ambition aims at, is your society; which if I can obtain, I may perhaps recover my understanding; and shall thereby be the more enabled to render all acknowledgments due from.

Your Friend, to love and serve you.

34. Comfortable advice to a Friend, on the death of a Son, or other near Relation.

Dear Sir,

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as great grief, and that is it that hath given wing to my affections

Elions, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, not to afflict your self too much, since it was the pleasure of Almighty God to summon his servant to himself, cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he will certainly give you a full measure of Comfort: For it is he that is the Fountain of Consolation; nor doth any thing in this poor world happen by chance, but according to his divine Pleasure and Counsel, Sin only excepted; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they seem so to us, for his wisdom hath ordained all things from all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair of our head have a share in his Providence, consider then how such an infinite power, which is vested with such an infinite wisdom and goodness, can possibly let any thing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he died, which shall not be absolutely good and necessary for him. For *Jesus* sake, Sir, be your self, or rather petition to him, that in this urgent occasion you may be more than so. God make, and keep you ever happy; or make you less miserable, than I fear you are now making your self: this is, and shall be the desires and prayer of, Sir,

Your cordial Well-wisher, and very humble Servant.

35. *A Tender of service to a Mistress.*

Divine Lady,

YOU are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and hold it as well my duty as my interest, no longer to conceal how much I honour and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, divers times to acquaint you herewith before, since it hath been my great happiness to be admitted into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence till now. If my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compelled me to commit an error,

error, I doubt not your goodness will excuse it, since it was purely out of a sincere zeal to do you service : nor could I dissemble my ambition any longer. Let it suffice, Dear Lady, that I am now a Prisoner to your Beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my suit, that you please to honour me with a favourable Answer to these Lines, that you may enable me to make a happy Reply, or otherwise such a one as may be too late esteemed unhappy, as bearing the doleful tidings of his Fate, that vows to be

Yours, though in Death.

The Answer.

36. *A disdainful Lady to her Servant.*

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epistle, and cannot, as I am a Woman, and a Christian, but have so much charity as to pity, though I cannot love you ; since it is a duty, I confess, I conceive to be due to all persons, either Sick or Lunatick : but I confess my nature is of another constitution, for you are the first, to my remembrance, that I ever hated ; which now at length I thought good to let you know, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my dissimulation : Let it suffice, I shall study to revenge this Insolency, but yet so, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how, or wherein : And as for the Felicity which you think you have, in being able to make a Reply, either happy or unhappy, you may choose whether it shall be made, or not. But if it comes to my hands, it shall then be at my choice, whether to be burned, or read, for the sake of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you spare the pains, for it will be but lost labour upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own.

37. A sick Lady to a Gentleman.

Sir,

THough I want strength to express my self so amply as I would, yet this may serve to let you see I do not forget you, though I am indisposed to think of any: but there is no thanks due from you for this civility, since I do it for my own advantage; for I always find such a satisfaction in all the respects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at the least, from the honour which I give my self of saying with abundance of truth, that
I am
Exceedingly Yours.

The Answer.

38. A Gentleman to sick Lady.

Madam,

IF I were able to express the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you would not be ill pleased with mine; yet though the Letter was most freely welcome, as being your Ambassador, I confess, when its Errand was delivered, whereby I understood the condition you were in, I could not forbear some passionate incivilities to the poor Paper, but I do not despair of obtaining your pardon for it: for you ever profess to love kindness, and I am very believing, that you cannot find more in the heart of any creature than mine: That I may conclude you may in time be brought to think so, be pleased to follow my advice: Be extream careful to preserve your self this Winter, for the season will not easily assist you towards a speedy Recovery; but I hope the prayers of all your friends will, and I want not the consolation of believing that some use may be made of his, who is, Madam,
Infinitely Yours, to serve You.

D

39 The

39. The Lover to his unbelieving Mistress.

Fairest Lady,

I T is my unhappiness to live, and not to be believed: what assurance shall I render to satisfy your credulity? if death or danger may convince you, lay but your commands, and then let your experience be the Judge. Is there that wretch that hath offended you, name him, and make me your scourge: or shall I combat with some furious Lion, or try my strength against an angry Bear? These, or what may seem more dreadful, shall be eagerly performed, since fortune must needs favour those whom your love inspires; let me but once obtain that, and I shall fear nothing but a surfeit of Joy and Happiness, as being mortal, yet, bright Goddess,

Your humble Votary.

40. A Lady to her Lover.

Dear Sir,

I Received your late Epistle, which was not with me before I wished it: but give me leave to tell you, I do observe your affection to be but lukewarm; for (though I do not delight in great Titles, yet) I know it hath been usual, and is still, for Lovers when they have an occasion to express their zeal for a Lady, to give all their Adornments that Art, or Words, or Memory can add to a deserving Beauty. This I say only to inform you, that I can notify your neglect in this particular: but I will conclude it was either your bashfulness, or else your subtilty to try my simplicity and love. But for the future pray remove all doubts, and assume no more a Counterfeit for Liberty of trying my patience: when you know, I would pull out my own heart, did it entertain a thought of alteration; fear not me, but do your self remember those Protections you have so solemnly and devoutly made, and thereby

thereby inflamed my affection. Let Vertue and constant Love be still your inseparable Companions: so may you conclude, I shall esteem you my Treasure, and will be no less

Tours to perpetuity.

41. *The Lover to his Mistress, having gained her affection.*

Life of my Love,

BEing overjoyed for the great Treasure I am lately blessed with, I could not contain my self till I had wrote to thee, to assure thee once more of the great felicity I enjoy, since the happy Contract between thy dear Self, and Me: I never was really happy till now; I had before but a meer glance of Paradise, but now an absolute possession; now all my Joys are become acquainted with my sense, before they were only made up of Fancies and airy Imaginations: I had then but a glimpse of those fair flowers, the Roses and Lillies of thy Cheeks, but am now happily arrived to the unimaginable pleasure of gathering. My Senses are much too narrow to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have sed even to a surfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, than my happiness, lest excess swell me till I burst: then will *Evil* be more cruel than before; since when I was but sick of Love, and dangers were not so great as now: But why do talk of danger? I will fear nothing, whilst I have thy Love to guard me; for by the force of that, I dare promise my self not on'y happiness and safety, but all the blessings that can attend a Zealous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I have power to be, my Dear,

Thine only, and for ever.

42. *A Gentleman to his Lady, upon his urgent occasions of taking a Journey.*

Honoured and Dear Lady,

HAD not Christianity tied me to a strict Rule, I could even curse the severity of my fate, since necessity compels me to be banished from you, and consequently from my self; so let me go never so far distant, my heart will be always in your custody, and the thoughts of your dear self, shall be my only consolation. But that I should be thus enjoined to remove my person from you, in whom consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no small grief to me, especially considering the Life I apprehended in your favour, the Heaven that I discovered in your smiles, and all those *Elizium*-Joys that adorned your countenance: yet since it must be so, be assured, my Dear Dear, I shall not forget the Vows of my Devotion; and I will be proud to publish your virtues to the ignorant world, till I become compleatly happy in an Experience of your Constancy: Nor shall I move in any other Sphere than what your influence doth govern; and will sooner languish to the worst of deaths, than lose any but your divine self. Thus (my only Joy) leaving my Heart in your tuition, I only beseech you to be tender of it; for its own, for yours, or for my sake: and in expectation of my happy Return, I rest

Your faithful, humble Servant.

The Answer.

43. *A Lady to her Lover, upon his taking a Journey.*

Dear Sir,

I Would pour forth as many Curses on my fate, as you can invent for yours; but that I have an ambition to be like you in all things, especially in what becomes

becomes a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you say, necessity doth compel you to take a Journey, (and I dare not doubt the least accent of your lips) I must study to be content, and to exercise all that patience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Prayers; and since you have honoured me with the custody of so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be confident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own Eye, and as a Ho-
stage for my fidelity and your security, I assign you mine: be equally careful of it, as you honour your self or me: and I shall be no less studious to declare your worth, than to preserve my own fame, which never can be tainted while I remain, as I have resolved,

Yours ever, in Constancy and Service.

44. *A crackt Virgin, to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsok her for the love of a Strumpet.*

Base Man!

NOW you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous: Is this the fruit of yo^r promises, and vows? Was it for this that you so often swore you never spoke to me without the thoughts of a pure love, and ambition to be mine; and that you never let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your heart was enflamed by a fire of virtue, and that in all your actions, Worth was the Loadstone that attracted your industry? How comes it then to pass, that you forsake me, ruin my Reputation, and leave me to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; and not only so, but with a wretched confidence glory in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your injurious actions with a slight or careless humor: and this reproach that is like to befall to you as well as me, is occasioned through a lascivious Love which you bear to an impudent Woman, nay, a known

strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the deceitfulness of her heart, and whose very smiles are more ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodile; for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your own. What delight or satisfaction can you enjoy in the company of a lewd Whore, who loves another as well and better than she doth you, or one indeed that hath no real affection for any? I fear the custom of your sinning, hath taken away the sense of your own good, and you are grown deaf, and desperate: otherwise you durst not provoke the divine Vengeance, or expose your self to Vertues curses, and the scorn of good men, for the notorious injuries you have done (perhaps to others, but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch, your Friend, till you abused her.

41. *The Lady to her slanderous Servant.*

Sir,
WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstance of affection between us both; but having considered the great affair we then had under consultation, I must desire your pardon, if I crave leave to recal my former fondness, since my fortunes and my happiness lie at stake: Not that I do utterly determin to abandon all manner of good will for you, but only that little time may satisfy me concerning some reports of you that have lately reached my ears. Sir I hope they are false, and in that confidence, I gave neither credit nor countenance to the former: but till I may be convinced they are so, tis my Request, that you shew your Love, by abstaining from any further Visits to

Sir, your Friend and Servant.

The

The Answer.

46. *The slandered Lover to his Lady.**Most worthy Lady,*

I Know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that noble favour, so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to countenance my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers: Honoured Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of injustice to you; and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my Life at the feet of your Service: so far I am from fastning a falshood on your fair Honour, that the proudest he that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justifie you, and correct him: and that I speak truth, there needs no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not allow of the least whispering against you, even then, when you were most unkind to me: therefore good Madam continue your wonted worth, and those good thoughts you once had of me: and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet through a glory I have to be seen in your Service, I will never suffer any to traduce your Fame; and if I cannot obtain the honour of being your Servant, I shall be happy in the title of

*Madam, your Slave or Vassal.*47. *The Jealous Lover to his Beloved.**Dear Heart,*

YOU cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecute the whole frame of my Mind: it is occasioned through a cordial Love, which I bear to you, to you, sweet Lady: Why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of desperation? if you have any Love, Pity, or Reason, give home

D 4 assu-

assurance, at least encouragement, that in time I may be happy: otherwise, while I consider your excellent virtues, the incomparable endowments of the divine Soul, I mistrust my own merits, and you thereby become cruel, in setting me upon the torments of suspicion: O think not that I can retain the *Idea* of your Beauty without the hopes of enjoying you, or the absolute ruin and desolation of my self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Father or Brother, that I value: But if you frown, or storm, or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom; since your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints are to me an agony worse than death: Therefore, divine Lady, be like your self, virtuous, constant, and resolved; give some life to my hopes, remove my jealousy, that I may expect to call you mine, and be Master of my own Senses; that I may be convinced there shall not need any further expostulation, since I discourse with an understanding Lady; and dare assure the World, there are Women in it of worth, virtue, and sincerity; that scorn to be disloyal, as much as doth, my only Joy,

Yours only to be commanded.

The Answer.

48. *A Lady to her jealous Lover.*

Suspicious Sir,

WHAT occasion have I given you to retain any evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or modesty? It is true, and probably you have heard it, a Gentleman lately was pleased to bestow a Visit on me, nor could I do less than afford him a civil Salutation. Sir, I am not ignorant of the severity the *Italians* exercise, but we are now in *England*, where the practice of Humanity acquaints us with the true use of conversation: I know too, that Love is always seasoned with

with a smack of Jealousie ; however, your own wisdom, and the confidence I thought you had of me, might inform you , that an uncorrupted Heart is Cannon-proof against temptations, as well as slanders. But to satisfy you, if you dare rely on my word, there passed not a Syllable between us, which a Divine , or your self might not have heard : otherwise be confident , if there had been no limits to the hands of respecting you, I should yet have had a regard to my own credit ; and neither have given ear to immodest parley, or any undecent carriage. Be from henceforth confident of my Loyalty ; for in a little time it shall convince you, that I love you truly , and with so sincere a resolution , as to be , Sir,

Yours, not to live without you.

49. *Civilities , from one Lady to another.*

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favour, yet that may prove as importunate as it is unjust , because I could never deserve it ; yet I have no power to frustrate the effect of that whereof you warrant the Cause , which occasions my admiring of your Worth. And since you have been pleased to assure me of your Friendship , and your Favour, I can do no less than offer my Service , which shall ever be in readiness to attend your Commands. I have had some young Gallants with me of late, who promise more Visits , and have sent some Complements : By the next, I hope to be better furnished with somewhat new, to accompany what I have so often said , and shall perpetually, that I am, Madam,

Yours, wholly at your Command.

50. *A Gentlemans request (for a sum of Money) to his Friend.*

Sir,

A Ccuse me not for my Ambition to be still in your favour, since by that I freely beg what I would not ask, nor care to receive from any body whom I do not only affect, but extreemly honour. The urgency of my Occasions have prevailed with me, to send this Messenger to you for the sum of, *£*50. only for one months time; at the expiration of which, you shall be certainly paid. Sir, you may well wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confidently desire so much; but my unwillingness to forfeit my word with one friend, hath put me to engage it to another. This suit if you will please to grant, you will infinitely oblige me: however, if you deny me, I should be ungrateful and unworthy, should I disown those Engagements, which have otherwise made me sufficiently

Your Debtor and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman, on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness.*

Noble Sir,

BY your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good News I hoped for, I mean your Recovery from those dangers your late Sickness was said to threaten: I had the unhappy intelligence from one whom I knew to be just in his Reports, and I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Conscience to believe him: But now you are well, I am safe, and not in so much danger of being frightened by the mis-reports of others. Here are now so many about me, and they
chatting

chatting all at once, that I can with difficulty write one word of sence: however, my Heart like a Carriers Horse, trots in the old path and pace, and cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my Hand from expressing that I am, and shall be ever,

Your very Friend and Servant.

52. *The recovered Gentleman, to the
aforesaid Lady.*

Madam,

MY indisposition hath been double, the want of health and your good company, which hath been most particularly desired; since my inclination invites me to take a pleasure in your society: your Letter was extreainly welcome, you may believe me Madam; for you cannot but know with what respects I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not despair to hope for: I will serve you, Madam, if I can, not only from one end of the World to the other, but from this very day, to the last of my Life; and shall desie all your Commands, if they shall dare to exceed my inclination and resolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now; since the King, if he will be just, cannot punish me for not performing impossibilities: nor will you, I know, be so unmerciful, now I want the use of my own Hand, to deny me any other mans. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard shift to subscribe my self now, and ever; Madam,

Your obsequious Servant.

53. *The Lover to his Mistress, upon his fear of her
entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHAT can there be to compose an accomplished Mind, that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a Noble Birth, Solid Wisdom, Affable Demeanour, inso-much Lady, that you are truly the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not only approach absolute perfections, but enjoy all others to a high and fervent observation: nor can I boast of any Respects I do you, since your Virtues command more than I am able to wish; and it is my glory, and I esteem it the pride of my life, to justify my Souls desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your Slave. Command me then, most Excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be Love; for without love I can have no life, nor do I value death so I may bear your love with me to the grave. Yet my dearest Lady, let me not be mistook, though I am happy in being your Subject, yet like a Sovereign Prince, I cannot endure a Competitor; the feud being much alike between Rivals for Love, and those for Kingdoms; I have more of Man in me, than to brook anothers claim. especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right. Let me beseech you then, for Humanity sake and Virtues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection; lest you betray your Virtue to Corruption, or my small Stock of Valour, to irrecoverable Dangers. For be assured, if my hopes are either frustrated by your will, or ignorance, I will despise the World, you, all Women for your sake, and my self: But if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honour, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extention; and be extreemly happy, if my lost Blood may be expended in the Service, since I have

have vowed to entertain the Resolution of being,
Madam,

None but Yours, and, Yours till Death.

54. A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miser, whom
her Guardian did design should Wed her.

Honourable Sir,

FOR I must ever acknowledge the truth of that old
Proverb, that says, Age is Honourable; for all that,
give me leave to tell you, though I am under the Tuition of
another, yet I am Mistress of my own Affections; and in
truth, neither your Wisdom, your Gravity, no nor your
Riches, can charm me to affect you. Sir, be so much your self
as to desist from your Suit to me: Be in Charity with the
World, and in Love with Heaven: Build Hospitals, that
you may merit the Prayers of the Poor; and spend not your
precious Time in Dotage upon a Woman: For to be plain
with you, I will sooner Wed my self to a Nunnery, or some
loathsome Goal, than become your Bed-fellow; and shall ever
have a greater estimation for a Wise man in Rags, than a
Fool in his Richest Trappings. If you visit me, or send to
me any more, I shall conclude you troublesome and frantick:
be advised then, since you know the mind and resolution of,
Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendship.

55. The ingratiating Gentleman to his
angry Mistress.

Excellent Lady,

I Beseech you to consider, I cannot live unless you
love, then be so merciful as to save what your
frowns are able to destroy; if you imagin my Hus-
bandry will be profuse, your Love will teach me to be
frugal. Do you mistrust Incontinency? Love will
quench those Flames: Do you fear I may be guilty of
extra

extravagancies? Love will teach me to be solid: are you afraid of want? Love is content with a little, and studies things that are impossible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are most difficult. Be not then so credulous to the whispers of Calumniators: though these suggestions are buzzed into your ears, yet consider whether there be any ground for such like Jealousies, or the ends of those that raise them, only to poison my reputation and my happiness: let my honest and real assertions be weighed in the balance of your serene Judgment, that I may be admitted into your favour, or else know my doom, and die quickly, that Fame may do me so much honour and justice as to record me, Divine Lady,

Your abused Martyr.

56. *A Gentleman of good Birth, but small Fortune, to a worthy Lady, after she had given him a denial.*

Worthily Honoured Lady,

HAD I not apprehended some small spark of encouragement, as it seemed to issue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forbore to have put you to this second trouble, or my self to a fresh presumption; as knowing such divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more than an ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, not to reflect upon my Confidence, nor startle me with my inequality of Birth; lest the sense of losing you, send me to Hell with terror. My presumption hath this Apology, It is more ease to reach to the lofty Pough, than to stoop to the humble Straw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his designs, it is a glory to undertake them. And though, Madam, you are truly great, as well as good; yet Histories will tell you, there have been Queens, and

Persons

Persons of highest Honour, that have cast their smiles on such whose accomplishments might claim respect. For my own part, I may and dare say it without ostentation, my Birth is not base nor mean, and my affection nobly Loyal. Oh let not my fears suggest to me, that some other by an intrusion will deprive me of my Souls treasure, your love, a happiness that I would purchase with any thing more dear than liberty or life: Oh be not then so severe as to say, Honour forbids you to affect me, though you could like my Person, there is death in every accent of such a sound: But if you do resolve for a Servant more meritorious than my self, you will ease my torments by giving me to understand so much: since I intend not to trouble you with any more lines, but resolutely to fall, Celestial Lady,

A Sacrifice to Love, and You.

57. *A Lover to his Mistress, who had lately entertained another Servant to her bosom, and her bed.*

Madam,

I Am now arrived to that pitch of learning, as to understand the Vanity of your Sex: you have incomparably well proved, that though men can put a bridle into the nostrils of wild Beasts, out-do the craft of Serpents, and dive into the most hidden secrets of Nature, yet the industrious thing called Woman can out-do him, and confound his noble understanding. From henceforth therefore I will shun your Sex, as the infectious poison of a Pestilence: Now could I Curse my Credulity, my self, and all Women for your sake: Was I not fore-warned by the example of a wicked Helen, that occasioned the desolation of Famous Troy, by that of Erybile, Cleopatra, Messelia, Panthea, Rhodopis, and many others? But why should

should I trouble my Brain to run up Examples, when each Woman is a Plague to her self, to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear Hot-houses in their Bodies, and Stoves in their boiling Bloods. I perceive my Love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you slight me, and entertain some Monster of a more able Back; whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well made Joints under his ponderous load; may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Perjury: For be assured, Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable Offenders; and that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not only the desire, but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. *The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own Innocency.*

Unkind Sir,

I Do not a little wonder at the frenzy of your crackt Brain, since you dare thus confidently to call my Love and Modesty in question, and only for the civil Entertainment, which in honour I was obliged to afford a Friend. Whence come all those dreadful and Satyrical Expressions that you imagin are now too good for one, that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not Vows and Imprecations, to create a credulity in me? certainly the Furies were your Dictatrices when you wrote. I will grant you, that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his Affection; but I hold it not fit he should be made raging Mad, as I fear you are. Sir,
believe

believe me, your Intelligence is false, and Innocency can with safety stand all the Assaults of a Slanderous Tongue. Pray recollect your thoughts, and punish my Accuser, that my Worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny: Be less suspicious, and assure your self, I shall be ever Loial: though now I write in passion, so far I dare engage, since I already find it is my chief content and happiness, to be thought worthy of being, Sir,

Yours, though hugely wronged.

59. A Lady to him whom she Affects.

Sir,

I Should have been happy, if Heaven had given me merits to deserve your Affections, since I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine. But that we may discourse with a little freedom, I will borrow so much time from my own Affairs, as to meet you at, &c. Only I shall give you this Caution, That as I am a Virgin; you will shew your self so far a Gentleman, as not to offer any thing of Incivility. Pardon me, that I lay such an Injunction on you; it is not that I question you are otherwise than Noble; but only what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that bath respect to her own Modesty and Credit, and may therefore very well become,

Sir, Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

60. A Lover to his Amorous Lady.

Dear Nadam,

I Do so well understand my Respects to you, that (pardon my boldness if I say) your care was somewhat needless. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagin I would injure you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of such a Purchase? Again, my Birth is not so base, as to tyrannize over

over Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies; when the Sky puts on her spangled garments, the glittering Stars, I will expect you with all the reverence and submission due to your noble Merits. From, divine Lady,

Yours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The Affected Lover to his Mistress.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand, by the industrious help of History, how stones have danced over *Amphion* to the *Theban* Walls: that the mountainous *Osu*, and the lofty *Panchæa* likewise danced to the *Odrifon* Lyre: that Dolphins forsook their wild natures, when they heard the melody of *Arion's* Harp, humbling their backs of scales to bear him from the violence of *Neptune*, and his angry Waves. It is then beneath a wonder, if the World stand amazed at your voice: should the fierce Tyger, or the raging Boar but hear you speak, they would change their unbridled natures into the modesty of devout Adorers. One accent from your delicate and incomparable lips, is sufficient to give life to a dying man, and to revive into childhood the chill and cold clods of age. One smile of yours can work more Miracles than *Æson's* experience found in *Medæa's* Bath. How happy am I then in your love? I am nothing beneath the great Monarch of the greatest Empire; and may I fall from all fortunes, to my absolute ruin, when I forget to be, most Honoured Lady,

Your Beauties Slave.

The Answer.

62. *A Lady, to her affected Lover.*

My Happiness and Joy,

Your large Commendations, and liberal Expressions towards me, do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real: yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another mind, and some Critick may chance to find those faults in your Rhetorick, which you that see with the Multiplying-glass of Love cannot perceive. Therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these Hyperbolics hereafter; since the reciprocal trials that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affection: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me; for what need such lofty lines, that savour so much of flattery? when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Yours, and only yours.

63. *A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had deserted his Suit at the first Repulse.*

Sir,

I Expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are a raw Souldier, and but lately engaged under Cupids Banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse: For though I can afford you a room in my heart, and all the Love that is there, is for you and your worth: yet you might well tax me with lenity; or suppose me extream forward, should I yield at the first Summons, without having the least experience either of your love, or loyalty: But be confident (for I dare write more than I durst speak,

since

since this Paper cannot blush, though I may) I have had a very high respect and honour for you, since the first moment that made me happy with your presence: I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient; if you have a kindness for me, you perceive I am ready to go out of the road of a Maidens modesty, only to meet with you: Be not so much like your Sex, as to slight me, now you have that thrown upon you, which with so much ardency you seemed to court before; for I can judge of Justice as well as Love: But if you will favour me with your Company, or at least a Line or two, you will not only give me abundance of Satisfaction, but engage me to be, Sir,

Yours for ever..

64. *A Gentleman to a Fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a Window.*

Lovely Lady,

Justice and Honour kiss your hands, and so far plead my cause as to tell you, you are obliged to shew me a favour, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover: but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to stoop to, or fly from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is Noble. Fairest Lady, my ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honour, and question not (since Heaven delights to be loved, and you, like one of its Inhabitants journeyed here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you will be in condition as in beauty. For if the divinity of your Person lay a Charm upon my Senses, it is but Justice that you endeavour to recover me, before my Distemper render me incapable

of

of any remedy ; however it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your Servant, that I can die, Lovely Creature,
Your devout Admirer.

65. A sick Lady to her Lover, enjoining him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the small Pox, or some other Malignant Distemper.

Sir,

I Am now become a Prisoner to my Chamber ; and though it were Charity in you to bestow your Visits, yet my own sense of Justice informs me I ought to continue close, since that Fate hath befallen me, may else be so spiteful as to seize on you : it is a Distemper that hath used a violence to my whole Body, and hath not spared my Face. Lest therefore I become your wonder , I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time , till you may see me with more safety and convenience, for if you should venture your person, now mine is in some danger, my grief would be augmented : since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate , than all : and if I must lose my self, I would not have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my second self , and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt. You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne ; for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend , and you will therein do Justice to your self, and , Sir,

Yours, in Sickness, or in Health.

66. The fearful Lover , to his supposed unconstant Mistress.

Madam,

IT is now most apparent to me , that there is no credit to be given to a Woman. Have not you and I

con-

confirmed so strong a League, and Love, and Friendship as was possible to be done; yet you can forget all your Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, as if they were but as so much wind, and might be broken as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously done, and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortunes are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough to chalk to your self the way to your felicity; or as if you held a correspondence with Wizards, that could divine what the effects of your love should be; if I must be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most happy, yet at least pray let me not be forgotten; that you may justly say, you were once loved by a real Friend; and if it be my misfortune to be deprived of you, may you meet with one whose affections may be sincere as mine, that would be, Madam,

Yours, if you please.

The Answer.

67. *A Lady to her fearful Lover.*

Worthy Sir,

YOUR downright railing against our Sex, seems to me, only as the heat of your passion, which I will favour with the construction of your Love. But I cannot but extreamly admire what Devil it should be, should inflame you with so much fear and jealousy: I remember all those Vows and Protestations that passed between us, and you shall know, I dare not to be so wicked as to tempt Heaven and Vengeance, so as to break my least Promise to any Soul alive, especially with you: be therefore wise, and more resolved. You might have forbore your taunting language, if my chalking out a way to my felicities, or holding a correspondence with Witches, or of taxing me point-blank with perfidiousness, before you heard my answer; such

such usage would tempt many a young Maident to scorn and forget Love. When I see you next, we may discourse farther on this Subject; till then, and ever, be confident, I am,

Yours, if you think fit.

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and miserable Man!

CANST thou open thy eyes, and not fear lest every one that sees thee, should revenge those Adulteries and Lascivious actions of thine? wherewith thou hast brought upon thee the Curses of a chaste Wife, with her dear and innocent Babes; doth not thy Conscience tell thee there is an everlasting Law-giver sits in Triumph against the day of vengeance, to Judge such perverse Sinners as thee? Or dost thou imagine that those strict duties (commanded from the beginning) were but matters of policy? or that position of Man and Wife being one flesh, was meerly breath and exhalation? surely it is so esteemed by Atheists and prophane livers: But I fear, to the eternal Horror of thy Soul, thou wilt roar in the Pit of everlasting Perdition, from whence it is difficult to get Redemption. Therefore be no more foolish, but call to mind how thou hast mispent thy most precious time; endeavour to redeem it, and open the eyes of thy Understanding, that thou mayest repent, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee: Consider, the lips of a Whore are sweet as Honey to the taste of Fools; but in her heart is the sting of Scorpions, yea the poison of Asps lyes under her lips: Wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when there is no cataplasm for the sore? Wilt thou forget the vertuous Wife of thy bosom, for a Strumpet that is not only disloyal; but impudent? Darest thou despise thy Children, these gifts of the Almighty Providence,

vidence, resembling Olive-branches about thy Table, those Buds of the Divine Blessings, promised to the good man? wilt thou run and wallow in the loathsome sink of Lust and carnal Brutality? thou that mayest trace the fair Walls of Contentment with honest and chaste embracings. Oh be more advised, let the contract of our Nuptial Vows prevail with thee; I conjure thee, return to the pleasant Springs of our Amity, that I may wash thee clean again with the tears and kisses of a loving Wife; that thou mayest see thy Children flourish, and that I may no longer be as my present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

69. *A Lover to his distempered Lady.*

My Joy!

YOU are now more cruel in your Sickness, than I ever found you in your Health: it was a severe Command you sent to me: What though you are sick? if I do not see you I shall be so too, and perhaps may go out of the World before you. I understand your indisposition to be great, and that your Disease hath abused you to your Face but I hope you understand me so well, as to conclude my Love doth not consist in outward Forms: I have reason to command my passion, and by that I am perswaded it was a virtuous *Cassandra*, not a fair *Helen* that I courted, a Spirit that was truly Noble, not the thin Skin of a Fair Feature. However, I am confident the Beauty of your Person, as well as that of your Mind, cannot be subject to a ruin by any sinister accident: Time, that undertakes to wrestle with all things Mortal, may give it a trip hereafter; and then our Souls shall enjoy a Blissful Union to Eternity. Dear Soul, recal your *Mandate*; and give me leave to be happy once more,

more; for till I see you, I am in continual pain:
however I have this consolation, that I can be
Yours languishing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for some private
reasons concealed his Birth and Fortunes.*

Honoured Sir,

MY Ambition hath been of so long a growth,
that now it is become too big to be concealed;
therefore I beseech you, if you have any respect for
a young Lady, satisfy my request, which is only that
I may better know you, and be better known to you.
You seem to be a Gentleman every way compleat, if
I may receive your Character, though from your own
mouth, I shall believe it as an Oracle; for I persuade
my self you are truly Noble. If your intentions are
as I have reason to believe, and that you bear any
kindness towards me, you will not deny this reasona-
ble civility; nor can it be thought discretion, but
rather a strange extravagancy in me, to receive your
affections, or to pledge my own, unless I can have some
account of your worth, more than what I have read
in your village; which I confess is sufficient, (if our
conditions may correspond) to entitle me, Sir,

Yours, as you shall please.

71. *The absent Lover, to his supposed
unconstant Mistress.*

Madam,

I Dare not rashly condemn you, but, pardon my
love, if I take upon me to inform and to advise
you: There are those that whisper strange things
concerning you; as that you afford your self more
liberty than is consistent with the modesty of your
Sex; and that at unseasonable times you have been

E seen

seen to accompany such Persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous: I know, Madam; Report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar: nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love: I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to any thing, wherein there is any use made of your Name; impute it, as I do, to my distraction, not your defects: but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of slanderous people may be stopped, that Envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same Happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you: which I shall ever do, while you have virtue, or I have power to be

T. M. S.

72. *A Gentlemans Advice to his Mistress, how she should blind the eyes of her watchful Friends.*

My Lifes Life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no Friend of mine, doth not only watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Emisaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the Servants are charged to slip behind the hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee: my Advice therefore is, that always in his presence we seem as strangers, and counterfeit our looks; that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousy: but remember, when thou seest my brow full of frowns, as if I had a resolution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my Countenance; and that originally, I am, as I shall be ever, thy happy, and therefore thy most pleasant Friend, believe it for a Play, not a truth; and if thou dost but act thy part as well as I, it shall not be long ere *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the World, that

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in spite of either their care or envy, thou art mine in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servitor.

73. A Gentleman to his new Mistress, upon his relinquishing an old one.

Lovely Lady,

Having lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of Marrying with another. I cannot deny but some Treaty was bid concerning that Affair with, &c. but your excellent Beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your Favour: and that you may not think me wavering, since I have left one that I might find a better; be assured, Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrimony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some encouragements; or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give a farther Testimony of the Love and Honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die,

Yours.

74. A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.

Mistress, &c.

I Did perswade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no perswasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts; but now I find you are as changeable as your Sex: and it is easier to hold a slippery Eel by the tail, than to find a Woman that is true and constant: Had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or admitting him into

your Society ; but my affections have been unsported, and never had so much as a small flaw, or mote in them till now. Now, that you, like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk, and besmear that fair Reputation that you before enjoyed, which was the main motive that spurred me on to conclude our Contract: And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you and advise you. I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfy my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you ; and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate real Friend.

The Answer.

75. A Vertuous Lady to her Captious Lover.

Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that *Cupid* and *Jealousy* are inseparable companions, and true love is oftentimes mixt with suspicious fears: but it is no wonder, that you who are a man of reason, should so flatly condemn me, before you know what my Offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you, I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanor hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company deserves rather your acknowledgments for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure. But perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any Man, since I was designed to be yours only: however, you may do me the justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me; nor had I been in his company, had not the importune treaties of the rest prevailed with me:

Besides,

Besides, though I am in election to be your Wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your S'ave, but will allow me a reasonable conversation with persons above the reach of a Calumny. I beseech you Sir, be satisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence-forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will cast you into such another Hell of tormenting Jealousies; but shall study to render my self as shall become, Sir,

Yours, if it may be.

76. *A Lover in Commendation of his Mi'ss.*

My Bliss,

I Was sufficiently amazed when I beheld your person, and the beauty of your outward shape, inso-much that I concluded Nature designed you for her Store-house, wherein all her Rarities and N'alties were dispersed and intrusted: I looked, and as I looked I admired; but having afterwards attained to understand the virtues of your Mind, I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treasure of precious Jewels were inclosed within the fair Casket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgment, and think the better of my self for fixing upon so glorious an object. This is not Flattery, but Justice; and as you have set my Affections on a flame, it is as just that you should study some way for satisfaction: since I am in thought, word, and deed,

Madam, yours, wholly at your command.

77. *A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman, for a civility lately received.*

Worthy Sir,

I Should be a stranger to Worth and Honour, should I be so far unacquainted with the generosity of your Nature, as not to understand it to be truly Noble

in all things, it studies to do courtesies, and hates to receive acknowledgments; yet I must be so upright to my self, as to own your late civility for a most noble Favour, which I confess I received with some kind of amazement, as being my self so much undeserving: and lest my Services should be beneath my wishes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavours cannot be unrewarded, for that alone will render them considerable; and if I can be happy in any thing, it must be in proclaiming to the World, how much I am, Noble Sir,

Your Honourer, and humble Servant.

78. *A Gentleman to a sick Lady.*

Madam,

I Am so happy as to sympathize with you in your want of Health, my mind assures me, you cannot be distempered by any bold Disease, but I must be so too, you have this evidence for it; since I have had an extream Fit of discontent from the time I last saw you: Now I am somewhat amended, my indisposition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do desire, that your condition is the same, otherwise rather than you should want a Companion in your misery, I would choose to be ill again: That I may therefore be forewarned of my own Misfortunes, be pleased I beseech you to let me understand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving some commands from you, since it is the glory of my Life to appear

Madam,

Yours in occasions.

The

The Answer.

79. A sick Lady to a Gentleman.

Noble Sir,

M*y Distemper leaves me, but all in vain, since I cannot be thoroughly well till I see that you are so; I could once willingly have died, because I cannot live to requite your kindness: but now I begin to be past all hope of dying, for Death came towards me so fast, that the very Joy thereof hath wrought in me a Recovery. Sir, my health consists only in the ability which I hope suddenly to have, that I may visit you; since you will not be so favourable as to prevent me by coming hither: but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honour to own what I have hitherto profess'd, to be still what I was before, and will continue, Sir, Yours, to serve and honour you.*

80. A Husband to his Lascivious Wife.

Wicked and wretched Woman,

H*adst thou forgot all goodness, that thou dar'st lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Crystal light? Hast thou no sense of thy own filthy deformity? Dost thou not know the World brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not sensible how thou hast made me become a scorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honest man can be dashed by the infidelity of a Strumpet: but so it is, that the corruption of the times have created a custom, to set the Wives sins upon the Husbands forehead; thy Children are either hated or pitied by all, and I my self dare not look upon them, lest I permit my fears to whisper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Bastardy. Our Relations, and those that were formerly our bosom Friends, do now forsake us, crying, they will not accompany*
them,

themselves with such as belong to the house of shame, or that tread the paths of inconstancy. Consider these things and repent, lest thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Justice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward of all thy impieties; and withal remember, this is the advice of, monstrous Woman,
Thy sad, and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks
 for sending him a Book.*

Worthily Honoured Sir,

I Would have rejoiced to have had an opportunity to serve you before you sent me that Ingenious Piece, entituled, *The Lives of the Statesmen and Favourites of England since the Reformation.* But I am now bound to make it the business of my life, to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgment, both for your own sake, and for the Gifts: For though nothing could be unwelcome to me that you should send, yet I know not what could have been more welcome, except your self, whom I know not how to requite; but must proclaim you a noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and shall multiply my wishes for your prosperity; since you have without merit of mine, bound me for ever, Sir,

Your thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentlemans request to his Friend, for
 a sum of Money.*

Sir,

LET me not be held no Friend, because I send to borrow Money; I had rather want that, than lose your Love: but Sir, if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your patience so far, as to measure the length of your Purse-strings, since a present and urgent occasion puts me on this strange
Adrep.

Adventure. The Sum is but Five Pounds, which shall be paid within a Month, if you dare take my credit for the assurance, and for interest, you shall have my thankful acknowledgments. Thus not doubting of your civility in this case, I rest, as ever,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

83. *A Gentleman to his Friend, that sent to borrow Money.*

Sir,

OUR Friendship would be held by a slender Thred, if a five pound weight could snap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but to esteem my self happy, in that I have a Purse or String to serve you, your Credit is sufficient, and therefore I have sent you the Sum required, and shall expect no other Interest, than the like Courtesie (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. *A Lover to his Mistress.*

Bright Lady!

I Am now in love with mine own Eyes, and Wit, for were not the first exceeding good, they could not endure the lustre of your Beauty: and I am apt to believe the latter may be sharp, since it hath so exact a Character of your Worth. Be more just to your self and me, than to think I flatter you; look into your self, and then you will wrong neither; and when you find I have done you right, call not my affection in question for making the discovery; since it is my duty to serve you and Truth, in all things honourable. But if by commending my own Services, I am so presumptuous as to exceed your pleasure, let your pity seal my Pardon; since my default was only the

effect of Love, and I shall doubly be engaged to be,
Madam,

Yours now, and ever.

The Answer.

85. *A Lady to her Lover.*

Sir,

YOU do well to love your own Eyes and Wit; and I will own the first to be good, and the latter sharp; but if they both went together as you place them, your Brains might be on the out-side of your Head, and then if you prove mistaken, blame your Self, your Eyes, your Wit, and not me. But that I may be just to you, where there is no fault, there is no need of pardon; though the worth of ones affection oftentimes appears more in words than in reality: however, if you will take the liberty and trouble to commend me, I must and will claim the privilege to subscribe my self, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

85. *A Gentleman to his Rival.*

Sir,

IF you understood what an Honour I have for the accomplished Lady, you are pleased to afford your Courtships to, and what a reciprocal return I have for my affections; you would either out of civility, or judgment cease to be so ridiculous, as to endeavour to rob me of her, whom her Parents and her Self hath blessed me with. And though perhaps she out of a Maiden modesty, will assure you it is not so, yet I can justify as much, and make it apparent to your own judgment: Beside, the time is drawing near, when our wishes will be consummated; and then, you, and that part of the World that know her, may learn whether what I have now said be a Truth, or Fable:

Cozen

Cozen not your self, she hath a notable waggish Wit, and uses it only to make you her sport. Sir, be wise, and think not with ease to attain to a happiness that I have tugged for : you are a Gentleman whom I have known, nor are your Relations strangers to me, were it not for that reason, I should not have brooked your visits to her hitherto, to the disturbance of my quiet. But from this time remember, I have desired and warned you to forbear, as you cherish your safety and reputation, that so we may continue Friends, for be assured, you cannot find out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perseverance, which will occasion me to proclaim my self, Sir,

Your incensed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her Match to one whom she cannot love.*

Most dear Parents,

I Beseech you, let the Rules of Nature be so prevalent with you, as not to Marry me to the Man whom you design: but if you do resolve that I shall Marry, let it be to one that I shall love, or to my Grave: be not over-ruled by the thoughts of Avarice, lest you become inhumane to your own blood, and make me

Your sad, sorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentlemans first Address to his Mistress.*

Beauteous Lady,

YOUR feature is so glorious, that I must needs acknowledge; I do verily believe Nature hath not one piece of Art that she can more boast of; nor is there any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a greater reverence, were your affections but correspondent to mine, I would vie for happiness with the proudest Prince under the bright Canopy of the Celestial

lestial Orb, but without your love, I cannot live; which will be a sufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cause of my ruin. Madam, I humbly implore your favour, make me your adopted Servant, and use me and what is mine, as yours; for I account no glory greater, than that of being, Lovely Lady,

Your obedient Vassal.

89. *Another, to the same effect.*

Mirror of Women!

Pardon the presumption of a Stranger, that having lately lost his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is composed of nothing but what consists of Innocence and Vertue; and from thence I have this consolation, that knowing it is in your possession, I question not but you will be noble to it, either for love or pities sake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my visits to it; and if I may be so happy, let me accompany it, by being registred among the chief of your Adorers. I confess, my encouragements are small, having attempted nothing yet, that might make me capable of your smiles, and being acquainted only with your worth; yet such is the overruling power of your Beauty, that though my eyes were but once blessed with a sight of your peerless Perfections, my soul immediately became a Captive to your Vertues; and being now at your disposal, I shall hope to find you merciful, that I may not languish in adverse fortune, since you are naturally tender, and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm Affection.

90. *A Courteous Lass to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Child.*

Mirror of Men!

I Am now constrained to confine my self to a retired life, such is the fruit of your late dalliance, that

that I am become obvious (and without your company shall be odious) to all that see me; and, like your self, the Babe in my womb is continually exercising it self in an activity that affords me but little rest. You cannot forget your promises to marry me, ere you could prevail with me to satisfy your pleasures. Sweet Sir, let your stay be short, for prolixity is dangerous to both our reputations, I languish till you come, and till then, and ever shall remain, My dear Soul,

Yours, to love, and live with you.

91. *A Gentleman to his (once scornful, but now) affectionate Mistress.*

Madam,

YOUR sighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough, since I have now disposed of my resolutions so firmly, as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recal. Nor am I one of those puny Lovers, that think it reasonable to lay my love at your feet, after it hath so inhumanely received your flights. I once loved you too well, but now have so opened the eyes of my understanding, that I can more plainly see my own worth, and your frailty. You are now so kind, as to make Vows of Love to me; and I am so little an Infidel as to believe you: And therefore since you have a love for me, I conjure you by that love you bear me, that you trouble me no more, but henceforth study to forget that I was ever so much as

Your loving Friend.

92. *A kind-hearted Gentlewoman to her boasting Favourite.*

Ungrateful Man!

HATH my love to you deserved no better than your scorns? Did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows, and

John Bartlett - —
What thing is Love I pray
Fortune Love and time
Poets to Love such pay
Whether runneth ~~my~~ ^{the}
Tarry tarry are you gone
Surchargee with ^{discreet}
~~the~~ ^{the} Thrush did ripe full
Then Hesperus on live Bron

1606.

1 pray tree tell — x1/10
time

each power ascribes

my Sweetest Last (1st part)
on gone again, (2nd part)
discontent. (the 1st part)
full clear. (the 2nd part)
Brought (the 3rd part)

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Ungrateful Man!

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and do you requite me with the ruin of my Reputation. Degenerate Monster! Can you be so selfish as to think you do not wound your own Fame, when you strike at me, will not all men abhor you? and though they permit you a hearing, yet esteem of you as one of Natures Prodigies. But to be more plain with you, be so wise as to forbear your foul Reproaches, lest you receive a Pistol, or a Poin-yard from some one or other, that may be sensible of your unworthy usage to, Base Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. *The Lover to his inconstant Mistress.*

Lady,

YOUR Love was once my Paradise; nor did I esteem my self happy in ought else; but now perceiving your ambition hath betrayed your Honour, and corrupted your Affection towards me, give me leave to tell you, Since you can forget to Love, I can as easily forget to Sigh; and from this Minute shall disown you for being the Object of my Delight; since I think it not at all difficult to find a Mistress of more worth and constancy. May you possess a Husband equal to your deserts, I wish you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

S O N G S

A L A M O D E,

Composed by the most Refined Wits
of this Age.

Song 1.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore
'Tis not the workmen, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the God;
So cruel Fair, though Heaven has giv'n thee all,
We mortals Vertue, or (can) Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds;
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All env'y'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their great-ess owe.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers, constitute thy Reign:
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most;
And those to whom tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one:
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour joyn'd;
Beauty a Disease, when 'tis not kind.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph, my delay
Shames me, a Lover:
Which I will now repay,
Since I discover

Thos

Those Beauties and Graces
 Which so adorn thee;
 And makes the Earth grow proud,
 That it hath born thee.
 At the Wakes and the Fairs,
 And every Meeting,
 He's only happy can
 Dance with my Sweeting;
 Where all that stand about,
 Still gaze upon her;
 And those the Crowd keep out,
 Ar talking on her.
 As she walks through the Meads
 With other Lasses,
 All Flowers bend their heads
 Still as she passes,
 Striving to offer them—
 Selves to be gather'd,
 That she might Garlands wear,
 E're they were withered.
 As she at Ball in the
 Cool Evening play'd
 For little Victories,
 And Wagers laid;
 As the Ball, so their Hearts
 When they came nigh her,
 Leap'd for joy equally,
 As they stood by her.
 Ask the Rose, why so red?
 It says she kiss'd it;
 The Lilly, why so pale?
 'Cause her lips miss'd it:
 The blushing Cherry said,
 'Twould be her debtor,
 'Cause one soft touch of hers
 Ripen'd it better.

Song 3.

Song 3.

Break, break distracted heart, there is no Cure
For this my Souls most desperate Calenture:
Sighs, which in others passion vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the Bellows to my hot desire;
And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire:
Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give my passion a relief.
Loves flames when smother'd always do devour,
And when oppos'd, the same hath fatal power.
Then welcom Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my grief; I'll die, I'll die.

Song 4.

Welcom blest hand, whose white out-vies
The Lillies, or the Milky-way:
Nor can the spacious azure Skies,
Cloath'd in the glories of the Day,
Reveal so great a brightness as that hand,
Compar'd to which the Snow it self is tann'd.
Welcom blest hand, whose ev'ry touch
Is able to recal a Soul
Fled hence; whose sov'reign Pow'r is such,
That it no mortal can controul:
My brest with as much joy that touch receives,
As condemn'd Pris'ners do their wish'd Reprieves.
But prithee *Celia*, what design
Led thy fair hands unto my brest?
Was it a love to thine own Shrine,
Or pity to a thing oppress?
For thou might'st feel't, swoln with those griefs which
At first begets, and cruelties improve. (love
Thou could'st not think to find my heart
Within its wonted place of rest;
That's turn'd recluse, and set apart,
To the fair Cloister of thy brest:

There

There 'tis confin'd but to a liberty ;
To be imprison'd there, is to be free.

Therefore if thou my pulse would'st feel,
Or would'st my condition know,
Touch thine own cruel breast of Steel,
And that will tell thee how I do ;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live or die.

Song 5.

LET Votaries, rearing up Altar and Shrine,
Court strait-lac'd Religion till they be weary,
I nought will offer but full Cups of Wine,
As a Sacrifice to th' fat god of Canary.

What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholy.

'Tis only rich Wine,

Has the power divine,

When they sigh and sob, to make us all merry.

Let crack-brain'd Students whole Volumes devour,
And let the starch'd Puritan mind Revelations:

While themselves do pine, and their faces look sower,

And Quacks kill themselves with inventing Purgations,

Come give us more Sack,

While our brains do crack:

We'll steep our dry souls

In liberal Bowls,

And cherish our hearts with diviner Potations.

Let Adventurers fail, 'till they plough up the Main,

Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a Mine;

The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain,

And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-shine.

With peril and pain,

Those trifles they gain;

They wander and roam,

Whilest we sit at home,

And think w'ave the Indies, if we have but good Wine:

Yet

Yet sure the *Leviathan* happy would be,
Who's made to tippie and frolick i'th'deep,
If *Bacchus*, not *Neptune*, were God of the Sea,
And the Ocean Sack his senses to sleep:

Nor would any man fear
To be shipwracked there;
Since if he were drown'd,
'By th' Jury 'twould be found,
That he was but dead drunk, and so fell a-sleep.

Song 6.

BEYOND the malice of abusive Fate,
I now am grown,
And in that state
My heart shall mourn,
The loss it hath receiv'd,
When of its only joy it was bereav'd.
The Woods with Ecchoes do abound,
And each of them returns the sound
Of my *Amyntor*'s name: alas! he's dead,
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow, must I wear,
For sweet *Amyntor*'s dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

WHEN *Phyllis* watch'd her harmless Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray:
Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And the Winds did breathe her Love.
She sought in vain,
To ease her pain:
The heedless Winds did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire.

Then

Then sitting with her arms a-cross,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

Mock-Sing 8.

O N yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly fit your hands,
I think 'twill freez to night,
Tabaccó is an *Indian*-weed,
Jeffery can neither write nor read,
I'm sure some Dogs will bite.
Pease-pottage is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough's* but a Clowr,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Wat. Tyler and *Jack Straw*.
The Sun sets alway in the West,
Is not the *Pope's* Religion best?
Yes, when the Devil's blind.
Room for my Lord Mayor and his Horse,
The *Spaniard* took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostess puffs and blows,
Malds h'any Corns in your feet or toes?
Let's play a game at Bowls.
The Courtier leads a merry life,
The Parson loves a handsom Wife.
Duke *Humfrey* din'd in *Pauls*.

Song 9.

W H E N cold Winters withered brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had overcome the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Bugle clear,
A Jubet, and a Hollow,

Cry come away,
 'Tis almost day,
 Forsake your Beds and follow:
 Then with a Troop well arm'd for sport,
 Upon their Coursers mounted:
 Such as *Venus* Joys withstood,
 When she the wild Boar hunted.
 We on the Downs,
 With a Pack of Hounds,
 Whom Nature had befriended;
 Pursu'd poor Wat,
 New rais'd from squat,
 Her first sleep scarcely ended.
 Then over Hills, and over Dales,
 And over craggy Mountains;
 Through the Woods and shadowed Groves,
 Enrich'd with Crystal Fountains;
 The little Brooks with murmurs sweet,
 And pretty Birds with wonders,
 Sing careless Notes,
 Through their well-tun'd throats,
 And fill the Air with thunders:
 Echoes thrill,
 From the Vaults of the Hill;
 The Savages and Satyrs,
 Elves and Fairies do awake,
 And Sea-Nymphs from the waters;
 They listen to our larger strain,
 Attentively delighted:
 Courting the day
 For a longer stay,
 That we might not be benighted,
 Song 10.
TELL me gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my embraces fly
 Does my love thy love destroy?
 Tell me I will yet be coy.

Stay

Cry

Stay, O stay ! and I will feign
 (Though I break my heart) disdain :
 But lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry frown I'll shed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
 Let mine at least thy pity move :
 Ah ! while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

Ah, *Phyllis*, that you would contrive
 A way to keep my Love alive ;
 But all your other Charms must fail,
 When kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas ! Far more than you I grieve,
 My dying flame hath no reprieve ;
 For I can never hope to find,
 Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind
 One Beauty able to renew
 Those pleasures I enjoy'd by you,
 When Love and Youth did both conspire
 To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Song. II.

A *Maryllis* told her Swain,
Amaryllis told her Swain,
 That in Love he would be plain,
 And not think to deceive her ;
Still be protesting on his truth,
That he would never leave her.
 If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
 And that thou ne're dost leave me ;
 There's ne're a Swain,
 In all this Plain,
 That ever shall come near thee,
For Garlands, and embroyder'd Scrips ;
For I do love thee dearly.
 But *Colin*, if thou change thy Love,
 But *Colin*, if thou change thy Love,

A Tygres then I'll to thee prove,
If e're thou dost come near me.

Amaryllis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 12.

WHEN Celadon gave up his heart
A Tribute to Astraea eyes,
She smil'd to see so fair a Prize,
Which Beauty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealousy did seemingly destroy
Her chiefest comfort and her chiefest joy.

Base Jealousy, that still dost move
In opposition to all bliss,
And teachest those that do amiss,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of Love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but fly all Jealousy.

Song 13.

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
Th' early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face;
But kindly opening like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every day disclose;
Such as by Nature are not shown,
In all the Blossoms she has blown:
And then what Conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take:
Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
How shall we bear those sad extremes,
Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

Song 14.

I'S not i' th' Power of all thy Scorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn
With heat more temperate;

Still

Still do I struggle with despair,
And ever court disdain;
And though you ne're prove less severe,
I'll doat upon any pain.

Yet meaner Beauties cannot deign
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our Passions die.
You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
Are priz'd at such a rate,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you do reprobate.

Song 15.

CALL for the Master; O, this is fine!
He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars:
Liquors of life, not Lees of dead Wine,
For us the Cocks of the Hectors;
Wine wherein Flies were drown'd last Summer.

*Hang't let it pass, here's a Health in a Rammer,
Hang't let it, &c.*

Bold Hectors we are of *London*, *New Troy*,
Fill us more Wine: Hark here, *Sirrah Boy*,
Speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*.
Drawer; Anon Sir, Anon.

Ralph, George, speak at the *Star*;

The Reckoning's unpaid: We'll pay at the Bar:

The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.

A quart of *Claret* in the *Mitre* score.

The Hectors are Ranting, *Tom* shut the door.

A Skirmish begins, beware *Pates* and *Shins*;

The *Piss-pots* are down, the *Candles* are out.

The *Glasses* are broke, and the *Pots* lie about.

Ralph, Ralph, speak in the *Chequer*: By and by:

Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do lie:

Call for the *Constable*, let in the *Watch*.

*These Hectors of Holborn shall meet with their match,
These Hectors, &c.*

At

At Midnight you bring your Justice among us :
 But all the day long , you do us the wrong ,
 When for *Verrinus* you bring us *Mundungus* ;
 Yours Reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
 Still changing our Wine as fast as we call :
 Your Canary has Lime in't, your Claret has Stum :
 Tell the Constable this, and then let him come ;
 Tell the Constable this , and then let him come.

Song 16.

YOUR merry Poets, old Boys,
 Of *Aganippes* Well ,
 Full many tales have told Boys ,
 Whose Liquor doth excel ;
 And how that place was haunted
 By those that lov'd good Wine ,
 Who tippl'd there, and chanted
 Among the Muses nine.
 Where still they cry'd, Drink clear Boys ;
 And you shall quickly know it :
 That 'tis not lousie Beer , Boys,
 But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THE thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again :
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are,
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The Sea it self, (which one would think,
 Should have but little need to drink)
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'reflow the Cup.
 The busie Sun, and one would guess,
 By's drunken fiery face , no less
 Drinks up the Sea , and when that's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun :
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night.

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high;
 Fill all the Glasses here, for why
 Should every Creature drink, but I?
 Why, Man of Mortals, tell me why?

Song 18.

FINE young Folly, though you wear
 That fair Beauty, I do swear,
 Yet you ne're could reach my Heart:
 For we Courtiers learn at School,
 Only with your Sex to fool,
 Y'are not worth our serious part.

Song 19.

BE thou, that art my better part,
 A Seal impress'd upon my Heart:
 May I thy Fingers Signet prove,
 For Death is not more strong than Love.
 The Grave's not so insatiate,
 As Jealousies enflam'd debate.
 Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
 Their water would not quench Loves fire;
 Nor in all Natures Treasury,
 The freedom of Affection buy.

Song 20.

TO Friend and to Foe,
 To all that I know,
 That to Marriage-estate do prepare;
 Remember your days,
 In several ways,
 Are troubled with sorrow and care:
 For he that doth look
 In the Married-man's Book,
 And reads but his ~~Mem~~ all over,
 Shall find them so come,
 At length to a sum,
 Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.

In

In the Pastimes of Love,
When their Labours do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman must have; or be sick:
There's *Item* set down,
For a Loose-bodied Gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or some other fine thing:
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver:
Deliver'd and well,
Who is't cannot tell?
Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine,
And Gossips so fine,
And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple:
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Soap;
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle:
For better for worse,
There's *Item* for Nurse,
The Babe to drefs and to dandle,
When swaddled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle:
A Coral with Bells,
Which custom compels;
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle:
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks.
And thus doth thy Pleasure bewray thee:
But this is the sport,
In Country and Court:
Then let not these Pastimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I DO AT, I doar,
 But am a Sot to show it;
 I was a very fool to let her know it;
 For now she doth so cunning grow,
 She proves a friend worse than a foe,
 She will not hold me fast, nor let me go.
 She tells me I cannot forsake her,
 Then straight I endeavour to leave her:
 But to make me stay,
 Throws a kiss in my way;
 O then I could tarry for ever!
 Thus I retire,
 Saute, and sit down by her;
 There do I fry in froth, and freez in fire:
 Now Nectar from her lips I sup,
 And though I cannot drink all up,
 Yet I am foxt by kissing of the Cup:
 For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
 Where first I began to miscarry:
 Her Breasts of delight,
 Are two bottles of White;
 And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.
 Drunk, as I live;
 Dead-drunk beyond reprieve,
 And all my senses driven thro' a sieve:
 About my neck her arms she lay'th,
 Now all is gospel that she saith,
 Which I lay hold on with my fudled faith.
 I find a fond Lover, a drunkard,
 And dangerous is when he flies out;
 With hips, and lips,
 With black eyes, and white thighs,
 Blind Cupid sure tiptled his eyes out.
 She bids me rise,
 Tells me I must be wise,

Like

Like her, for she is not in love, she cries;
 This makes me fret, and fling, and throw.
 Shall I be fettered to my foe?
 I begin to run, but cannot go.
 I prithee sweet use me more kindly,
 You were better to hold me fast.
 If once you disengage
 Your Bird from his Cage,
 Believe it, he'll leave you at last.
 Like sot I sit,
 That fi'd the Town with wit,
 But now confess I have most need of it.
 I have been foxt with Duck and Dear,
 Above a quarter of a year,
 Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer:
 I think I can number the months too,
July, August, September, October:
 Thus goes my account,
 A mischief light on't.
 But sure I shall go when I'm sober.
 My legs are lam'd,
 My courage is quite tam'd,
 My heart and a'l my body is enflam'd;
 As by experience I can prove,
 And swear by all the powers above,
 'Tis better to be drunk with Wine than Love:
 For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
 Our foreheads with Jewels adorning.
 Although we do grope,
 Yet there is some hope,
 That a man may be sober next morning.
 Thus with command,
 She throws me from her hand,
 And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand.—
 I measure a'l the ground by trips:
 Was ever sot so drunk with sips?

Or can a man be overseen with lips?
 I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
 And leave off your damnable dodging;
 Then do not deceive me,
 Either love me or leave me,
 And let me go home to my lodging.
 I have too much,
 And yet my folly's such;
 I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch:
 Here's a Health to the King: How now,
 I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow;
 Lovers and fools say any thing you know.
 I fear I have tired your patience,
 But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't.
 My wit hath bereft me,
 And all that is left me,
 Is but enough to make a Song on't.
 My Mistress and I
 Shall never comply:
 And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 22.

WHY should we not laugh and be jolly,
 Since all the World is mad,
 And lull'd in a dall Melancholy?
 He that wallows in store,
 Is still gaping for more;
 And that makes him as poor,
 As the Wretch that ne'r any thing had.
 How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,
 Grows shrivel'd with thirst and hunger:
 While we that are bonny,
 Buy Sack with ready Money,
 And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.
 Those Guts that by scraping and toiling,
 Do swell their Revenues so fast,
 Get nothing by all their turmoiling;

But

But are marks for each Tax,
 While they load their own backs
 With the heavier packs,
 And lie down gall'd and weary at last.
 While we that do traffick in Tipple,
 Can baffle the Gown and the Sword:
 Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripple.
 We n'er trouble our heads,
 With Inlentures and Deeds,
 And our Wills are composed in a word.
 Our Money shall never indite us,
 Nor drag our free Minds to thrall,
 Nor Pyrates, nor Wrecks can affright us.
 We that have no Estates,
 Fear no Plunder nor Rates,
 We can sleep with open Gates.
 He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
 We laugh at those Fools, whose endeavours
 Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines:
 When we that spend all, are the savers:
 For if Thieves do break in,
 They go out empty agen,
 And the Plunderers lose their designs.
 Then let us not think on to Morrow;
 But tipple and laugh while we may,
 To wash from our hearts all sorrow:
 Those Cormerants which,
 Are troubled with anitch,
 To be mighty and rich,
 Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
 The Mayor of the Town with his ruff on,
 What a Pox is he better than we?
 He must vail to the man with his Buff on:
 Though he Custard may eat,
 And such lubberly meat;
 Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

Song 23.

NEVER more I will protest,
 To love a Woman, but in jest:
 For as they cannot be true,
 So to give each Man his due,
 When the wooing-fit is past,
 Their affections cannot last.
 Therefore if I chance to meet
 With a Mistress fair and sweet,
 She my service shall obtain,
 Loving her for love again.
 Thus much liberty I crave,
 Not to be a constant slave.
 For when we have try'd each other,
 If she better like another,
 Let her quickly change for me;
 Then to change am I as free.
 He or she that loves too long,
 Sell their freedom for a Song.

Song 24.

NOW fie on foolish Love, it not besits
 O: man or woman know it:
 Love was not meant for people in their wits;
 And they that fondly show it,
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain:
 If single Love be such a curse,
 To Marry, is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

TURN, *Amaryllis*, to thy Swain;
 Thy *Damon* calls thee back again.
 Here is a pretty Arbour by,
 Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
 Where *Apollo* cannot spy;
 There let's sit, and whilst I play,
 Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song 26.

Song 26.

Courtiers Courtiers, think it no scorn,
That silly poor Swains in love shou'd be:
There is as much love in rent and torn,
As there is in silks and bravery.
The Begger loves his last as dear,
As he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,
He that bath thousand pounds a year.

Song 27.

TAKE a pound of Butter made in May,
Clap it to her Arse in a Simmers day,
And ever as it melts, then lick it clean away;
'Tis a medicine for the Tooth-ach, old wives say.

Song 28.

BESS, black as Charcoal,
Was found in a dark hole,
With Kit at the Cat and the Fiddle;
But what they did there,
None safely can swear:
Yet Gentlemen, Riddle my Riddle:
Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,
To swear Kit with Beß did engender:
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present well-wishes to tender.
But 'twas found at last,
E'r a twelve-month was past,
That Christopher Beß had o're-master'd;
For her belly betray'd her,
And so she down laid her,
And brought him a jolly brown Bastard.

Song 29.

THE Glories of our Birth and State,
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no Armour against our Fate:

Death lays his icy hands on Kings:

Scepter and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal laid,

With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

Some men with Swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;

But their strong Nerves at last must yield,

They tame but one another still.

Early or late,

They bend to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

While the pale Captive creeps to death.

The Garland withers on your brow;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

For on Deaths purple Altar now,

See where the Victor Victim bleeds.

All heads must come

To the cold Tomb,

Only the actions of the Just,

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Song 30.

SWEET Jane, sweet Jane,

I love thee wondrous well;

But am afraid,

Thou't die a Maid,

And so lead Apes in Hell.

For why my dear, 'tis pity it should be so:

Thou't better then to take a man,

And keep thee from the foe.

Thou art so pretty and fine,

And wondrous handsom too:

Then be not coy,

Let's get a Boy.

Alas what should we do!

I see thy brow,

And

And well I know
What colour is below;
Then do not jest,
But smile the rest:
I faith I know what I know.

Song 31.

Victorious Beauty, tho' your Eyes
Are able to subdue an Hoast,
And therefore are unlike to boast
The taking of a little Prize:
Do not a single heart despise.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power,
To say how long our love will last:
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now may tast.

The blessed that immortal be,
From change in Love are only free.
And though you now immortal seem,
Such is the exactness of your fame;
Those that your Beauty so esteem,
Will find it cannot last the same.

Love from mine eyes has stoln my fire,
As apt to wast, and to expire.
Then since we mortal Lovers are,
Let's question not how long twill last;
But while we love, let us take care,
Each minute be with pleasure past.

It were a madness, to deny
To live, because we are sure to die.
Fear not, though love and beauty fall,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect:

*Chloris at worst, you'l in the end,
But change your Lover for a Friend.*

Song 33.

Song 33.

Celemana, of my heart
None shall e'r bereave you:
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting:
Damon you mistake your aim;
Hang your heart, and burn your flame.,
If you must be ranting.

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying liquor:
Anger sets it on the lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to beget,
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physician's wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Puts me in a Fever.

Damon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only Bait is:
'Tis the Spur to vain delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing-weather;
If such drops of heat fall:
We shall have the devil and all,
When we come together.

Song 34.

Song 34.

TWelve sort: of meat my Wife provides,
And bates me not a dish;
Of which four flesh, four fruit there are,
The other four of fish.

For the first Course she serves me in
Four Birds that Dainties are:
The first a Quail, the next a Rail,
A Bitter, and a Jar.

Mine appetite being cloy'd with these,
With Fish she makes it sharp,
And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
A Gudgeon, and a Carp.

The second is of Fruit well serv'd;
Fitting well the season:

A Medlar, and a Hartich oak,
A Crab, and a small Reason.

What's he, that having such a Wife,
That on her would not d'eat;
Who daily does provide such fare,
Which costs him never a Groat?

Song 35.

BE gon, be gon, thou perjur'd man,
And never more return:

For know that thy inconstancy,
Hath chang'd my love to scorn.

Thou hast awak'd me, and I can
See clearly, there's no truth in man;
Thou may'st perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee.

And since thou canst love more than one,
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me:

For th' hast wak'd me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.

By thy apostacy I find,
That love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the mind;

Where

Where Virtue wanting is,
I'm now resolv'd, and now there can
No constant thought remain in man.

Song 36.

STraight my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'll take,
With a Hey down, a down, down-a:
Then I'll cut me a Switch, and on that ride about;
And wander, and wander, till I find him out;
With a hey down, down, a down, down-a.

And when *Philander* shall be dead,
I'll bury him, I'll bury him,
And I'll bury him in a Primrose-bed:
Then I'll sweetly ring his Knell;
With a pretty Cowslip-bell,
Ding dong-bell, ding-dong-bell.

Song 37.

LOOK! see how unregarded now
That Piece of Beauty passes:
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone: But mark the fate of Faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.
And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self-same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer from such fires.
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lies!
Whether my heart be faulty, or mine eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die.
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can questionable be: What is the mystery?
Sure Beauties Empire, like the greatest States,
Hath certain periods set, and hidden dates.

Song 38.

Song 42.

TO little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, the Exchange, and the Plays;
For ne'r in my Rambles till now did I prove
So lucky, to meet with the man I could love.

For oh how I am pleas'd, when I think of this man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.
How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever when I should be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it.
But oh! how I sigh when I think he should woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Song 43.

SHALL I lie wasting in despair,
Die, because a Woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause anothers rose are?

Be she fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in May;
If she be not so to me,

What care I how fair she be?
Shall I mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a Woman black?

Or my self with care cast down,
'Cause I see a Woman brown?
Be she blacker than the Night,
Or the blackest Jet in sight;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a Woman kind?

Or a well-disposed nature,
Joined in a comely feature?
Be she kind, or meeker than
Turtle-dove, or Pelican;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be.
Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a Woman curst;
Or a thwarting hoggish nature,
Joined in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer then
Brutish Beasts, or Savage Men.

If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be,
Shall a Womans virtues make
Me to perish for her sake:
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own:
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may merit name of best:

If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be?
Shall a Womans Vices make
Me her Virtues quite forsake?
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be?
'Cause her fortunes seem to high,
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble mind,
If nor outward help he find;
Think what with him he would do,
That without them dares to woo?

And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?
'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?

Song 46.

NOW, now, *Lucatia*, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art:
Thou needst but one frown more, to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.

Alas! undone: to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die;

And now, now, now am dead.

You look to have an Age of trial,
E're you a Lover will repay,
But my state brooks no more denial,
I cannot this one minute stay.

Alas! undone: to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die;

And now, now, now am dead.

Look in my Wound, and see how cold,
How pale and gasping my soul lies;
Which Nature strives in vain to hold,
Whilst wing'd with sighs, away it flies.

Alas! undone: to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die;

And now, now, now am dead.

See, see, already *Charon's Boat*,
Who grimly asks, Why all this stay?
Hark how the Fatal Sisters shout,
And now they call, Away, away.

Alas! undone: to Fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die;

And now, oh now, am dead.

Song 47.

WHenas *Leander* young was drown'd,
No heart my love receiv'd a wound;
But on a Rock himself sat by,
There weeping superabundantly,
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sighing deeply thus he said:

Ah cruel fate: and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drown the *Helleſpont*.
 And ſure his tongue had more expreſt,
 Had not his tears, had not his tears,
 Had not his tears forbad the reſt.

Song 48.

O H! how I hate thee now,
 And my ſelf too,
 For loving ſuch a falſe, falſe thing as thee,
 Who hourly canſt depart,
 From heart to heart,
 To take new harbour, as thou didſt in me:
 But when the world ſhall ſpie,
 And know thy ſhifts as well as I,
 They'l ſhut their hearts, and take thee in no more:
 They that can dwell in none, muſt out of door.
 Thy pride hath over-grown,
 All this great Town;
 Which ſtoops, and bows as low,
 As I to you.
 Thy falſhood might ſupport,
 All the new Court,
 Which ſhifts and turns, almoſt as oft as thou.
 But to expreſs thee by,
 There's not an object low, or high:
 For 'twill be found, when e'r the meaſure's try'd,
 Nothing can reach thy falſhood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

Yonder he goes,
 Takes Corns from your Toes,
 Cures the Gout, and all woes:
 Call him hither,
 His ſkill I will try,
 Before he paſs by,

Or sure I shall die
 This weather.
 The reports of your fame Sir,
 Call you again Sir,
 Shew your skill, or shame your face for ever.

Song 50.

HANG sorrow, cast away care,
 Come let us drink up our Sack;
 They say it is good,
 To cherish the blood,
 And eke to strengthen the back:
 'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
 And fills the body with heat:
 Besides 'tis good,
 If well understood,
 To fit a man for the seat.
 Then call,
 And drink up all,
 The Drawer is ready to fill.
 A Pox of Care,
 What need we to spare?
 My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAVE you any work for a Tinker, Mistress
 Old Brass, old Pots, old Kettles:
 I'll mend them all with a tink-terry-tink,
 And never hurt your Metals.
 First let me have a touch of your Ale,
 'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather:
 Or Vintners Lees,
 Or Tinker's Freez,
 Or Tabacco, choose you whether,
 Bit of your Ale.
 Your Nappy Ale,
 I would I had a Firkin,
 For I am old,

And

And very very cold,
And never wear a Jerkin.

Song 52.

HAVE you observ'd the Wench in the street,
She's scarce any hose or shooes to her feet:
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings,
I ha' bot Codlings, I ha' bot Codlings.

Or have you ever seen or heard,
The mortal with a lion-tawny Beard.
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries, *Buy a brish, Buy a Brish.*

Since these be so merry, why should we take care?
Musicians, like *Chamelions*, must live by the air.

Then let's be blythe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk:
For when we have no money,
We shall find chalk.

Song 53.

IF any so wise is,
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his small Beer, and be sober:
Whilst we drink Sack and sing,
As if it were Spring:

He shall droop, like the trees in *October*.

But be sure over-night,

If this Dog do you bite,

You take it henceforth for a warning;

Soon out of your bed,

To settle your head,

Take a hair of his tail in the morning:

And be not so silly,

To follow old *Lilly*,

For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us:

Let his *Ne assuescas*,

Be put in his Cap-case,

And sing *Bi-bi-to Vi-num Je-ju-nus.*

Song 54.

Song 54.

GOOD *Simon*, how comes it your Nose looks so red,
 And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale?
 Sure the heat of your Toast
 Your Nose did so Roast,
 When they were both soufed in Ale;
 It shews like the Spire
 Of *Paul's* Steeple on fire,
 Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes;
 While your face looks as dead,
 As if it were Lead,
 And covered all over with Ashes.
 Now to helghten his colour,
 Yet fill his Pot fuller,
 And nick it not so with froth:
 Gramercy mine Host,
 It shall save thee a Toast:
 Sup *Simon*, for here is good Broth.

Song 55.

HOW merrily looks the man that hath Gold?
 He seemeth but twenty, though threescore year
 How nimble the Bee, that flieth about, (old:
 And gathereth Honey within and without?
 But Men without Money,
 And Bees without Honey,
 Are nothing better than Droans, Droans, &c.

Song 56.

GOOD *Susan* be as secret as you can,
 You know your Master is a jealous man,
 Though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill,
 Yet Men take Women in the worst sence still:
 And fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
 Than wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckold's head.

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Song 57.

And very very cold,
And never wear a Jerkin.

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Song 57.

Song 57.

THE Wise Men were but seven,
 Ne're more shall be for me :
 The Muses were but nine,
 The Worthies three times three :
 And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
 And three merry Boys are we.
 The Virtues were but seven,
 And three the greater be ;
 The *Cæsars* they were twelve,
 And the Fatal Sisters three :
 And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
 And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58.

A Womans Rule shou'd be in such a fashion,
 Only to guide her household, and her passion ;
 And her obedience never out of season,
 So long as either Husband lasts or Reason.
 Ill fares the hapless Family that shows,
 A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
 I know not which live more unnatural lives,
 Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.

Song 59.

A Pox on the Goaler, and on his fat Jowl,
 There's Liberty lies in the bottom o' th' Bowl :
 A fig for whatever the Rascal can do,
 Our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too.
 Then drink we a round, in despite of our Foes,
 And make our cold Iron cry clink in the close.

Song 60.

WHEN Wives do hate the Husband's Friends,
 As jealous of some fearful ends ;
 And still an angry look they settle,
 As if of late she had piss'd on Nettles ;
 'Ware ho, 'ware ho, for then of force
 The Mare will prove the better Horse :
 When Women will be ever nice,

Foolish,

Foolish, proud, and manly wife;
And their wanton humour itches,
To wear their Husband's widest Breeches:
'Ware ho, 'ware ho, for then on force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

Song 61.

IF she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy;
Leave her: she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee such an Ass,
Hadst thou ne'r so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a Lass,
Whose pride's above her pleasure.
Make much of every-buckson Girl,
Which needs but little courting,
Her value is above the Pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.

Catch 62.

HE that will win a Widows heart,
Must bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, tho' to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes the chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright Arms from you,
With which she does the World subdue:
Yet you your selves are not above
The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge her pain:
You are not free, because y^e are fair:
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

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Song 64.

Song 64.

PHYLLIS, though your powerful Charms
 Have forc'd me from my *Celias* Arms;
 That sore defence against all Pow'rs,
 But those resistless eyes of yours;
 Think not your Conquest to maintain,
 I y rigour, or unjust disdain:
 In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For Love does seldom hope survive.
 My heart may languish for a time,
 While all your glories in their prime,
 May justifie their cruelty,
 By the same force that conquer'd me.
 When Age shall come, at whose command,
 Those Troops of Beauties must disband;
 A Tyrant's strength once took away,
 What slave's so dull as to obey?
 Those threatning dangers to remove,
 Make me believe (at least) you love:
 D ssemble well, and by that art,
 Preserve and govern still my heart.
 But if you'll choose another way,
 To save your Empire from decay,
 Oh then for ever fix your Throne,
 Be kind, but kind to me alone.

Song 65.

AMYNTAS he once went astray,
 But now again hath found his way:
 Mad Lovers o't do please themselves,
 With noise and janglings of the Bells;
 And fancy there some warbling Note,
 As ecchoing from a Mistress throat:
 And why disturb'd then should they be,
 Since Love on Earth's our Deity?

But those who Reason do preserve,
 Make all things to their purpose serve:

Taught

Taught then by that Example, I
Loves power now will soon desie:
Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd,
His passion's not on me entail'd;
No son of his: I'll boldly say,
I'm made of Steel, and not of Clay.

Hold, let me not this god despise,
For fear he rob me of mine eyes:
His power subjects, and can destroy;
I'll therefore stoop unto the Boy,
By yielding to his moderate fire,
I may an easier way expire:
So sweet a death gives us no pain,
Whilst dying we revive again.

Song 66.

FAIR *Fidelia* tempt no more,
I can thy Beauty now no more adore,
Nor offer to thy Shrine:
I serve a more divine,
And greater far than you.
Hark, the Trumpet calls away,
We must go,
Lest the Foe
Get the field, and win the day.
Then march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van:
Our Cause God's is,
Though the odds is,
* Ten times ten to one.
Tempt on no more, I may not yield;
Although thine eyes
A Kingdom may surprize:
Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of *Wales*
Is mounted in the field;

Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
 Though forlorn,
 Nobly born,
 Of a ne're decaying Stock:
 Cavaleers be bold,
 Bravely keep your hold.
 He that loyters,
 Is by Traytors
 Meerly bought and sold.
 One kiss more, and so farewell.
 Fy! no more,
 I prethee fool give o're:
 Why darest thou thus thy Beams?
 I see by these extreame,
 A Woman's Heaven or Hell;
 Pray the King enjoy his own:
 That the Queen
 May be seen,
 With her Babes on *England's* Throne
 Rally up your men,
 One shall vanquish ten,
 Victory! we come to try
 Our Valour once again.

Song 67.

WERE *Celia* but as chaste as fair,
 How could I kiss the snare,
 And never be
 Weary of my Captivity?
 But she's a Whore, that cools my blood.
 Oh that she were less handfome, or more good.
 Would you believe, that there can rest
 Deceit within that brest:
 Or that those eyes,
 Which look like friends, are only spies.
 But she's a Whore: yet sure I lie:
 May there not be degrees of chastity?

No,

No, no, what means that wanton smile,
 But only to beguile?
 Thus did the first
 Of Women make all men accurst:
 I for their sakes give Women o're,
 The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

Song 68.

THE morning doth waste,
 To the Meadows let's haste,
 For the Sun doth with glory shine on them:
 The Maidens must rake,
 Whil'st the Hay cocks we make,
 Then merrily tumble upon them:
 The envy of Court
 Ne'r aims at our sport,
 For we live both honest and meanly.
 Their Ladies are fine,
 But to *Venus* incline;
 And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.
 Then let us advance
 Ourselves in a Dance,
 And afterward fall to our labour.
 No measure we mete,
 Nor Musick so sweet
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry month of *May*,
 On a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walked the Woods so wide,
 When as *May* was in her pride:
 There I spied all alone,
Phyllida and *Coridon*:
 Much ado there was I wot;
 He could love, but she could not:
 His love he said was ever true:
 Nor was mine e're false to you:

He said he had lov'd her long,
 She said, Love should do no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then:
 She said Maids must kiss no Men,
 'Till they kiss for good and all.
 Then she made the Shepherds call
 All the Gods to witness sooth,
 Ne'er was lov'd a fairer youth:
 Then with many a pretty Oath,
 As yea, and nay, and faith, and troth.
 Such as silly Shepherds use,
 When they will not love abuse:
 Love, that had been long deluded,
 Was by kisses sweet concluded.
 And *Philida* with Garlands gay,
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

Song 70.

DOWN in a Garden sat my dearest Love,
 Her skin more white than down of Swan,
 More tender-hearted than the Turtle-dove,
 And far more kind than bleeding Pellican.
 I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
 Why was I born to live, and die a Maid?
 With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
 Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done:
 Sweeting (I said) arise, look and behold,
 A pretty Riddle I'll to thee unfold;
 These leaves shut in as close as cloister'd Nun,
 Yet will they open when they see the Sun.
 What mean you by this Riddle, Sir, she said,
 I pray expound it: then I thus began;
 Are not Men made for Maids, and Maids for Men?
 With that she chang'd her colour, and grew wan.
 Since now this Riddle you so well unfold,
 Be you the Sun, I'll be the Marygold.

Song 71.

Song 71.

THE Pot and the Pipe,
The Cup and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man:
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a score;
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many a more.

Song 72.

LOVE is a sower delight, and sug' red-grief,
A Sea of fears, and everlasting strife;
A breach of reasons, laws, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever-dying life:
A bane for souls, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shaft that ever hits.
A labyrinth of doubts, and idle lust,
A raving bird, a tyrant most unjust:
Yet, mighty Love! regard not what I say,
But blame the light that led mine eyes astray;
Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

Song 73.

THEN our musick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry Notes are fit for Knells:
May Lankness be
No guest to me.
The Bag-pipe sounds, when that it swells;
A Mooting night brings wholesome smiles,
When John-an-Oaks and John-a-Stiles
Do grease the Lawyers Satin.
A Reading day
Frights French away;

The Benchers dare speak *Latin* :
 He that's full doth Verse compose,
 Hunger deals in sullen Prose:
 Take notice, and discharge her.

The empty Spit,
 Ne'r cherish'd Wit,
Minerva loves the Larder :
 First to Breakfast, then to Dine,
 Is to conquer *Bellarmino* :
 Distinctions then are bidding.
 Old *Suckliff's* Wit,
 Did never hit,
 But after his Bag-pudding.

Song 74.

WHY should I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
 And chase the dull hours away ?
 He that lets such a fair opportunity fly,
 He loses his aim by delay :

And it's pity he ever should sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Upon thy fair Tresses (which *Phaëbus* excel)

My diligent fingers I'll twist :

O there's my desire for ever to dwell !

And I hope thou wilt never resist.

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Upon thy fair Breasts I'll be mounted aloft,

And there in my Chariot I'll feel

The grain of the Body more precious and soft

Than the web of *Arachnes* wheel :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

I'll wander abroad in thy Veins, and I'll seek

The Mazes of pleasure and love.

The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy Cheeks,

And thither my fancy shall move :

And

And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
 There on the Lillies and Roses I'll light,
 And gather my sweets like the Bee:
 And I will not go far for a lodging at night,
 For surely the Hive shall be thee:

And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
 Where when I am hurl'd, my Nest I will build,
 Of Honey-combs all in a rank;
 I'll buzze in each corner, until it be fill'd,
 And make thee more full in the flank:

And e're and anon I will sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.
 Come then with a Cornish let us combine,
 (I know thou canst easily do't)
 Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine:
 And I'll give thee my hand to hoot:

And e're and anon I would sip,
Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Song 75.

AL in vain,
 Turn again:

Why should I love her?

Since she can

Love no man

I will give over.

I'll not stay

To obey

But will retire.

Why should I

Thither fly,

And not enjoy her?

Let her still

Please her will,

With a denial:

She

She shall be
 Upto me,
 As a Sun-Dial.
 I et her blood
 Raise the mud,
 All in good season?
 I'll not gaze
 On her face,
 'Till I have reason.

Song 76.

HOW happy and free is that plunder,
 When we care not for Jove and his thunder;
 Having entred a Town,
 The Lasses go down,
 And to their O'recomers lie under:
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long addresses to what will grow stale?*
 If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,
 When once we have made her to render,
 She will handle a Flute
 Better far than a Lute,
 And make what was hard to grow tender:
*Then why should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long addresses to what will grow stale?*
 If her hair of a delicate brown is,
 And her belly as soft as the down is,
 She will fire your heart
 In performing her part;
 With a flame that more hot than the Town is:
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long addresses to what will grow stale?*
 When the Houks with flashes do glitter,
 Who can sever our sweet from the bitter?
 And in that bright night,
 We can take our delight,

No Damsel shall 'scape, but we'll hit her :
*Why then should we study to love, and looke pale,
 And make long addresses, but never prevail ?*

Song 77.

I'M sick of Love, oh let me lie
 Under your shades to sleep, or die;
 Either is welcom, so I may have,
 Or here my bed, or here my grave.
 Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
 Time to my tears, whilst I do weep?
 Can you have sense, or do you prove,
 What Crucifixions are in love?
 I know you do, and that's the why,
 Y'are weeping sick of Love as I.

Catch 78.

THERE was three Cooks of Colebrook,
 And they fell out with our Cook;
 And all was for a Pudding he took,
 From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.
 Slain Cook,
 Swash Cook;
 And thou maist kiss mine Arse Cook.
 And all was for a Pudding he took,
 From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.
 And they fell all on our Cook,
 And beat him sore, that he did looke
 As black as did the Pudding he took
 From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

Song 79.

LAST night I dreamed of my Love,
 When sleep did overtake her;
 It was a pretty drowsie rogue,
 She slept, I durst not wake her.
 Her Lips were like the Coral red,
 A thousand times I kiss'd e'm;
 And a thousand more I might have stol'n,

For she had ne'r a miss'd 'um.
 Her crisped Locks, like threds of Gold,
 Hung dangling o're the pillow:
 Great pity 'twas, that one so fair,
 Should wear the Rainbow-willow.
 I folded down the Holland-sheet,
 A little below her belly,
 But what I did you n'er shall know,
 Nor is it meet to tell ye.
 Her belly's like to yonder Hill,
 Some call it *Mount of Pleasure*;
 And underneath there springs a Well,
 Which no man's depth can measure.

Sng 80.

I Feed a flame within, which so torments me,
 That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
 'Tis such a pleasing smart, and so I love it,
 That I had rather die, than once remove it:
 Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it:
 My tongue does not betray, nor mine eyes show it;
 Not a sigh, nor a tear my pain discloses,
 But they fall silently, like dew off Roses.
 But to prevent my Love from being cruel;
 My Heart's the Sacrifice, as 'tis the Fuel:
 And while I suffer this, to give him quiet;
 My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.
 On his eyes will I gaze, there to delight me;
 Whil'st I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me:
 And to be more happy I dare not aspire;
 Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Sng 81.

FLY, oh fly, sad sighs, and bear
 These few words into her ear;
 Blest where-e'r thou dost remain,
 Worthier of a foster chain:
 Still I live, if it be true,

The Turtle lives, that's cleft in two.
Tears and sorrow I have store;
But, O thine do grieve me more.
Die I would, but that I do
Fear my Fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

ALL the materials are the same,
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair Womans goodly frame:
No Beauty is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.*

If modesty it self appear,
With blushes in her face;
Think then the blood that danceth there,
Must revel in some other where,
To warm some other place.

Then tell me, &c.

If on her neck her hair be spread,
With many a curious ring;
Why sure that heat which curls the head,
Will make her mad to be in bed,
And do the other thing.

Then tell me, &c.

Go ask but the Philosopher,
What gives her lips the balm,
What spirit gives motion to her eye,
Which makes her breast to swell so high,
Gives moisture to her palm.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste and fair.*

Song 83.

TIS true, fair Celia, that by thee I live;
That ev'ry kiss, and ev'ry fond embrace,
Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give

A Balsam to the wound, made by thy face.
Yet still methinks I miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name;
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Those favours which do bless me ev'ry day,
Are yet but empty and Platonical:
Think not to please your servants with half pay,
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all:
Who can endure to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name;
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame?
If all those sweets within you must remain
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure;
Nature as well as I will lose her name,
And you as well as I, your youthful pleasure.
We wrong our selves, to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name;
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.
Our souls, which long have peep'd at one another,
Out of the narrow Casements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted be together,
And in their natural pleasure sympathize.
Then, then we shall not miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name;
And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Song 84.

I Keep my Horse, I keep my Whore,
 I take no rents, yet am not poor;
 I travel all the Land about,
 And yet was born to never a foot:
 With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
 I do at midnight often dine;
 And if my Whore be not in case,
 My Hostess's Daughter has her place.
 The Maids sit up and watch their turns,
 If I stay long, the Tapster mourns.
 The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,
 Though tempted by the Chamberlin:
 But when I knock, oh how they bustle,
 The Hostler yawns, the Geldings juggle:
 If Maid but sleep, oh how they curse her!
 And all this comes of, Deliver your purse Sir.

Song 85.

I Wo' no' go to't, I mun not go to't,
 For love, nor yet for fee:
 For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
 And a good one till I dee;
 Yet mine intent I could repent,
 For one man's company.

Song 86.

HE that marries a merry Lass,
 He has most cause to be sad;
 For let her go free in her merry tricks,
 She'll work his patience mad.
 But he that marries a scold, a scold,
 He has most cause to be merry:
 For when she is in her fits,
 He may cherish his his wits,
 With singing heigh-down-derry.
 He that weds a roaring Girl,
 That will both scratch and fight:

Though

Though he study all day,
 To make her away,
 Will be glad to please her at night.
 And he that copes with a fusten wench,
 That scarce will speak at all;
 Her doggedness more,
 Than a Scold or a Whore,
 Will penetrate his gall.
 He that's matcht with a Turtle-dove,
 That has no spleen about her,
 Shall waste so much life,
 In love of his Wife,
 He had better be without her.

Catch 87.

THE parch'd Earth drinks the Rain,
 Trees drink of that again:
 Rivers the Seas do quaff,
Sol drinks the Ocean off:
 And when that health is done,
Pale Cynthia drinks the Sun.
 Friends, why do ye chide,
 And stern my drinking-tide?
 Thinking to make me sad:
 I will, I will be mad.

Song 88.

COMMIT the Ship unto the Wind,
 But not thy Faith to Women-kind:
 There is more safety in a Wave,
 Than in the trust that Women have.
 There is none good: yet if it fall,
 Some one prove good among them all;
 Some strange intents the Fates have had,
 To make a good thing of a bad.

Song 89.

Song 89.

LIKE to the falling of a Star,
Or as the flight of Eagles are,
Or like the fresh Springs gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of Morning-dew;
Or like the Wind that chafes the Flood,
Or Bubble which on waters stood:
Even such is Man, whose borrowed Light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to Night;
The Wind blows out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew's dried up, the Star is shot,
The Flight is past, and Man forgot.

Song 90.

LIKE a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horse was never ridden,
Or a Feast and no Guest bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Rose if no Man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.
The Ring, if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks;
The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden;
The Bucket draws the Water forth.
The Rose when pluck'd, is still more worth;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, Marries ere she dies.
Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight,
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day,

Just

Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.
 The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,
 There's musick in the finger'd Lute;
 The Weight doth make the Jack go ready,
 The Freight doth make the Barque go steady,
 The Key the Lock doth open right,
 The Candle's useful in the night:

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e're she dies.
 Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,
 Or a Question and no Answer,
 Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
 Or a Mine was never digg'd,
 Like a wound without a Tent,
 Or silver Box without a Scent:

Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'r loves but dies a Maid.
 Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,
 The civil Answer pleaseth all:
 Who rigs a Ship, fills with the wind:
 Who digs a Mine, doth Treasure find:
 The Wound, by wholesome Tent, hath ease:
 The Box, perfum'd, the Senses please:

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
 That lives, loves, marries e're she dies.
 Like Marrow-bone, was never broken:
 Or Commendations, and no Token:
 Like a Fort, and none to win it:
 Or like the Moon, and no Man in it:
 Like a School, without a Teacher:
 Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher:

Just such as these may she be said,
 That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.
 The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
 The Token doth adorn the Greet,

There's

There's triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon,
The School is by the Teacher still'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd:

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries e'r she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long defer'd;
Like the Gold was never tried,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or a Book was never pressed:

Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due Season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd, from dross is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
The House is by possession graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced:

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'r she dies.

Song 92.

THE Wit hath long beholden been
Unto the Cap, to keep it in;
Let now the Wit flie out again,
In praise, to quit the Cap again.
The Cap, that owes the high't part,
Obtain'd that place by due desert.

For every Cap, whatever it be,

Is still the sign of some degree.

The Cap doth stand (each Head can show)
Above the Crown, the King's below,
The Cap is nearer Heav'n than we,
A sign of greater Majesty.

When

There's

When off the Cap we chance to take,
The Head and Feet obedience make:

*For ev'ry Cap, whatever it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.*

The Monmouth-Cap, the Sailor's Thrum,
And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
The Physick, Law, the Cap-Divine,
And that which Crowns the Muses Nine,
The Caps that Fools do countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
The Fudling-Cap, however bought;
The Quilted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Satin,
For which so many Fools learn *Latin*:
The Crewel-Cap, the Fustian-Pate,
The Periwig, a Cap of late;
And ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the Monmouth wear,
On Castle-tops their Ensigns rear:
The Sea-man with his Thrum doth stand,
On higher parts than all the Land:
The Tradesman's Cap aloft is born,
By 'vantage of (some say) a Horn;
And ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Physick-Cap to dust can bring,
Without comptrol, the greatest King:
The Lawyers Cap hath heavenly might,
To make a crooked Action right;
Which being round and endless, knows
To make as endless any Cause.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

Both East and West, both North and South,
Where-e'r the Gospel finds a Mouth,
The Cap-Divine doth thither look:
'Tis square, like Scholars and their Book:

The

The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew their Heads more stabil are.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Motly-Cap a man may wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer:
And 'tis no slender part of Wit,
To act a Fool where Great Men sit.
But oh the Cap of London-Town,
I wis 'tis like a Giants Crown.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sickly-Cap, not wrought with Silk,
Is like Repentance white as Milk:
When Hats in Church drop off in haste,
This never leaves the Head uncas'd.
The Sick-man's Cap that's wrought can tell,
Though he be sick, his state is well.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Fudd'ng Cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night:
It Jove-like makes proud heads to bend,
And lowly facts makes to ascend:
It makes men higher than before,
By seeing double all their Store.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

This rounds the World within the Brain,
And makes a Monarch of a Swain;
When it is on our heads we be
Compleatly Armed Cap-a-pse.
The furr'd and quilted Cap of Age,
Can make a mouldy Proverb sage.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sattin and the Velvet Hwe,
Unto a Bishoprick doth drive:
Nay when a File of Caps ye are seen in;
A Square, then this, and next a Linnen;

This

The

This triple Cap may raise some hope,
(If Fortune smile) to be a Pope:

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

Though Fustian-Caps be slender wear,
The Head is of no better gear:
The Crewel-Cap is knit like Hose,
For them whose zeal takes cold i'th Nose;
Whose Purity doth think it meet,
To Clothe alike the Head and Feet:

This Cap would fain, but cannot be,

The only sign of some degree.

The Periwig, oh, that declares
The rise of Flesh, but fall of Hair;
And none but Grandees can proceed
So far in sin, that this they need,
Before their Prince, which cover'd are,
And only to themselves go bare:

This Cap, of all the Caps that be,

Is now the sign of high degree.

Song 92.

CAST our Caps and Care away,

This is Beggars Holiday,
In the World look out and see,
Where's so happy a King as he?

At the Crowning of our King,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
Where's the Nation lives so free,
And so merry as are we?

Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at liberty we are:
Hang all Officers, we cry,
And the Magistrates too by.
We enjoy our ease and rest,
To the Field we are not Prest.

When the Subsidie's increas'd,
We are not a Peny Ceas't;

Nor

Nor are call'd into the Town,
To be troubled with a Gown:
Nor will any go to Law
With a Begger for a straw.
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Song 93.

OF late in the Park a fine Fancy was seen,
Betwixt an old Bawd, and a lusty young Quean:
Their Parting of Money began this this Uproar.
I'll have half, says the Bawd: But you shan't, says
the Whore.

Why 'tis my own House,
I care not a louse;
I'll have three parts of four, or you get not a Sou.
Tis I, says the Whore, that must take all the pains;
And you shall be damn'd, e'r you get all the gains.
The Bawd being vexed, straight to her did say,
Come, off with your Duds, and I pray pack away;
And likewise your Ribbons, your Gloves, and your Hair:
For naked you came, and so out you go bare.

Then th' Buttock so bold
Began for to scold,
Hurry-dan was not able her clack for to hold:
Both pell-mell fell to it, and made this uproar:
With these complements, Thou'rt a Bawd, Thou'rt
a Whore.

The Bawds and the Buttocks that lived there round,
Came all to this chase, both pockey and sound;
To see what the reason was of this same Fray,
That did so disturb them before it was day.

If I tell you amiss,

Let me never piss.

This Buttock so bold, her name was call'd Cis:
By quissing with Cullies three Pound she has got,
And but one part of four, must ~~fall~~ to her lot.

R

Then

Then all the Bawds cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
 Unless she will yield to return you half-share;
 If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
 And turn her abroad with a slit on her Nose:

Who when she did see

There was no remedy,

For her from the tyrannous Bawds to get free;
 The Whore them the Money was forced to yield,
 And in the conclusion, the Bawds got the field.

Song 94.

NO, no, cruel Beauty:

Ne'r tell me of Duty,

For I can no longer forbear;

On fear I will trample,

A dreadful example

I'll make thee for being severe.

To revenge all my harms,

I'll take thee, and press thee between my strong

And then thou shalt prove,

(arms:

That I am a Devil in love.

There is not in Nature

So furious a creature,

As I: when I view'd thy each grace,

As fierce as a Lion,

I leap and flie on,

To see so bewitched a face.

Now, now shalt thou know,

What 'tis to provoke so merciless a foe.

From thy Charms I'll be freed,

For Witches ne'r hurt when they bleed.

But *Phyllis* who heard him,

With scorn did regard him,

And vow'd she would humble his pride:

But alas! as he ranted,

He suddenly fainted,

And, Truce my fair *Phyllis*, he cry'd.

Thus

Thus *Colon* was quell'd;
But straight he recover'd new force and rebell'd:
And by turns in the field,
Both conquer'd, and neither would yield.

Song 95.

THERE is not in Nature a merrier life,
Than that of the brave Bonny-baller,
Who still at his beck hath another man's Wife,
And his Doxy when-e'r he will call her.
Why zealously all the Week plies the Burgundy,
And then lies in bed as devoutly on Sunday.
Before he is stirring, he sends to provide
The Dish that he most had a mind to:
He rises at twelve, with a Friend by his side,
That he oftentimes hath been kind to:
And when he hath din'd, either sooner or later,
He fails not to take a turn at the Theater;
Where he sits in the Pit, while the Musick doth call,
And then out of door he doth rally:
And if it be Summer, he rows to *Fox-hall*,
To pick up a Punk in an Alley:
And there if he fails, being hot with his Dinner,
He walks the *Piazza's* to meet a kind Sinner.
But oh! how divinely we'll dance and we'll sing,
When we meet at the *Dog and the Partridge*?
When ev'ry Wench there, hath the world in a string,
'Till each Man hath empty'd his Cartridge:
And when we come home, to drive away sorrow,
We'll drink all their healths, and recruit for to morrow.

Song 96.

'TIS not how witty, nor how free,
No, nor how beautiful you be;
But how much kind, and true to me.
Freedom and Wit none can confine,
And Beauty like the Sun doth shine;
But kind, and true, is only mine.

Let others with attention sit,
 To listen, and admire your Wit;
 On that same Rock I'll never split.
 Let others doat upon your Eyes,
 And burn their Hearts for Sacrifice.
 Beauty's a Calm, where danger lies;
 But Kind, and True, hath long been try'd
 A Harbour where we may confide,
 And there at an Anchor safely ride;
 From change of Wind we there are free,
 Nor need we fear Storms tyranny,
 Nor Pirate, though a Prince he be.

Song 97.

NO: To what purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched Heart, Swell 'till you break:
 She cannot love me if she would,
 And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
 No: To the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
 As silent as they will be there.
 Since that lov'd Hand this Mortal Wound does give,
 So handsomly the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltless of it live:
 So perish, that her killing thee
 May a Chance-medly, and no Murther be.
 'Tis nobler much for me, that I
 By her Beauty, not her Anger, dy:
 This will look justly, and become
 An Execution, that a Martyrdom.
 The censuring World will ne'r restrain
 From judging Men by Thunder slain.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold, to ask her to make me,
 By being hers, happier than she.
 I will not; 'tis a milder fate,
 To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When sound in every part,
Her Sacrifice is sound without an Heart:
For the last Tempest of my Death
Shall sigh out that too, with my Breath.
Then shall the World my noble Ruin see,
Some pity, and some envy me.
Then she her self, the mighty she,
Shall grace my Fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

Song 98.

THUS all the day long we are frolick and gay,
Instead of Court-Revels, we merrily play
At Trap, and at Skeels, and at Barly-break run,
At Goff and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
With these innocent Sports, we laugh and ly down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant to quarry;
The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chace,
The innocent Lark we betray with a glas.

But when we have done, we laugh, and ly down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.
About the *May-pole*, we dance all-a-round,
With Garlands of Pinks, and Roses are crown'd.
Our little kind Tribute, we chearfully Pay
Unto our bright Lord, and gay Lady of *May*.

But when the night comes, we laugh, and ly down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a Green-gown.
With our dainty fine Nymphs, we sport and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Mistress we dally, so long, 'till we find
Her pretty Eyes shows, that her Heart is grown kind.
And when we have done, we laugh, and ly down,
And to each pretty Lass, we give a Green-gown.

H 3

Song 99.

Cantio 99.

Streph. **V**ENI Daphne, chare mei
Perit magna pars diei.

Daph. Quid Strephon vis, qui vocas me?

Streph. Ad myrtulatum sequere,

Quo Venus capite tiaras

Convertit tuo raxas.

Daph. Corruptam clauso in arbore,

Vel certivam ut sequare.

Streph. Mel meum, ne sit mora,

Cito nimis fugit hœra.

Daph. Mille basia dabo ibi,

Cæca ac Cupido tibi.

Streph. Sum tuo velle errare;

In tam calido nive quis nosset deviare?

Cho. Ridentes mundum relinquemus:

Et isti qui videbunt

Dii, nobis invidebunt;

Nec tanta cum felicitate,

Sua potiuntur deitate.

Song 100.

I Love thee, not because thou'rt fair,

Or 'cause thou'rt virtuous too;

Though in them both is power enough,

To make a Prince to woo.

Nor love I thee for those sweet lips,

Nor for thy dimpled chin;

Though in them both is power enough,

To tempt a Saint to sin.

Nor love I thee for those bright eyes,

Which shine like lamps of Love.

'Twas not these lovely curled locks

Did my affection move.

Nor love I thee for those fair cheeks,

Where Damask Roses grow:

Nor

Nor for that lovely neck of thine ,
 And breasts like hills of Snow.
 Nor love I thee , because thou once
 Disdain'd'st my love to see.
 Was there e're such amorous flames
 As may be found in me ?
 Since Love and Virtue now are lodg'd ,
 Within thy breast to grow ;
 I'll love thee still in spite of Fate ,
 And let the World this know.

Song 101.

THERE was a fair-Maiden came out of Kent ,
 To be kiss'd by a Joiner was her intent ,
 To be kiss'd by a Joiner , was her intent :
 I have a job of work for you to do ,
 To make me a bed go jig-a-jog-goo ;
 To make my bed , &c.
 And when wou'd you have this job of work done ?
 By th' faith of my body as soon as you can ,
 By the faith , &c.
 When this Job of work it was throughly done ,
 Then he laid this fair Maiden thereupon ;
 Then he laid , &c.
 He knockt in a Pin where a Pin should be ,
 Which made the bed to go jig-a-joggee ;
 Which made the bed , &c.
 But in the old Mother came full of wo ,
 With oh , fy ! Daughter why would you do so ?
 With oh , fy ! Daughter , &c.
 Since it must be done Mother , why not he ,
 That would make my bed go jig-a-joggee.

Song 102.

SINCE Love hath in thine and mine eye ,
 Kindled an holy flame ;
 What pity 'twere to let it die ?
 What sin to quench the same ?

The Stars that seem extinct by day,
 Disclose their beams at night;
 And in a subtil sense convey
 Their loves in flames of light.
 What though our Bodies do not meet?
 Loves fuel's more divine:
 The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
 Although they never join.
 False Meteors that do change their place,
 Though they seem fair and bright,
 Yet when they covet to embrace,
 Fall down and lose their light.
 If thou perceiv'st thy love decay,
 Come light thine Eyes at mine;
 And if I find mine cast away,
 I'll fetch fresh fire from thine.
 Thus, while we shall preserve from waste
 The flame of our desires,
 No *Vestal* shall maintain more chaste,
 Nor more immortal fires.

Song 103.

B LIND Love, to this hour
 Had never like me a Slave under his power:
 But blest be the Dart
 That he threw at my Heart;
 There's nothing can prove
 A joy so great as to be wounded by Love.
 My Soul's all on fire,
 While I've pleasure to doat on Desire:
 When a pretty soft pain
 Does tickle each Vein,
 'Tis the pain of my smart (Heart.
 That makes my breath short, when it beats at my
 My days, and my nights
 Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights;
 From

From my Heart I still sigh,
And my Eyes are ne'r dry;
But *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am to the top of Loves happiness rais'd.
Sometimes in a pet,
When I'm neglected, my freedom I get,
Full many would wish,
To be wounded, and miss.
But blest be Loves Fire,
But more blest be those Eyes that caus'd my desire.

Song 104.

I Have followed thee a Year at least,
And never stopt my self to rest;
But yet can thee o'rtake no more,
Than this day can the day that went before.
In this our fortunes equal prove,
To Stars which govern them above:
Our Stars they move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found,
In vain, alas! in vain I strive,
The Wheel of Fate faster to drive;
Since if a round it swifter fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.
Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair.
Tamer than Worms are Lovers slain.
The wounded Heart ne'r turns to wound again.

Song 105.

I Will not urge thou art unjust,
To force me from thy arms;
Since of necessity I must
Confess, I'm of the meanest dust,
And thou art full of Charms.
But if thou wilt renew what's past,
Thy bounty unto me,
And kindly, once more, let me taste.

H 5

Thy

Thy balmy lips, and hug thy waste,
 I'll court felicity.
 But now alas! when too too late,
 All joys are dreams I find.
 And yet I glory in my fate,
 Since she that chang'd my former state,
 It is that is unkind.
 For such my happiness will be,
 Neglected and forlorn.
 'Tis fair, but cruel *Celia*, she
 Made me become her property,
 And I'll embrace her scorn;
 Faithful *Amyntor*'s heart is torn.
 Yet like the Phenix, here I'll lie,
 And kiss the Beams that make me die.

Song 106.

LIKE to the wealthy Island thou shalt lie,
 And like the Sea about it, I.
 Thou like fair *Albion* to the Sailer's sight,
 Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
 Like the kind Ocean, I will be
 With loving arms for ever clasping thee.
 But I do embrace thee gentlier far than so;
 As their fresh Banks soft Rivers do;
 Nor shall the proudest Plain boast a power,
 Of making my full Love to ebb an hour;
 It never dry, or low can prove,
 Whilst my unwasted Fountain feeds my love:
 Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,
 As if like Doves, we engendred there.
 No bound, nor rule my pleasures shall endure;
 In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
 Nought shall my hands, or lip controul;
 I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul.
 Yet nothing but the night our sport shall know,
 Night, that's both blind and silent too.

Alpheus

Alpheus found not a more secret trace,
 His lov'd *Sicanion* Fountain to embrace,
 Creeping so far beneath the Sea;
 Than I will do, to enjoy and feast on thee.
 Men out of wisdom, Women out of pride,
 The pleasant Thefts of Love do hide.
 That may secure thee; but thou hast yet from me
 A more infallible security.
 For there's no danger I should tell
 The joys, which are to me unspeakable.

Song 107.

THough you doom all to die, who dare adore thee,
 I'll not refuse a fate so full of glory.
 With my arms round your waste, grasping my treasure,
 While others die of pain, I'll die of pleasure.
 With my hand straining yours, and fingers clasping
 On your neck, and your brest, let me lie gasping
 On your lips, while you look languishing on me,
 Let me revenge the wrong your eyes have done me.
 When from those lips I have suck'd balmy kisses,
 Crown my delight with the best of all blisses.
 While with a sigh you cry, when I begin it,
 Ah my love! oh my love! this is the minute.
 Not the least truce will I beg from my cruel,
 Till with my death I could do the sweet Duel:
 Then as a Miser lies hugging his Treasure,
 While others die of pain, I'll die of pleasure.

Song 108.

FAIREST thing that shines below,
 Why in this Robe dost thou appear?
 Would'st thou a white most perfect show?
 Thou must at all no Garment wear:
 For thou wilt seem much whiter, so,
 Than Winter when 'tis clad in Snow.
 'Tis not the Linnen shows so fair,
 Her Skin shines through, and makes it bright:

So

So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,
 When the Sun pierces them with light.
 So Lillies in a Glass enclose,
 The Glas will seem as white as those.
 Thou now one heap of Beauty art,
 Nought outwards, or within is foul;
 Condensed Beams make every part,
 Thy Body's clothed like thy Soul,
 Thy Soul, which does it self display,
 Like a Star plac'd i'th' Milky-way.
 Such Robes the Saints departed wear,
 Woven all with light divine;
 Such their exalted Bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine:
 But they regard no Mortals pain,
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.
 Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still:
 Thou would'st not take this Garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill.
 Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
 When the white Flag he sees hangs out?

Song. 109.

I Others may with safety tell,
 The moderate flames that in them dwell;
 And either find some Med'cine there,
 Or cure themselves, ev'n by despair.
 My love's so great, that it may prove
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love.
 So tender is my Wound, it must not hear
 Any salute, though of the kindest Air.
 I would not have her know the pain,
 Or torments I for her sustain;
 Lest too much goodness, make her throw
 Her love upon a fate too low.

Forbid

Forbid it, Heaven, my Life should be
 Weigh'd with her least conveniency :
 No, let me perish rather with my grief,
 Than to her disadvantage find relief.
 Yet when I die, my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all :
 Like covetous men, who n'er descry
 Their dear hid treasure, 'till they die.
 Ah fairest Maid, how will it chear
 My Ghost, to get from thee a tear?
 But take heed, for if me thou pitiest, then,
 Twenty to one, but I shall live again.

Song 110.

DO not ask me, charming *Phyllis*,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 And of Roses newly blown :
 'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of those Flowers that crown the Spring.
 'Tis to — but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing.
 'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be?
 Every Minute gently flying,
 Smiles, and says, Make use of me.
 What the Sun does to those Roses.
 While the Beams play sweetly in :
 I would — but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.
 Yet I die, if I conceal it.
 Ask my Eyes, or ask your own;
 And if neither dare reveal it,
 Think what Lovers think alone.
 On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 Might I speak what I wou'd do,

I wou'd with my lovely *Phyllis*,
I wou'd, I wou'd: Ah! wou'd you?

Song 111.

GO, soft desires, Loves gentle progeny,
And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* seize;
Then quickly back again return to me;
Since that's the only cure of my Disease:
But if you miss her Brest whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit me no more.

Song 112.

I Lov'd a Lass, a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen:
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba*—Queen.
But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now, alas! she's left me.

Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like Gold did glisten,
Each eye was like a Star,
She did surpass her Sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me honey call,
She'd, oh! she'd kiss me too.
But, now alas! she's left me.

Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to *Medley*,
My Love and I would go:
The Boat-man he stood ready,
My Love and I to row.
For Cream there would we call,
For Wine and Cheese-cakes too.

But now, alas! &c.

Many a merry meeting
My Love and I have had;
She was my only Sweeting;

She made my heart full glad,
The tears stood in her eye,
Like to the morning-dew:

But now, alas! &c.

And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The Sun would steal a kiss,
The Wind upon her Lips
Likewise most sweetly blew:

But now, alas! &c.

Her Cheeks were like the Cherry;
Her Skin as white as Snow:
When she was blithe and merry,
She Angel-like did show:
Her Waste exceeding small,
The fives did fit her Shooe:

But now, alas! &c.

In Summer-time, or Winter,
She had her hearts desire:
I still did scorn to stint her,
From Sugar, Sack, or Fire:
The World went round about,
No cares we ever knew:

But now, alas! &c.

As we walkt home together
At midnight through the Town,
To keep away the weather,
O're her I'd cast my Gown;
No cold my Love could feel,
What e're the Heavens could do:

But now, alas! &c.

Like Doves we would be billing,
And elipt and kiss so fast:
Yet she would be unwilling,
That I should kiss the last,

They'r

They'r Judas's Kisses now,
Since she hath prov'd untrue:

For now, alas! &c.

To Maidens Vows and Swearing,
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe:
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue:

For mine, alas! &c.

If ever Madam Nature,
For this false Lover's sake,
Another loving creature,
Like unto her would make;
Let her remember this,
To make the other true:

For this, alas! &c.

No Riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair;
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a World it self:
My Earthly Heaven, Adieu;
Since S H E, alas! has left me.

Filero, lero, leo.

Song 113.

BE not proud, pretty one, for I must love thee:
Thou art fair, but unkind, yet dost thou move me;
Red are thy Lips, and Cheeks like Rosy-blushes:
The flame that's from thine Eyes, burns me to ashes;
And on thy Breast, the place of Love's abiding,
Sits Cupid now enthron'd, my pains deriding.

Song 114.

THE silver Swan, who living had no Note,
At death's approach unlockt her silent Throat,
Leaning

Leaning her Brest against a reedy shore,
She Sang her first, and last, and Sung no more;
Farewel all Joys, oh Death come close my Eyes:
More Geese than Swans now live, mo' Fools than Wife.

Song 115.

CUPID's no God, a wanton Child,
His Art's too weak, his Power's too mild:
No Active heat, nor Noble fire,
Feathers his Arrows with desire;
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* Eye
Makes him ador'd, and crowns his deity.

Song 116.

MY Lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare;
But that that troubles me most, is,
The unkindness of my Dear:
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the Man that I long for,
And alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a Rush-ring;
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing;
O turn to me, my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me;
For thou art the Man that alone canst,
Procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan;
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone:
Yet still I cry, Oh turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the Man, that alone art
The cause of my misery.

Song 117.

Song 117.

AMONG Rose-buds slept a Bee,
 Wak'd by Love, who could not see
 His soft finger that was stung,
 Then away poor *Cupid* flung:
 First he ran, then flew about,
 And to *Venus* thus cry'd out;
 Help Mother, help, oh I'm un-lone!
 A Scorpion hath stung your Son:
 'Twas a Serpent, it could fly,
 For't had Wings as well as I:
 Country Swains call this a Bee;
 But oh! this hath murdered me.
 Son, said *Venus*, if the sting
 Of a Fly such torment bring,
 Think, oh think on all those Hearts,
 Pierced by thy burning Darts!

Song 118.

HE deserved much better than so,
 In the thick Woods to be lost,
 Where the Nut-trees grew so low,
 As if they had been nipt with Frost.
 Oh whither, whither my Love dost thou go?

Song 119.

ABOUT the sweet Bag of a Bee,
 Two *Cupids* fell at odds;
 And whose the pretty Prize should be,
 They vow'd to ask the Gods;
 Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them;
 And taking thence from each his flame,
 With Rods of Myrtle whipt them:
 Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 And quiet grown sh'ad seen them;
 She kist and dry'd their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the Bag between them.

Song 120.

Song 120.

SEE! SEE!

CHLORIS, my *Chloris* comes in yonder Barque:
 Blow gentle, Winds, for if ye sink that Ark,
 You'll drown the World with Tears, and at one breath
 Give to us all an universal Death.

Hark, Hark! how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays,
 To my sweet Sheperdess his Roundelays.
 See how the *Syrens* flock to wait upon her,
 As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour.

Behold! great *Neptune's* risen from the deep,
 With all his *Tritons*, and begins to sweep
 The rugged waves into a smoother form,
 Not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm,
 Mark, how the Winds stand still, and on her gaze!

See, how her Beauty doth the Fish amaze!
 The Whales have beg'd this boon of wind and weather,
 That on their backs they may convey her hither:
 And see, she lands, just like the rising Sun,
 That leaves the briny Lake when night is done.
 Fly, fly *Amyntor*, to thy envy'd bliss,
 And let not th'Earth rob thee of her greeting Kifs.

Song 125.

ALAS! poor *Cupid*, art thou blind?
 Canst not thy Bow and Arrow find?

Thy Mother sure the Wanton plays,
 And lays them up for Holidays.

Then *Cupid*, mark, how kind I'll be,
 Because thou once wert so to me:

I'll arm thee with such powerful Darts,
 Shall make thee once more God of Hearts.

My *Chloris* Arms shall be thy Bow,
 Which none but Love can bend, you know:
 Her precious Hairs shall make the String;
 Which, of themselves, wound every thing.

Then

Then take but Arrows from her Eyes ;
And all you shoot at surely dies.

Song 122.

BRING back my comfort, and return :
For well thou know'st that I, that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.
Return, return, insult no more ;
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequestred joys I had before.

Song 123.

I Love thee for thy fickleness,
And great inconstancy ;
For hadst thou been a constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.
I love thee for thy Wantonness,
And for thy Drollery ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd to sport,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin ;
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglinefs,
And for thy Foolery ;
For if thou hadst been fair or wise,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

Then let me have thy Heart a while,
And thou shalt have my Money ;
I'll part with all the Wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Song 124.

THY Love is chaste, they tell thee so ;
But how, young Soldier, shalt thou know ?
Do by her,
As by thy Sword ;

Take

Take no Friend's word,
But try her;
'Twill raise her honour one step higher.
Fame has her trial at Loves bar:
Deifi'd Venus, from a Star
Shoots her Lustre:
She never had been Goddess't,
If Mars had been modest.
Try, and trust her.

Song 125.

DRINK to me Boy,
Here's to thee Boy;
A Health to our Ma'ter,
A Noble never obey'd I:
Couple him with my Lady;
Ne'r man had a chaster.
Match the Vice-Roy as even,
With his Royal Creator.
To the King, Bless him Heav'n!
And a Pox take the Traytor.

Song 126.

A Dialogue, between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening. **I** Am the Evening, dark as the Night,
Jack-wil'-the Lanthorn, bring a Light.

Jack. Whither? whither? whither?

Evening. Hither; hither; hither.

Jack. Thou art some prattling Echo of my making.

Evening. Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mistaking;
I am the Evening, that creates thee.

Jack. My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee.

Evening. Those Flajolts, which we hear play,
Are Reapers, who have lost their way:
They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-round;
Lead them up: here's Fairy Ground.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Let the Men 'ware the Ditches ,
 Maids look to your Britches ;
 We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles :
 When the Flajolets cry ,
 We are a-dry ,
 Pond-water shall wet their whistles .

Song 127.

THIS is not the *Elyzian* Grove ,
 Nor can I meet my slaughter'd Love
 Within these Shades : Come Death, and be
 At last as merciful to me ,
 As in my dearest dear Love's fall ,
 Thou shewd'st thy self tyranical.
 Then did I die , when he was slain ;
 But kill me now I live again ,
 And I shall go meet him in a Grove ,
 Fairer than any here above.
 Oh let this woful life expire :
 Why should I wish *Ehadnes* Fire ,
 Sad *Portias* Doles , or *Lucretia* Knife ,
 To rid me of a loathsom Life ?
 'Tis shame enough, that grief alone
 Kill me not now, when thou art gone.
 But Life, since thou art slow to go ,
 I'll punish thee for lasting so ;
 And make thee, piece-meal, every day
 Dissolve to tears, and melt away.

Song 128.

CHLORIS, when e'r you do intend
 To 'venture at a Blossom-Friend ,
 Be sure you know your Servant well ,
 Before your Liberty you sell :
 For Love's a Favour in young or old :
 Is some times hot , and some times cold.

And

And Men, you know, when e'r they please,
Can soon be sick of this Disease.
Then wisely choose a Friend, that may
Last for an Age, not for a Day:
That loves thee not for Lip or Eye,
But for a mutual Sympathy:
To such a Friend thy Heart engage,
For he will court thee in Old Age,
And kifs thy hollow wrinkled Brow,
With as much joy as he does now.

Song 129.

THE Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I,
The Gunner and his Mate,
Love *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marina*, and *Margery*;
But none of us car'd for *Kate*:
For she has a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of Tar, nor of Pitch;
Yet a Sailor might scratch her where-ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boys, and let her go hang.

Song 130.

BRIGHT *Aurelia*, I do owe
All the Woe
I can know,
To those glorious Looks alone,
Though you are unrelenting Stone:
The quick Lightning from your Eyes,
Did sacrifice,
My unwise,
My unwary, harmless Heart,
And now you glory in my smart.
How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame
From you came?
Vext with what your self may burn,
Your scorns to tinder did it turn:

The

The least spark now Love can call,
That does fall,
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my Heart,
Will make make it burn in every part.

Song 131.

BEAUTY and LOVE once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother;
Thou hast no power on men at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor art thou longer fair, or sweet,
Than men acknowledge me.
Away, fond Boy! then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find.
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know;
And call'd thee Blind Desire.
I made thee Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle Fire.

Love here in Anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn,
To punish this proud Maid.

So Beauty ever since has been
But courted for an hour;
To love a day, is now a sin
Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song 132.

BRIGHTEST, Since your pitying Eye
Saves, whom it once condemn'd to die:
Whom lingering Time did long dismay,
You have relieved in this short Day;

Pro-

Propitious Gods themselves can do no more,
 Slow to destroy, but active to restore.
 From your fair, but absent look,
 Cold Death her pale Artillery took,
 Till gentle Love that Dart suppress,
 And lodg'd a milder in your breast;
 Like fam'd *Achillis* mistick Spear, thus you,
 Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsom too.

Song 133.

Love and Wenches are toys,
 And at best but vain joys,
 Fit to please beardless Boys,
 That sigh and pule till they are weary:
 When they visit their Misses,
 And boast of their Kisses,
 I'll not envy their Blisses,
 While Virtue consists in Canary.

Song 134.

Disputes daily arise, and errours grow bolder,
 Philosophers prattle, and so does the Sizer.
 The more we should know then by being the older,
 But plainly 't appears there's no body wiser:
 He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
 'Tis he is the Man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

Song 135.

Where the Bee suck, there suck I,
 In a Cowslip Bed I lie;
 There I crouch when Owls do cry,
 On the Bats back I do fly,
 After Summer merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Song 136.

VVHo is *Sylvia*? what is she?
 That all our Swains commend her:
 Holy, fair, and wise, is she,

I

That

That Heav'n such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be,
 Is she kind, as she is fair?
 For Beauty lives with kindness,
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And being help'd inhabits there;
 Then to *Sylvia* let us sing,
 That *Sylvia* is excelling,
 She surmounts each mortal thing,
 Upon the dull earth dwelling,
 To her let us Garlands bring.

A drinking Catch, or Song 178.

HE that will look for a Swallows nest,
 A Swallows nest, a Swallow nest,
 Must look in the Chimney high;
 And he that would look for a minukin Laff,
 And trimmikin Laff, and finnikin Laff,
 Must chuse her by her black Eye;
 And he that will fish for Frogs,
 Must fish all in this well;
 And all those,
 That will fuddle their Nose,
 That will fuddle their Nose,
 Must come where good Ale's to sell.

Song 138.

You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
 Thorny Hedge-hogs be not seen;
 Newts and Blind-worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomele with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely Lady nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

Weaving

Weaving Spiders come not here ;
Hence you long-leg'd Spiders hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor Snail do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

Hence away now all is well,
One aloof stand Sentinel.

Song 139.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head
How begot? How nourished?
It is ingendred in the Eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
Ding, Dong, Bell, Ding, Dong, Bell.

Song 140.

YOU that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true;
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss;
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiss.

Song 141.

UNDER the Green-wood Tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry Note,
Unto the sweet Birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough weather.
Who doth Ambition shun,
And loves to live i'th Sun,

Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets ;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here you shall see
 No Enemy,
 But Winter and rough Weather.

Song 142.

V Hat shall he have that kill'd the Dear?
 His Leather-skin and Horns to wear :
 Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this bur-
 Take thou no scorn (then,
 To wear the Horn,
 It was a Crest.e're thou wast born,
 Thy Fathers Father wore it,
 And the Father bore it,
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
 It is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 143.

W edding is great *Funo's* Crown.
 O blessed Bond of Board and Bed ;
 'Tis *Hymen* people every Town,
 High Wedlock then be honoured :
 Honour, high Honour and Renown,
 To *Hymen*, God of every Town:

Song 144.

A Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill ;
 Broil her hot, burn her not,
 Turn the Tripe Gill,
 For a Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill.

Song 145.

H ow long shall I pine for love?
 How long shall I sue in vain?
 How long like the Turtle-Dove
 Shall I heavily thus complain?
 Shall the Sails of my love stand still?
 Shall the grists of my hope be unground?

Oh

Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round,
Think me still.

In my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a;
Thrown on my back.

On a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has still gone round-a.
Prethee, Sirrah, try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.

The young one, the old one,
The fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er so unsound-a,
The Jew and the Turk
Have leave for to work,
The whilst that the Mill goes round-a.

Song 167.

TAke her, and hug her,
Then turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again;
Then if she mumble,

Or if her tail grumble,
Kiss her amain, Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavor,

To take off her Feaver,
Then her Disease no longer will reign;
If nothing will serve her,

Then Thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, Boy, amain;
Give her warm Jelly,

To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again:
If she stands all these pains.

Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will raigh.

Song 147.

Come fill with Wine this lusty bowl,
 'Twill scatter sorrows from my soul,
 'Twill stifle Care that inward foe,
 'Tis the *Antipodes* to woe,
 'Twill rescue old Age from the Grave,
 'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave.
 'Twill vigour and ripe fancy bring,
 'Twill hoise a Beggar to a King.
 Lo how it glows and sparkles there,
 Brighter than a spankled Spear,
 And how it bubbles from the deep,
 Leaping to surprize my Lip,
 Rich juice since thou dost court my taste,
 I'll meet a kifs with equal haste.
 Go then, go mingle with thy blood,
 Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood,
 'Tis vanisht, and I see the shore,
 Not wasted thither by an Oar;
 Oh fill't again, and fill it high,
 Oh let me be but drunk, and die.
 Seas heapt on Seas cannot assuage
 This eager Thirst, this violent rage;
 Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,
 I'd drink't, and eat the earth for sop;
 But hah, by all the Gods I reel,
 My Brain is Traytor to my Will,
 My Vitals stop, my Spirits sink,
 Come then I'll sleep, and dream of drink.
 Cho. *We that Bacchus do adore,*
Envy not the Misers Store;
Nor the Charms, nor sweets of Love,
Nor the states of Gods above.

Song 148.

Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
 Sit close and draw the Table nigher;

Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
 A hearty Medicine 'gainst a Cold:
 Your Beds of wanton Down the best,
 Where you shall tumble to your rest;
 I could wish you Wenches too,
 But I am dead, and cannot do,
 Call for the best, the House may ring,
 Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,
 And drink apace while breath you have,
 You'll find but cold drink in the Grave:
 Plover, Patridge for your Dinner,
 And a Capon for the Sinner,
 You shall find ready when you are up,
 And your Horse shall have his sup:
 Welcome, welcome are you all,
 From Master high to Servant small.

Song 149.

COME let us be friends, and most friendly agree,
 For the Pimp, the Punk, & the doctor are three,
 Which cannot but thrive when united they be.
 The Pimp brings in custom, the Punk she gets
 treasure,
 Of which the Physician is sure of his measure,
 For work wch she makes him in sale of her pleasure,
 For which when she fails by Diseases and pain,
 The Doctor new Vamps, and Up-sets her again.

Song 150.

FEAR not (Dear Love) that I'll reveal
 Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry what you and I have done;
 No ear shall hear our Love, but we
 Silent as the night will be.
 The God of Love himself (whose Dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell
 What sweets in stoln Embraces dwell.

This only means may find it out,
 If when I die physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view,
 Of all their Judgments, which was true:
 Rise up my heart, Oh then I fear
 The World will set thy Picture there.

Song 151.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
 Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honors
 Echold from yonder Hill the Foe appears. (win;
 Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes,
 and Spears.

Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring,
 O view the wings of Horse the Meadows soaring:
 The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums
 Dub-dub,

They meet, they meet, and now the Battle comes
 See how the Arrows fly,

That darken all the Skie,

Hark how the Trumpets sound,

Hark how the Hill rebound—Tara—tara—tara

Hark how the Horses charge, in-boys, in-boys, in
 Tara—tara.

The Battle totters; Now the wounds begin,

O how they cry, O how they die;

Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with thunder,
 See how he breaks the Ranks asunder;

They flie; they flie, *Eumenes* has the Chase,

And brave *Polibius* makes good his place:

To the Plains, to the Woods,

To the Rock, to the Floods,

They flie for succour, follow, follow, follow, Hey,

Hark how the Soldiers hollow, (Hey,

Brave *Liccles* is dead,

And all his Soldiers fled,

The Battel's won, and lost,

That many a life hath cost.

Song

Song 152.

A Curse upon thee for Slave,
 Art thou here, and heard'st me rave?
 Flie not spargles from mine eye,
 To shew mine indignation nigh?
 Am I not all foam and fire,
 With a voice as hoarse as a Town-Cryer?
 How my Back opes and shuts together,
 With fury, as old mens with weather!
 Couldst not thou hear my Teeth knock hither?
 Thou nasty, scurvy, mungril Toad,
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
 All the plagues that can confound thee,
 Or did ever raign abroad:
 Better a thousand lives it cost,
 Than have brave Anger spilt or lost.

Song 153.

P Eace and Silence be the Guide
 To the Man, and to the Brkle:
 If there be a Joy yet new
 In Marriage, let it fall on you,
 That all the world may wonder;
 If we should stay, we should do worse,
 And turn our blessings to a curse,
 By keeping you asunder.

Song 154.

J O Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen,
 Was wont to be still the old Song
 At high Nuptial Feasts,
 Where the merry merry Guests
 With joy and good wishes did throng:
 But to this new Wedding new Notes do I bring,
 To rail at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing,
 Fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen; fie O Hymen,
 What hands and what hearts dost thou knit?

A Widow that's poor .
 And a very very Whore ,
 To an Heir that wants nothing but wit ;
 Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy answer is made ,
 When his Means are spent , they may live by their
 Trade.

Song 155.

Give me more love, or more disdain ,
 The torrid or the frozen Zone ,
 Bring equal ease unto my pain ,
 The temperate afford me none ;
 Either extream of love , or hate ,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate .
 Give me a storm : If it be love ,
 I like *Danae* in a golden shore ,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My Vulture hopes : and he's possest
 Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast .
 Then crown my Joys. or cure my Pain ,
 Give me more Love, or more Disdain.

Song 156.

Tell me prethee, faithless Swain .
 Tell me prethee, faithless Swain .
 Why you did such passions feign ,
 On purpose to deceive me ,
 I no sooner lov'd again ,
 But you again do leave me
Phillis we must blame our fate ,
Phillis we must blame our fate ,
 Kindness bears a certain date ,
 And o're those Joys we tasted ,
 You in peevishness and state ,
 The time had almost wasted .
 'Twas my Love did yours destroy ,
 'Twas my love did yours destroy ,
Stephon had I still been coy ,

I know

I know you still would prize me ;
 Think or dream you do enjoy ,
 And then you'll not despise me.
 Love like other native fires,
 Love like other native fires,
 Leaves what's burnt, and straight desires ,
 Fresh Objects to be chusing ,
 Repetition always tires ,
 And all's the worse for using,
 Once again thy Love pursue,
 Once again thy love pursue ,
 And my Scorns I will renew ,
 But passion doth so sway me ,
 That should I my sighs subdue ,
 My teers would soon betray me.
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain ,
 Sigh no more nor weep in vain,
 Nymph, your Beauty soon will gain
 A more deserving Lover ;
 Slaves that once have broke their Chain ,
 You hardly can recover.

Song 157.

TELL me no more you love, in vain,
 Fair *Celia* you this passion feign :
 Can those pretend to love, that do
 Refuse what Love perswades unto ?
 Who once have felt his active flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour do disdain.

You would be thought his slave, and yet
 You will not to his power submit.
 More cruel than those Beauties are ,
 Whose coyness wounds us with despair ,
 For all the kindness which you show ,
 Each smile and kiss which you bestow ,
 Are like those Cordials which we give ,
 To dying men to make them live ,

And

And languish out an hour;
be kinder *Celia*, or disdain.

Song 158.

How happy art thou and I,
That never knew how to love?
There's no such blessings here beneath,
Whate'er there is above:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
That every wise man loves.
Out, out upon those Eyes
That think to murder me;
And he's an Ass that thinks her fair,
That is not kind and free,
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet
To man, but liberty.
I'll tie my heart to none,
Nor yet confine my eyes;
But I will play my Game so well;
I'll never want a Prize,
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
Has made me now so wise.

Song 159.

Why should only man be ty'd
To a foolish female thing,
When all Creatures else beside,
Birds and Beasts change every Spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
Why should I my self confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all *Europes* mine,
Where I list to run my race?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?
Would you think him wise, that now
Will one sort of Meat doth eat,

When

When both Sea and Land allow
Sundry sorts of other Meat ?

Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found ?
Ere old *Saturn* chang'd his Throne,
Freedom reign'd and banish'd Strife ;
Where was he that knew his own ,
Or who call'd a woman Wife ?

Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found ?
Ten times happier were these men
That enjoy'd those Golden days ;
Until time's redress agen ,
I will never *Hymen* praise.

Who is it would to one be bound,
When so many may be found ?

Song 160.

Love's Empire as the world is wide,
All living Creatures Lovers be,
And those which have no life beside ,
Love by a secret Sympathy.
Nay, Gods themselves who limit Destiny,
To Love's almighty Scepter subject be.
Under gilt Roofs, in humble Cells,
In Desarts, and in Princes Courts,
This uncontrouled Power dwells ,
Love unto every place resorts ;
And all the world under his yoke does faint ,
But he's a Monarch that brooks no restraint.

Song 161.

OH *Cloris*, would the Gods allow
We e'er might love, as we love now !
What greater Joys hath Earth in store ,
Or Heav'n it self, to give us more ?
For nothing sure so sweet can prove ,
As pleasures of beginning Love.

But

But Love when to its height arriv'd,
 Of all our Joys is shortest liv'd;
 Its morning past, its set so soon,
 That none can find the afternoon,
 And of that little time is lent,
 Half in unkindness is mis-spent.
 Since Fate to Love such short time gives,
 And love so tender whilst it lives,
 Let us remove main tears away,
 So to prevent it's first decay;
 For love like blood let out before,
 Will lose its power, and cure no more.

Song 162.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
 Thou hast not yet undone me quite;
 For I have lost but half my heart,
 Yet I confess the wound doth smart;
 Then pretty thief, oh steal no more,
 But let me keep one part in store.

Sure half's too much for thee of mine,
 Unless I had some share in thine.
 Though thou art fair, and though thou'rt young,
 And though thou hast a pretty Tongue,
 And every word that thou dost say,
 Might lead a Princes heart astray;
 Yet all those traps will ne'er catch me,
 I must have kinder shares from thee.

'Las thou shalt see I can retreat,
 And not lie conquer'd at thy feet.

'Tis true, if I did keep the field,
 At length I must be forc'd to yield,
 Not like a Coward will I fly,
 Nor like a Fool will stay and die;
 With half my heart I'll march away,
 Then t'other part not long will stay;

A heart

A heart divided knows no power,
 Nor will submit above an hour:
 Reproach me not, though heretofore
 I only freedom did adore,
 And brag that none though kind as fair,
 The loss of it could half repair.
 Since I now willingly do yield
 To *Chloris* beauty all the field,
 With greater Joys I do resign
 My freedom, though thou e'er keep'st thine;
 And am resolv'd constant to prove,
 Should her neglect transcend my love.
 Strange charms they are which make me burn,
 Without the hopes of a return.
 To see, and not to be in love,
 A wonder like her self would prove,
 Whose charms by Nature, and by Art,
 Do each of them deserve a heart.
 For which my sorrows are not small,
 I have but one to pay them all.
 I must confess a while I strove
 With reason, to resist my love.
 All Saints sometimes 'gainst death do pray,
 Though it be to Heaven their only way.
 'Tis only *Chloris* hath the skill,
 To make me blest against my will.
 Nor will I so much as endure,
 To think Inconstancy a Cure;
 For were I to that sin so bent,
 It sure would prove my punishment.
 Her to adore I must confess
 Is better, than elsewhere success.

Song 163.

VVAke, all ye dead, what Ho, what ho,
 How soundly they sleep whose pillows
 lie low:

They

They mind not poor Lovers that walk above
 On the Decks of the world in storms of Love;
 No whisper now, nor glance can pass
 Through Wicket, or through panes of glass;
 For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd,
 Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
 In every Grave make room, make room,
 For the World's at an end, and we come, we come.
 The State is now, Loves foe, Loves foe,
 Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow:
 Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet:
 But oh sad chance, his Judge was old,
 Hearts cruel grow when blood grows cold.
 No man being young, his Process would draw.
 Oh Heavens that Love should be subject to Law!
 Lovers go wooe the dead, the dead
 Lie two in a Grave, and to bed, to bed.

Song 164.

I N faith 'tis true, I am in love,
 'Tis your black eyes have made me so;
 My resolutions they remove,
 And former niceness overthrow.
 The glowing Charcoal set on fire,
 A Heart that former flames did shun,
 Who as Heretick unto desire,
 Now's judg'd to suffer Martyrdom.
 But beauty since it is thy fate
 At distance thus to wound so sure;
 Thy virtues I will imitate,
 And see if distance prove a Cure.
 Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,
 Whose lately entertain'd Desires:
 Wise men can from that Plague remove;
 Farewel black Eyes, and farewell fires,
 If ever I my heart acquit.

Of

Of these dull Flames I'll bid a Pox
On all black eyes, and swear they're fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

Song 165.

I Happy saw, and faithful lov'd,
Which I shall ever, ever do,
Not to be constant call'd and prov'd,
For that I am compell'd unto;
For she that in her love does think of fame,
Loves not for the right end, but for a Name.

Compell'd to love by parts divine,
I follow them whom Angels tend;
Then tell me, can my Love decline,
Whose lowest objects does ascend;
No, I must love him, and will prove it then,
She's the best woman loves the best men.

Song 166.

O Ur Ruler hath got the *Vertigo* of State,
The world turns round in his politick Pate,
He steers in a Sea where his course cannot last,
And bears too much Sait for the strength of his
Let him plot all he can, (Mast,
Like a politick man,
Yet Love though a Child may fit him;
The small Archer though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

Sure *Angelo* knows loves party is strong,
Love melts like soft wax the heart of the young;
And none are so old but they think of the taste,
And weep with remembrance of kindness past.

Let him plot all, &c.

Loye in the foolish is held a mad Fit,
And madness in fools is reckon'd for Wit:
The wise value Love, as fools Wisdom prize,
Which when they cannot gain, they seem to despise.

Let him plot all, &c.

Cold

Cold Cowards all peril of Anger shun,
To dangers of Love they leap when they run;
The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led 'em a dance from Greece to Troy.

Let him, &c

Song 167.

FOND Love, What dost thou mean
To court an idle Folly?
Platonick love is nothing else,
But meerly melancholy,
'Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,
Or to esteem a dimpled chin,
Compleat felicity,
'Tis to betray your liberty.

Then pray be not so fond,
Think you that Women can
Rest satisfied with Complements,
The froathy part of man?
No, no, they hate a Puritan.

They are not for your sighs,
Nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a man complain,
Alas he dies, he dies,
Believe't they love a closer prize.

Then venter to embrace,
'Tis but a smack or two,
I'm confident no woman lives,
But sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Song 168.

SILLY heart forbear,
Those are murdering eyes,
In the which I swear
Cupid lurking lies.
See his Quiver see his Bowe too, see his dart;
Fly, O fly! O fly! thou foolish heart.

Song

Song 169.

Poor *Artaxander* long hath woo'd
Fair *Celia*, but in vain,
For she on terms of Honour stood,
Though never no disdain.
His kind Addresses as a charm,
Sometimes she'd entertain,
With soft Embraces close and warm,
Yet streight grow cold again.

Song 170.

THou Deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'st thy heart a Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise,
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 171.

O *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
Thy power we Maids both feel and know:
Fair *Cupid*, turn away thy Bowe,
They be those golden Arrows,
Brings Ladies all their Sorrows,
And till there be more Truth in Men,
Never shoot at Maids agen.

Song 172:

Fain would I wake thee, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse chear;
In your Dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick, no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasures makes a Child:

Your

Your Day-delights so well compact,
 That what you think turns all to act.
 I'd wish my self no better play,
 Your dream by night, your thought by day.
 Wake, gently wake, part softly from your Dreams,
 The morning flies,
 To your fair eyes,
 To take her special beams.

Song 173.

L Et the Bells ring,
 And the Boys sing,
 The young Lasses trip and play,
 Let the Cups go round,
 Till round goes the round,
 Our learned Vicar we'll stay.
 Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
 And let the fat Goose swim,
 For verily, verily hey,
 Our Vicar this day shall be trim:
 The stew'd Cock shall crow,---Cock-a-doodle-dow,
 A loud Cock-a-doodle shall crow,
 The Duck and the Drake,
 Shall swim in a Lake
 Of Onions and Claret below.
 Our Wives shall be neat
 To bring in our meat,
 To thee our noble Adviser,
 Our pains shall be great,
 And our pottles shall sweat.
 And we our selves shall be wiser.
 We'll labour and swink,
 We'll kiss, and we'll drink
 And tithes shall come thicker and thicker,
 Well' fall to the plough,
 And get Children enough,
 And thou shalt be learned O Vicar.

Song

Song 174.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
 Let him leave other loves, and come listen
 Though he travels all the day, (to me ;
 Yet he comes home still at night,
 And dallies with his Doxie,
 And dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast in the morning he takes,
 And all the day long good Musick he makes ;
 He wanders up and down to Wakes and to Faers,
 And cast up his Cap at the Court, and it cares ;
 When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
 Oh how the wanton Wenches do run !

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
 All Wenches pray him to stop up their holes :
 Tink goes the Hammer, the Skellet, and the Scum-
 Come bring me the Copper Kettle (mer,
 For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry
 Oh he is the man of Mettle. (Tinker,

Song 175.

ASilly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,
 He walked so long he got cold in his feet ;
 He laid on his Coals by two and by three,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Alas, good Wife, what shall we do now ?
 To buy us more Fuel we'll sell the brown Cow :
 To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.
 Some Shepherds, said she, themselves can warm
 By feeling their flock, & folding their Sheep, (keep
 But when thou com'st home with thy Tar box and
 Crook, (look.

Oh how it grieves me, how Cuc-kold thou dost
 Alas good Wife, I walk through dew, dirt & mire
 Whilst thou perhaps warm'st thy self without fire,
 With a Friend in a corner, in such sort as whereby
 The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I.

Song

Song 167.

NOW that the Spring bath fill'd our veins
 With quick and active fire,
 And made green Liv'ries o'er the Plains,
 And every Grove a Quire;
 Sing we this Song with Mirth and glee,
 And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
 And here's to thee,
 And thou to me,
 And every thirsty Soul.
 Shear Sheep that have them, cry vve still,
 But see that no man 'scape,
 To take off the Sherry,
 That makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty Grape.

Song 177.

Pish, modest Sipper, to't agen,
 My sweetest Joy,
 The Wine's not coy,
 As Women are,
 My dearest Puling, prethee then,
 Prethee my fair,
 Once more bedevv those Lips of thine.
 Mend thy Draught, and mend the Wine,
 Since it hath tasted of my Lip,
 (Too quickly cloyd)
 How over-joy'd
 It chearfully
 Invites thee to another Sip;
 Methinks I see
 The Wine perfume by thee, my Fair,
Bacchus himself is dabling there.
 Once more, dear Soul, nay prethee try,
 Bath that Cherry,
 In the Sherry,
 The jocund Wine,

Which

Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye,
 As more Divine :
 Though thou take none to drink to me ,
 Takes pleasure to be drank by thee :
 Nay, my Fair, off with't, off with it clean ,
 Well I perceive ,
 Why this you leave ,
 My Love reveals ,
 And makes me guess what 'tis you mean ,
 Because at Meals
 My Lips are kept from kissing thee ,
 Thou needs wilt kiss the Glass to me.

Song 178.

THe Spaniard loves his antient step,
 A Lombard the Venetian ;
 And some like breechless Wornengo ,
 The *Rush*, *Turk*, *Few*, and *Grecian*.
 The thrifty *Frenchman* wears small waste ,
 The *Dutch* his Belly boasteth ;
 The *Englishman* is for them all ,
 And for each Fashion coasteth.
 The *Turk* in Linnen wraps his Head ,
 The *Persian* in his Lawn too ;
 The *Rush* with Sable furs his Cap ,
 And change will not be drawn to.
 The *Spaniard* constant to his Black ,
 The *French* inconstant ever ;
 But of all Felts that may be felt ,
 Give me the *English* Bever.

The *German* loves his Coney-wooll ,
 The *Irishman* his Shag too ;
 The *Welsh* his *Monmouth* loves to wear ,
 And of the same will brag too.

Some loves the rough, and some the smooth,
 Some great, and others small things ;
 But oh our liquorish *Englishman* ,
 He loves to deal in all things.

The

The *Rush* drinks *Quass*, *Dutch*, *Lubecks Beer*,
And that is strong and mighty;
The *Britain* he *Metheglin* quaffs,
The *Irish*, *Aqua vite*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans Grape*,
The *Spaniard* sips his *Sherry*,
The *English* none of these can scape,
But he with all makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high *Chopen*,
Scotch *Lals*, and lovely *Vrouw* too,
The *Spanish Donna*, *French Madam*,
He doth not fear to go to.

Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the Center;
No Health, no Fashion, Wine nor Wench,
On which he will not venter.

Song 179.

From the fair *Levinian* shore,
I your Markets come to store;
Muse not though so far I dwell,
And my Wares come here to sell;
Such is the sacred hunger of Gold,
Then come to my Pack,
Where I cry,
What do you lack,
What do you buy?
For here it is to be sold.
You whose birth and breeding base,
Are rank'd into a nobler Race,
And whose Parents heretofore
Neither Arms, nor Scuteheons bare,
First let me have but a touch of your Gold,
Then come to me Lad,
You shall have
What your Dad
Never gave,
For here it is to be sold.

Madam

Madam, for your wrinkled face,
 Here's Complexion it to grace,
 VWhich, if your earnest be but small,
 It takes away the virtue all.
 But if your Palms are anointed with Gold,
 Then you shall seem
 Like a Queen
 Of fifteen,
 Though you are threescore years old.

Song 180.

VVhen Daisies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with delight,
 The Cuckow then on every Tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
 Unpleasant to a married ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten straws,
 And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks; and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks,
 The Cuckow then on every Tree,
 Mocks married Men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear,

Song 181.

AFTER the pangs of a desperate Lover,
 VVhen day and night I have sigh'd all in vain
 Ah what a pleasure it is to discover
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

Chorus. *Ah what, &c.*

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
 Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture!
 Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

K

VVhen

VWhen with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

VWhen with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
And her eyestwinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
Ah what a Joy! Oh beyond all expressing!
Ah what a Joy to hear it again!

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

VWhen with delight we have surfeit our senses,
And like a Deer that retires from the Chace,
Ah what a thousand of pretty pretences,
Doth she use to be brought to a second Embrace!

Chor- *Ah what, &c.*

Song 182.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky,
And new budding Flowers did spring,
VWhen all alone went *Aminas* and I
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing.
I sat, and he laid him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw,

But when with a fear,

He began to come near,

He was dash't with a ah, ah, ah.

He blusht to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire;
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire,
Ah *Sylvia*, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe:

Then once more he prest,

VWith his hands to my breast,

But was dash't with a ah, ah, ah.

I knew 'twas his passions that caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case;

I whif-

I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:

But as he grew bolder and bolder,

A Shepherd came by us and saw,

And just as our bliss

Began with a kiss,

He burst out with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

I bade him be quiet for fear of the Swain,

And follow me down to the Grove,

VWhere we croke in a Cave, and we chatter'd again

The dangers that prosecute Love.

He plaid with my pretty white Shoe-string,

My legs he did tickle and claw:

But do what I cou'd,

Yet he forced my blood,

And I squeek't with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

The small of my leg he did prettily praise,

And my calf that so roundly did rise;

I wink'd and I frown'd at his foolish delays,

VWhich made him skip up to my thighs.

He plaid with soft panting belly,

I bade to his fingers no law;

But when he did touch

VWhat he loved so much,

He burst out with a ha, ha, ha.

Song 183.

VVhen Ickles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears log into the Hall,

And Milk comes frozen home in pail;

VVhen blood is nipt, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring Owl

To-whit, To-who, a metry note,

VVhile greasie Fone doth keel the Pot,

VVhen all aloud the wind doth blow,

And coughing drowns the Parsons saw,

And

And Birds sits brooking in the Snow,
 And *Mirrours* Nose looks red and raw;
 VVhen toasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
 VVhile greasie *Fone* doth keel the Pot.

Song 184.

TAke, oh take those Lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my Kisses bring again,
 Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Song 185.

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey Nonny, nonny.
 Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The frauds of men were ever so,
 Since Summers first was leavy:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey Nonny, nonny.

Song 186.

A Maid, I dare not tell her name,
 For fear I should disgrace her.

Tempted

Tempted a young man for to come
One night, and to embrace her;
But at the door he made a stop,
He made a stop, he made a stop,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young man hearing of her words,
Pull'd up the Latch, and enter'd;
And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he venter'd.
But the poor Maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Truckle-bed, the Truckle-bed.

Unto the Truckle-bed he went,
But as the Youth was going,
Th' unlucky Cradle stood in's way,
And almost spoil'd his wooing;
When after that, the Maid he spy'd,
The Maid he spy'd, the Maid he spy'd,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The other side, the other side.

Unto the other side he went,
To shew the love he meant her,
Pull'd off his Clothes couragiously,
And falls to the work he was sent for:
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
A little too high, a little too high.
This lusty Lover was half asham'd
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge home as well,
As any Girl could wish him;
O now my Love, I'm right I know,
I'm right I know, I'm right I know,

But she lay still, and snoring said,
A little too low, a little too low.

Though by mistakes at length this youth
His business so well tended,
He not the mark so cunningly,
He defy'd the World to mend it;
O now, my Love, I'm right I swear,
I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear;
But, lay still, and snoring said,
O there, O there, O there, O there.

Song 187.

I Can love for an hour, when I'm at leisure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure:
Cup'd come tell me, what art had my Mother,
To make me love one face more than another.
Men to be thought more wise, daily endeavor,
To make the World believe they can love ever.
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For vvhhen they have their vvills, then they vvill
leave you. (tures,
Men cannot feast themselves vvith your syvweet fea-
They love variety of charming creatures:
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can nothing do, they vvill be fooling.

Song 188.

Tom and Will vvere Shepherds Svains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;
Vvhen fair Pastora grac'd their Plains,
Alas! vvhy came she thither?
For though they fed tvvo several Flocks,
They had but one desire,
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother;
Will vvvas noble, but alas,
He vvvas a younger Brother.

Tom

Tom was toysome, *Will* was sad,
 No Huntsman, nor no Fowler;
Tom was held a proper Lad,
 But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her health, and swear
 The Nation could not want her;
Will could take her by the ear,
 And with his voice enchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
 And ne'er forgot his duty:
Will was witty, and could write
 Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
 Thus did she exercise her skill.
 When both did dote upon her,
 She graciously did use them still,
 And still preserv'd her honour.
 So cunning and so fair a she,
 And of so sweet behaviour,
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
 Was chiefly in her favour.
 Which of those two she lov'd most,
 Or whether she lov'd either,
 'Twas thought they'll find it to their cost,
 That she indeed lov'd neither.
 For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,
 'T had been no Court without her;
 The Queen amongst her Train had none
 Was half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
 His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet;
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day
 That e'er he made a Sonnet.

Song 189.

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
 Cypress as black as e'er was Crow,
 Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,

Masques for Faces, and for Noses,
 Bugle bracelets, Necklace, Amber,
 Perfume for a Ladies Chamber,
 Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
 For my Lads to give their Dears;
 Pins, and Poaking-Sticks of Steel;
 Come buy of me, Come buy, come buy;
 Puy Lads, or else your Lasses cry:
 Come buy.
 Will you buy any Tape,
 Or Lace for your Cape.
 My dainty Duck, my Dear-a?
 Any Silk, any Thread,
 And Toys for your Head,
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the Pedler,
 Money's a Medler,
 That doth utter all Mens ware-a.

Song 190.

Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,
 Nor the furious winters rages,
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and take thy wages.
 Golden Lads, and Girls all must,
 As Chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
 Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,
 Thou art past the Tyrants stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the Reed is as the Oak;
 The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
 All follow thee, and come to dust.
 Fear no more the Lightning flash,
 Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.
 Fear no Slander; Censure rash,
 Thou hast finish't Joy and Mone.
 All Lovers young, all Lovers must

Consign

Song 195.

ONce was I sad ,
Till I grew to be mad ,
But I ll never be sad again , Boys ;
I courted a Riddle ,
She fancied a Fiddle ,
The Tune does still run in my brain , Boys ,
The Gitarn, the Lute ,
The Pipe, and the Flute ,
Are the new *Alamode* for the Nan Boys ;
With the Pistol and Dagger ,
The Women out swagger ,
The Blades with the Muff and the Fan Boys :
All the Town is run mad ,
And the Hectors do pad ,
Besides the false Dice and the Slur Boys :
The new formed Cheats
With their acts and debates ,
Have brought the old to a demur Boys .
Men stand upon thorns ,
To pull out their horns ,
And to cuckold their themselves in grain-Boys ,
When to wear 'um before ,
Does make their heads sore ,
But behind they do suffer no pain-Boys .
The Papist, the Presbyter ,
And *Prestor John* ,
Are much discontented we see Boys ;
For all their Religion ,
No *Mahomets* Pidgeon ,
Can make them be bolder than we Boys .
There is a mad fellow ,
Clad always in yellow ,
And sometimes his Nose is blue Boys ;
He cheated the Devil ,
Which was very evil

Masques for Faces, and for Noses,
 Bugle bracelets, Necklace, Amber,
 Perfume for a Ladies Chamber,
 Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
 For my Lads to give their Dears;
 Pins, and Poaking-Sticks of Steel;
 Come buy of me, Come buy, come buy;
 Puy Lads, or else your Lasses cry:
 Come buy.
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Can make them be bolder than we Boys .
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Clad always in yellow ,
And sometimes his Nose is blue Boys ;
He cheated the Devil ,
Which was very evil

To him, and to all his Crew boys,
 And whilst we are thus mad,
 My Princess is glad
 To laugh at the World, and at me boys,
 Cause I cannot apprehend
 What she please to command,
 But it is not my self you see boys.

Song 195.

Stay, shut the Gate,
 T'other Quart, faith 'tis not so late
 As your thinking,
 The Stars which you see,
 In the Hemisphere be,
 Are but Studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
 The Sun's gone to tippie all night in the Sea boys,
 To morrow he'll blush, that he's paler than we boys,
 Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us
 Fill up the Glass, (the boys,
 To the next merry Lad let it pass,
 Come away with't:
 Let's set foot to foot,
 And give our minds to't,
 'Tis Heretical-Six that doth slay wit;
 Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses
 Gives freedom to speak what our fancies disposes,
 Beneath whose protection, now under the Rose is
 Drink off your Bowl,
 'Twill enrich both your Head and your Soul
 With Canary;
 For a Carbuncld Face,
 Saves a tedious race,
 And the *Indies* about us we carry:
 No Helicon-like to the Juice of good Wine is,
 For *Phœbus* had never had wit that divine is,
 Had his Face not been bow dy'd, as thine is and
 mine is.

This

This must go round,
Off with your Hats till the Pavements be crown'd
With your Beavers;
A Red-coated Face,
Frights, a Searjant and's Mace,
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers;
In state march our Faces like some of the Quorum,
While the Whore do fall down, and th' vulgar
adore 'um, (fore 'um.
And our Noses like Link-boys run shining before-

Song 197.

May I find a Woman fair,
And her Mind as clear as Air;
If her Beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.
May I find a Woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?
May I find a Woman wise,
And her falshood not disguise,
Hath she wit, or hath she will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.
May I find a Woman kind,
And not wavering like the Wind;
How shall I call that Love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine.
May I find a Woman true,
There is Beauties fairest hue;
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit;
Happy he can compass it.

Song 198.

I Court'd a Lass, my folly,
Was the cause of her disclaiming,
I court'd her thus, What shall I
Sweet *Dolly*, do for thy dear loves obtaining?
But another had dallied with *Dolly*,

That

That *Doll* for all her feigning,
 Had got such a mountain above her valley,
 That *Dolly* went home complaining.

Song 199.

Good people give ear whilst a story I tell,
 Of twenty black Tradesmen were brought
 up in Hell,

On purpose poor people to rob of their due; (true.
 There's none shall be noozed, if you find but one
 The first was a Coyner that stampt in a mould,
 The second a Voucher to put off his Gold:

Then bark well,

And mark well,

See what will befall,

They are twenty sworn Brethren;

Tradesmen all.

The third was a Paddor that fell to decay;
 And when he was living, took to the High-way:
 The fourth is a Mill-ken, to crack up a Door;
 He'll venter to rob both the rich, and the poor.
 The fifth is Glasier, who when he creeps in,
 To pinch all the Lurry, he thinks it no sin.

Then bark well, &c.

The sixth is a Foyl cloy that not one Hick spares;
 And the seventh in a Budge. to track up the stairs.
 The eighth is a Bulk, that can bulk any Hick,
 If the master be napt, then Bulk he is sick.

The ninth is a Ginny, to lift up a Grate;
 If he sees but the Lurry, with his Hooks he will

Then bark well, &c.

(bate.

The tenth is a Shop-lift that carries a Bob,
 When he ranges the City the Shops for to rob.
 The eleventh is a Bubber, much used of late,
 He goes to the Ale-house, and steals there the plate.
 The twelfth a Trapan, if a Cull he doth meet,
 He naps all his Cole, and turns him i'th street.

Then bark well, &c.

The

Like Graſſe that is old ,
 And falls from the mould ,
 They are fit to be trimm'd with a fickle ,
 False Fondling now I'll leave thee ,
 For thou wilt of my wits bereave me ;
 Although I am blind ,
 I evermore find ,
 Thou art constant to deceive me.
*Prime Youth laſt not, Age will follow ,
 And make all wiſe thy Trefſes yellow ;
 And when Time ſhall date thy Glory ,
 Then too late thou wilt be ſorry.*

Song 210.

A King lives not a braver life ,
 Than we merry Priſ'ners do ,
 Though fools in freedom do conceive ,
 That we are in want and woe.
 When we never take care
 For providing our Fare ,
 VVe have one that doth purvey
 For Viſual day by day.
 VVhat pray then can a King have more ,
 Than one that doth provide his ſtore ?
 Kings have a Keeper, ſo have we,
 Although he be not a Lord ,
 Yet ſhall ſtrut and ſwell as big as he ,
 And command all with a word.
 All the Judges do appear
 Twice before us ev'ry year ,
 VVhere each one of us doth ſtand
 VVith the Law in his own hand :
 Can Kings command then more than we ,
 VVho of all Laws Commanders be ?
 Each to the Hall walks in his Chain ,
 VVhere our Guard about us ſtand ,
 And all the Country comes in main ,

At

At holding up of a hand.
 Though our Chaplain cannot preach,
 Yet he'll suddenly you teach
 To read of the hardest Psalm?
 Doth not he deserve the Palm?
 Ye Courtiers all ye cannot show
 Such Officers as these I trow.

Song 202.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling reverence it doth
 Bend:

Go bid the stones a Journey upwards make:

Go bid the ambitious flames no more ascend;
 And when these false to their own motions prove,
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone to love.

The fast-linkt Chain of Everlasting Fate,

Does nothing tie more strong than me to you:
 My first love hangs not on your love or hate,

But will be still the same whate'er you do.

You cannot kill my love with your disdain,
 Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

Me, mine example, let the Stoicks use,
 Their sad and cruel Doctrine to maintain;

Let all Predestinators me produce,

Who struggle with Eternal Bonds in vain.

This Fire I'm born to, but 'tis she must tell,

Whether 't be Beams of Heav'n, or Flames of Hell.

You who Mens fortunes in their Faces read,

To find out mine, look not alas, on me;

But mark her face, and all the Feature heed;

For only there is writ my destiny.

Or if the Stars shew it, gaze not on the Skies;

But study the Astrol'gy of her Eyes.

If thou find there kind and propitious Rays:

What *Mars* and *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;

I will believe the fate of mortal days

Is writ in Heav'n; but, oh my Heav'n is there.

What

What can men learn from Stars they scarce can see?
Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

Song 203.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them, (say I)
VWhose short-liv'd passions with themselves
For none can be unhappy, who (can die;
Midst all his ills, a time does know ,
Though ne'er so long, when he shall not be so :
VWhatever parts of me remain ,
Those parts will still the love of thee retain:
For 'twas not only in my heart ,
But like a God by powerful Art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part ,
My Affection no more perish can,
Than the first Matter that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one Dust of me
Mixt with another substance be ,
'Twill leaven that whole Lump with Love of thee.
Let Nature if she please disperse ,
My Atoms over all the universe,
At the last they easily shall
Themselves, and together call ;
For thy Love like a Mark, is stamp't on all.

Song 204.

I Wonder what those Lovers mean, who say ,
They have given their hearts away :
Some good, kind Lovers tell me how ,
For mine is but a torment to me now.
If it be so , one place both hearts contain ,
For what do they complain ?
What courtesie can Love do more,
Than joyning Hearts that parted were before ?
Woe to her stubborn heart, if mine once come
Into the self-same room ;
'Twill tear and blow up all within ,
Granado-like , into a Magazine.

Then

Then shall Love keep the Ashes, and torn parts
 Of both our broken hearts ;
 And out of both one new one make ,
 From her's th' assay ; from mine the Metal take.
 For of her heart, he from the flames will find ,
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No dross was there to perish in the fire.

Song 205.

MY love is mortal , and it must be fed
 VVith its own Mothers Milk, or it is dead,
 Nor grow my flames like others, by disdain ,
 But must be kindly courted for its pain :
 She that doth think to make my flames rise high,
 Must bring her fewel to't so well as I :
 I scorn to steal into my Mistress bed ,
 Did she not wish for ev'ry step I tread ;
 And being there, should she prove coy and dull ,
 I'd do no more than to a common Trull ;
 But if she proves as kind as might another ,
 I never any will esteem above her.

Song 206.

MEn of VVar, march bravely on ,
 The Field is easy to be won ;
 There is no danger in that VVar ,
 VVhere Lips both Swords and Bucklers are :
 Here's no cold to chill you ,
 A Bed of Down's your field ;
 Here's no Sword to kill you ,
 Unless you please to yield :
 Here is nothing to incumber ,
 Here will be no scars to number.

Song 207.

IN love, away, you do me wrong ,
 I hope I have not liv'd so long ,
 Freed from the Treach'ries of your eyes ,

Now

Now to be caught, and made their Prize.

No Lady, 'tis not all your Art
Can shake me, and my Freedom part.

In Love, with what? With *Spanish* Wine,
Or the *French* Juice in Carnadine,
The Dimple, or the other Grace,
But not in Love with your fair Face.

No, there's more sweetness in pure Wine,
Than either Looks, or Lips of thine.
Your God you say can shoot so right,
He'll VVound a Heart in th' darkest Night:
Pray let him fling away his dart,
And see if he can hit my heart:

No *Cupid*, know if thoult be mine,
Turn *Ganimede*, and fill some VVine.
Then fill a Cup of Sherry,
And we will be merry,
There's nought but pure Wine,
Makes us Love-sick and pine,
I'll hug the Cup, and kiss it,
And Sigh if I miss it,
'Tis that makes us Jolly,
Sing hey trolly lolly.

Song 208.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Aifeon's* head,
A Maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever Loud:
A Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always subject unto Sloth,

The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some Faults remain among them all.

Song 209.

Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
There's none that Loves thee half so well as I,
I do not neither ask your Love for this;

For

For Heavens Sake believe me, or I die;
 No faithful Servant e'er but did deserve
 His Master should believe that he did serve,
 And I ask no more VVages, though I starve.

My Love, fair Beauty, like thy self is pure,
 No could I ere a bestial Love approve;
 One smile would make me willingly endure,
 It can't but keep together Life and Love.
 Being your Pris'ner, and your captiv'd slave,
 So do not feast nor banquet look to have,
 A little bread and water's all I crave.

Upon your sigh for pity I can live,
 One Tear will keep me twenty years at least,
 And fifty more a gentle Look will give,
 A hundred years but one kind Word will feast,
 A thousand more will surely added be,
 If you an inclination have for me,
 They comprehend a vast Eternity,

Song 210.

HAve you any work for the Sow-gelder, ho?
 My Horn goes too high, too low:

Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts?

Have you any Lambs in your Holts,

To cut for the Stone?

Here comes a cunning one,

Have you any Branches to Spade?

Or e're a fair Maid,

That would be a Nun?

Come kiss me, 'tis done.

Hark how my merry horn doth Blow,

Too high, too low; Too high, too low.

Song 211.

I Am a Rogue, and without one,

A most courteous drinker,

I do excel,

'Tis known full well,

The

The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.

Still do I cry,

Good your Worship, good Sir,

Bestow one small Denire, Sir,

And bravely then,

At the Bouzing ken,

I'll spend it all in Beer, Sir.

If a Bung be got by the high-way,

Then straight I do attend them;

For if huy and Cry

Do follow, I

A wrong way soon do send them,

Still do I cry, &c.

Ten Miles unto a Market,

I run to meet a Miser,

Then in a throng,

I nip his Bung,

Add the party ne're the wiser.

Still do I cry, &c.

My dainty Dells, my Doxies.

When e're they see me lacking,

Without delay,

Poor Wretches, they

Will set their Duds a packing.

Still do I cry, &c.

I pay for what I call for,

And so perforce it must be,

For yet I can

Not know the Man,

Or Hostess that will trust me.

Still do I cry, &c.

If any give me Lodging,

A courteous Knave they find me,

For in their Bed,

Alive or dead,

Some Lice I leave behind me.

Still, &c.

If Gentlefolk be coming,
Then straight it is our Fashion,
Our Leg to tie
Close to our Thigh,
To move them to compassion.

Still do I cry, &c.

My Doublet-sleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder
For Meat and Drink,
Mine Arm I shrink
Up close unto my Shoulder.

Still do I cry, &c.

If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I high me;
For being lame,

It is a shame,
Such Gallants should deny me.

Still do I cry, &c.

With a seeming bursten Belly,
I look like one half dead, Sir,
Or else I beg

With a Wooden Leg,
And a Night-Cap on my Head, Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

In Winter time stark naked
I come into some City,
Then every Man

That spare them can,
Will give me Clothes for pity.

Still do I cry, &c.

If from out of the low-Country
I hear a Captains name, Sir,
Then straight I swear,

I have been there,
And so in the Fight came Lame, Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a string doth lead me,
When in the Town I go Sir,
For to the blind,
All men are kind,
And will their Alms bestow Sir,

Still do I cry, &c.

With Switches sometimes stands I,
In the bottom of a Hill Sir,
Where those men which
Do want a Switch,
Some Mony give me still Sir,

Still do I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a Horn-book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles?

In Cities I

Those things do try,
Oft times to scape the beadies.

Still do I cry, &c.

In Pauls Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes y've seen me stand Sir,
With a Writ that shows
What care and woes
I pass by Sea and Land Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boasting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my self I will
Be praising still,

For Neighbours I have none Sir,

Which makes me cry,

Good your Worship, good Sir,

Bestow one small denire Sir,

And bravely then,

At the Bouzing Ken,

I'll spend it all in Beer Sir.

Song 212.

Lets have a Dance upon the Heath,
 VVe gain more life by *Duncons* death,
 Sometimes like blinded Cars we shew,
 Having no Musick but our Mew;
 Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,
 Upon the Hopper, Stones, and VVheel,
 To some old Saw, or beardish Rhime,
 VVhere still the Mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes above a hallow Tree,
 A round, a round, a round Dance we;
 Thither the chirping Cricket comes,
 And Beetles singing drowsie hums,
 Sometimes we Dance ore Fens and Furs,
 To howls of VVolves, and barks of Curs,
 And when with one of these we meet,
 VVe dance to the Ecchoes of our feet.

Song 213.

MY Muse denies
 To Apologize,
 For my Songs acceptance,
 I know't will fit
 Your Appetite,
 Because it is of the Fashion,
 New Fashions began
 VVith the VVorld and Men,
 In *Adam's* time and *Eves*
 They did begin,
 To cover sin,
 VVith a fashion of their leaves.
 After was tri'd,
 The rough Bucks Hide,
 A wear of commendation,
 Had not with the Skin,
 The Horns crept in,
 And turn it to a Fashion.

Each

Each Taylor is read
 In this fashion, his Head
 Is capable on't 'tis fear'd,
 VVhen he's not at leisure,
 His wife will take measure,
 Though't be by his Neighbours Yard,
 The Clowns array,
 Is an innocent grey,
 Nor stands by the Dyers Art,
 VVhich doth invest
 As pure as a brest,
 And po less spotless Heart.
 The Farmers Hose,
 His wearing Shoos,
 For both are wondrous plain,
 His Honesty,
 Not Knavery, he
 Most purely dies in Grain.
 The School-master in
 His Trouzes hath been
 And bumpst Doublet long space,
 He's a *Monoprote*,
 For he varies not
 At any time his case,
 His VVife is pure,
 In her talk demure,
 Her Gown is of Reformation.
 And she verily
 Turns up her Eye,
 In a very zealous fashion.
 The Shop-keepers walk,
 And sometimes talk
 In Gowns, or of Purple, or Blue,
 Since *Venner and Ray*,
 VVore such at the Bar,
 Some wisely have chang'd the hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
 To all men) is prone
 To the fashion of long Hose;
 And fain he would
 Still have and hold
 Long Suits, for he lives by those.
 Now with the best,
 Your Pimp's in request,
 Thus your Gallant is supply'd,
 By his bones as well,
 As his Cloaths you may smell,
 He's rarely Frenchify'd;
 His Mistress plum'd
 Painted, Perfum'd,
 Is stillified all over,
 Her loose Array
 Doth every day
 A looser body cover.
 The Scholar well trust,
 In his black Suit brusht,
 Is like to Jet in his degree,
 Nor is it enough,
 Men point at Stuff,
 He'll be pointed at the knee.
 Thus are we become
 As Apes of Rome,
 Of France, Spain, and all Nations,
 And not Horses alone,
 But men are grown
 Diseased of the Fashions.

Song 214.

VV Hen Orpheus sweetly did complain,
 Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
 How his Euridice was slain;
 The Trees to hear,
 Obtain'd an ear,

And

And after left it off again.

At every stroke and sorry slay,
The boughs kept me, and nodding lay.
And listned, bending all one way;

The *Aspen-Tree*

As fast as he,

Began to shake, and learn to play,
If Wood could speak, and Tree might hear;
If Wood could sound true grief so near,
A Tree might drop an Amber tear.

If Wood so well

Could ring a Knell,

The Cypress might condole the beer.

The standing Nobles of the Grove;
Hearing deep Wood to speak and move,
The fatal Ax began to love;

They envy'd Death

Which gave such breath,

As men alive do Saints above.

Song 115.

C *Floris* forbear a while,
Do not o'rejoy me,
Urge not another smile,
Lest it destroy me;
That beauty pleaseth most,
And is best taking,
Which is soon won, soon lost,
Kind, yet forsaking:

I love a coming Lady, faith I do,

But now and then I'd have her scornful too,

O're could those eyes of thine,

Boo-peep thy Features,

Warm with an *April* shine,

Scorch not thy Creatures,

Still to display thy ware,

Still to be fooling,

Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling.

Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cause I would, and cannot, make me try.

Chloris Ide have thee wise
When Gallants view thee;
Courting do thou despise,
Fly those pursue thee;
Fast moves an Appetite,
Makes hunger greater,
Who's frinted of delight,
Falls to't the better.

Be coy and kind betimes, be smooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Song 216.

YOU say you love me; nay can swear it too,
But stay, Sir, 'twill not do,
I know you keep your Oaths,
Just as you wear your Cloaths,
While new and fresh in fashion:
But once grown old you lay them by,
Forgot like words you speak in passion,
I'll not believe you.

Song 217.

YOU Fiends and Furies, come along,
Each bring a Crow and massie Prong;
Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,
To stir up an old Sea-cole cak'd,
That in the hollow Hell hath bak'd
Many a thousand; thousand year,
In sulphurous Broth, *Terius* hath boil'd
Pasted with Brimstone; *Tarquin* hath broil'd
Long. long enough; then make more room.
Like smoakie Flitches hang 'um by
Upon their sooty Walls to dry;
A greater ravisher will come,

If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure ;
Yet stay a while, and do not stir ,
For if his glowing Eyes should chance
On *Proserpine* to shoot a glance ,
He is so hot , he'd ravish her.

Song 218.

GO happy heart, for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her, for whom I die ,
Example of her cruelty ,

Tell her if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her Pride ,
That it was for her I dy'd.

If a Teer escape her Eye ,
'Tis not for my memory ,
But thy Rights of *Obsequy*.

The Altar was my loving breast ,
My Heart the sacrificed Beast ,
And I was my self the Priest.

Your Body was the sacred shrine ,
Your cruel Mind the Power Divine ,
Pleas'd with the hearts of Men, not Kine.

Song 219.

AH *Chloris* ! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty could beget
No Pleasure, nor no Pain.

When I the Dawn us'd to admire
And prais'd the coming day ;
I little thought the growing fire
Would take my rest away.

Your Charms in harmless childhood lay ,
Like Metals in the Mine.

Age from no face took more away ,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly
To their perfection prest ,

L 4

Fond

Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flie,
 And in my bosom rest.
 My passion with your Beauty grew,
 And *Cupid* at my Heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart,
 Each glory'd in their wanton part,
 To make a Lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art,
 To make a Beauty she,
 Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my Chains approve.
 I shall my freedom hate,
 Lovers like dying men may well
 At first disorder'd be,
 Since none alive can truly tell,
 What fortune they must see.

Song 220.

ALL Joy unto that happy Pair,
 Which this day united are,
 Though all the World suffer'd decrease,
 Yet may their love never grow less,
 But still recruited every day,
 With fresh delights may it increase;
 And may it lasting be,
 As vast Eternity.
 May never fatal accident have force,
 To interrupt the pleasing course
 Of their united passions, till they grow
 So far above all here below;
 They may themselves so happily deceive
 As to believe,
 That though they'r here,
 Yet they in Heav'n do fill a sphere.

Song 321.

Dialogue Pastoral, Strephon and Phillis.

Phil. **S** *Trephon,* What envious cloud hath made
All o're thy face, this sullen shade?

Streph. It is the Index of my grief.

Phil. But say, admits it no relief?

Thy now neglected Flock doth stray,
The Wolf securely takes his prey,
And thy discarded Pipes lies by,
Whilst thou under some Beach does lie,
Or Mirtle in the shady Grove,
And sigh'st and pin'st like one in love.

Streph. Ah *Phillis,* thou hast toucht me now,
I can't Passion disavow,

At that word *Love,* my Heart does rise,
And with it strangely sympathize.

P. But who did thus your Heart surprize?

S. It was the Shepherdes, whose eyes
Are brighter far than any ray,
The Sun disclosed on *May-day.*

P. Who was it *Strephon?* tell me true:

S. Ah dearest *Phillis,* it was you.

P. Strive not false Shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too easie to believe

A Passion, which she likes so well,
Such falshood would deserve a Hell.

S. May the Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,
All my devoutest Pray'rs despise,
And all my humbled Sacrifice?

Or what's a greater Curse, may I
Find nought from thee but Cruelty,

If I do love my *Phillis* less,
Than my own greatest happiness;
If truth doth not in Swains reside.

Where is she in the World beside?

Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth ,
 Deliver'd by so sweet a youth , (vie.
Chor. Let's join our hands and hearts, and well out-
 Of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.
Chorus. Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Chorus. Delay their Joys, and tedious suits pursue,
Voices. Our honest word their courtship far excel,
 'Mongst unambitious shepherds love is true.

Song 222.

HAste sluggish morn, why dost thou stay ,
 This is *Venus* Holy-day ;
 Can nothing bribe thee, can no charms ,
 Force thee from thy *Tybons* Arms ?
 Oh, yonder comes the expected Guest ,
 Sol from his Chambers of the East ,
 And does me-thinks dance on Easter-day ,
 Th' Intelligences on the Spears do play ,
 The winged Songsters of the Groves ,
 Do celebrate the Union of these loves ;
 The Heavens do smile, the Earth and all conspire ,
 To make the joys of thy blest time entire.
 Come forth fair Bride , what wouldst thou be
 Wedded to *Virginitie* ?
 Haste to the Temple, do not stay ,
 Kill not him with thy delay ,
 Whose expectations call each hour a day ,
 Loe now breaks forth the beauteous Dame ,
 Like Lightnings sudden flame ;
 Her high insinuating powers such ,
 It melts the soul, but not the body touch ;
 The Bridegroom all do envy, each should be
 The principal in this solemnity.
 But now to Church they walk ,
 And each Mans talk ,
 Is of the happy pair.
 And what will be

Done

Done when they united are,

They prophecy.

Their busie Tongues on that do clink,
The Ladies will not speak, but think;
Now to the Temple they draw near,
Where jolly *Hymen* does appear
Without his Saffron Robe, that there might be
No emblem of ensuing jealousy.
The Priest begins, their hands and hearts he joyns,
And their loves with the Mystery refines;
The Bridegroom curses then the slow pac'd Vicar,
That in the Ceremony he is no quicker.

No home they go to eat, to drink, to dance

And at the Bride to glance.

The lusty Bridegroom's Spring-tide of his blood,
Swells in a purple flood.

Which puts him to such pains,

In his distended veins,

It longs to ebb, and now the night has hurl'd,

Her Sable Curtains over half the world,

When we by whisperings descry,

A Plot against Virginitie.

The Ladies steal the Bride away.

The impatient Bridegroom brooks no stay,

But slinks away, and thither all do swarm

The Bridal Ceremonies to perform;

Then we withdraw, nor may the Candles stay,

'Cause they are emblems of the unwish'd for day.

My Muse dare say no more but leaves the Theam

To every man and woman that nights dream.

Song 223.

Vhen *Celia* I intend to flatter you,
And tell you lies to make you true,

I swear

There's none so fair,

There's none so fair,

And you believe it too.

Of

Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No Twins so like hath Nature made;

But is

Only in this,

Only in this,

You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I said there is no precious stone,
But may be found in you alone,

Though I

No stone espy,

No stone espy,

Unless your Heart be one.

When I praise your Skin, I quote the Wooll,
The Silk-worms from their Entrails pull.

And shew

That new-faln Snow,

That new-faln Snow,

It is more beatiful.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles,
Were you as excellent as these,

While I,

Before you lie,

Before you lie;

They might be had with ease.

Song 224.

A Maiden of late,
Whose name was sweet *Kate*,
Was dwelling in *London* near to *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my ditty. declare it I can,
She would have a Child, without help of a Man.
To a Doctor she came,
A Man of great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick report did proclaim,
Quoth she. Master Doctor, shew me if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a Man.
Then listen, quoth he,

Since

Since so it must be,
 This wondrous strong Med'cine I'll shew presently;
 Take nine pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 The wood of a Frog,
 The juice of a Log,
 Well perboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon-calf, if get you can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 The Love of false Harlots,
 The faith of false Varlets, (lets,
 With the truth of Decoys, that walk in their Scar-
 And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 Nine drops of Rain,
 Brought hither from *Spain*,
 With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
 With eight quarts of Brimstone, brew'd in a
 Beer-Can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 Six pottles of Lard,
 Squeesh'd from a Rock hard,
 With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a yard,
 With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.
 These Med'cines are good,
 And approved have stood,
 Well temper'd together in a pottle of Blood,
 Squeesh'd from a Grasshopper, and a nail of a
 Swan,
 To make Maids conceive without help of a Man.

Song 225.

NO man loves fiery Passion can approve,
 All yielding either pleasure or promotion;
 I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in Love,
 Although I do not like it in devotion.
 For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
 To think that Lovers mean as they pretend, If

If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere this the world had had an end.

Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into love might dye:
But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half so sound at Heart as I.

Another rather than incur the slander
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
I'll neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for Love.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for Love as others do,
Prais'd be great *Jove*; I dy'd in such a sort,
As I reviv'd within an hour or two.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And nere had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Song 226.

VVhat Creatures on Earth,
Can boast freer Mirth,
Less envy'd and lov'd than we,
Though Learning grow poor,
We scorn to implore.

A Gift but what's noble and free.
Our freedom of mind,
Cannot be confin'd,

With riches w're inwardly blest;
Not death, nor the Grave,
Our worth can deprave,

Nor Malice our Ashes molest:
When such Moles as you,
Your own earth shall mue,

And worms shall your memory eat:
Our names being read,
Shall strike envy dead,

And Ages our worth shall repeat.

Song

Song 227.

Vhen I see the young men play,
 Young methinks I am as they,
 And my aged thoughts lay by,
 To the dance with Joy I flie;
 Come a flowry Chaplet lend me,
 Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me,
 Age be gone, we'll dance among
 Those that young are, and be young:
 Bring some wine boy, fill about,
 You shall see the old man's stout;
 Who can laugh and tipples too,
 And be mad as well as you.

Song 228.

BRight *Cynthia* scorns,
 Alone to wear horns,
 To her Sex grief and shame;
 But swears in despight
 Of the Worlds great light,
 That men should wear the same.
 The man in the Moon,
 To hear this in a swoon,
 And quite out of his wits fell,
 And with this affront,
 (Quoth he) a pox on't,
 My forehead begins to swell;
 Away straight he woo'd
 In his lunatick mood
 And from his Mistress would run;
 And swore in his heat
 Though stew'd in his sweat,
 He had rather go live in the Sun.
 But he was appeas'd,
 To see other men pleas'd,
 And none that did murmur or mourn:
 For without an affright,

Each

Each man with delight,
 Did take to himself the horn.
 The Lord he will go,
 In his Park to and fro,
 Pursuing the Deer that is barren,
 But whilst he's in 's Park,
 His Steward or Clark,
 May boldly go hunt in his Warren.
 The Citizen Clown,
 In his Fox-fur'd Gown,
 And his Doublet fac't with Ale,
 Talks slow, and drinks quicker,
 Till his Wife like his Liquor,
 Leaves working and relisheth stale,
 Lo thus she behorns him,
 And afterwards scorns him,
 Though he becomes to be Mayor of the rout;
 And thinks it no sin,
 To be well occupy'd within,
 While her Husband is busie without.
 The Puritan will go,
 Ten miles to and fro,
 To hear a sanctify'd Brother;
 But whilst his zeal burns,
 His Wife she up turns
 The eggs of her Eyes to another.
 The Lawyer to succour 'um
 With a Parchment and Buck'rum,
 To London next day will strike,
 But whilst he opens his Case,
 To his adversaries face,
 His Wife to her Friend doth the like.
 The Physician will ride
 To his Patient that dy'd,
 Of no Disease, but that he did come,
 But whilst abroad he doth kill,

With

Is too cold a place,
 Then look for Beard below.
 But, Oh! let us tarry
 For the Beard of King *Harry*,
 That grows about the Chin,
 VVith his Bushy Pride
 And a Grove on each side,
 And a Champion ground between:
 Last, the Clown doth out-rust,
 VVith his beard like a Brush,
 VVhich may be well endur'd;
 For though his Face,
 Be in such a case,
 His Land is well manur'd.

Song 232.

FAir Mistrefs, I would gladly know,
 VVhat thing it is you cherish so,
 VVhat Instrument, and from whence bred,
 Is that you call *A Maiden-head*?
 Is it a Spirit, or the Treasure
 Lovers lose in height of pleasure?
 If it be so, in vain you keep,
 That waking which you lose in sleep;
 But since you know not, I will tell ye,
 It is a Spring beneath your belly,
 Fruit that alone you cannot taste,
 And barren seed till it you Waste;
 Metals that must for want of using,
 A Gem most precious when 'tis losing,
 A sweet and pleasing Sacrifice,
 Then chiefly living when it dies.
 A wealth that makes the unthrift blest,
 An Instrument that soundeth best,
 (A wonder to be heard or spoke)
 VVhen the string in two is broke.

Then

Then let us offer Love his due,
 My Maiden-head I'll give to you,
 And in exchange receive another,
 What would you more, there's one for th' other?

Song 233.

A Dialogue between Orpheus and Charon.

Orph. *Charon, O Charon,*
 Thou waster of the souls blifs or bane.
 Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?

Orph. Come near,
 And say who lives in joy, and whom in fear.
 Cha. Those that die well, eternal Joys shall follow.
 Those that die ill, there own foul fate shall swallow.
 Orph. Shall thy black barque those guilty spirits stow
 That kill themselves for Love?

Cha. O no, O no!
 My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
 No winds blow fair, nor I my self can steer,
 Orph. What Lovers pass, and in *Elizium* raig?n?
 Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again.
 Orph. This Souldier loves, and fain would die to
 Shall he go on? (win

Cha. No. 'tis too foul a sin,
 He must not come aboard; I dare not row,
 Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say?

Cha. No. no, no, no.
 Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
 My boat is destiny, and who then dare
 But those appointed come aboard? live still
 And love by reason mortal, and by will.

Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine

Cha. Then come aboard and pass. (eyes

Chorus, Orph. Till then be wise.

Char. Till then be wise.

Song 234.

Look out bright eyes, and bleſs the air,
 Even in ſhadows you are fair.
 ſhut up beauty is like fire,
 That breaks out clearer ſtill and higher,
 Though your body be confin'd
 And ſought Love a Priſoner bound;
 Yet the beauty of your mind,
 Neither check, nor chain hath found:
 Look out nobly then, and dare
 Even the Fetters that you wear.

Song 235.

Sure 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I,
 Been fool'd into Captivity;
 My *Newgate* was my want of wit,
 I did my ſelf commit,
 My bonds I knit.
 I mine own Goaler was, my only foe,
 That did my freedom diſavow;
 I was a Priſoner, 'cauſe I would be ſo.
 But now I will ſhake off my chains and prove,
 Opinion built the Goals of Love;
 Made all his bonds, gaye him his bow,
 His bloody arrows too,
 That murder ſo.
 Nay, thoſe dire deaths which idle Lovers dream,
 Were all contriv'd to make a Theam
 For ſome carouzing Poets drunken flame.
 'Twas a fine Life I liv'd, when I did dreſs,
 My ſelf to court your peeviſhneſs,
 When I did at your footſtool lie,
 Expecting from your Eye,
 To live or die.
 Now Smiles or Frowns, I care not which I have,
 Nay rather than I'll be your ſlave,
 I'll court the Plagues to ſend me to my Grave.

Farewel

Farewel those Charms that did so long bewitch,
 Farewel that wanton youthful Itch,
 Farewel that treacherous blinking Boy,
 That proffers seeming Joy,
 So to destroy,

To all those Night-embraces, which as you
 Know very well, were not a few;
 For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

Now I can stand the Sallies of your Eyes;
 In vain are all those Batteries,
 Nor can that Love-dissembling stile,
 Nor can that crafty Smile,
 Longer beguile;

Nor those Heart-traps which each hour you renew,
 To all those Witchcrafts, and to you,
 For ever, evermore I bid adieu.

Song 236.

HOLD, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*
 And hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*
 'Tis thy Pot, and my Pot,

And my Pot, and thy Pot,

Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

'Tis Mault will cure thy Maw, *Tom,*

And will heal thy Distempers in *Autumn*;

Felix quem facit.

I prethee be patient,

Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

Hold, hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom,*

Neither Parson, nor Vicar,

But will toss off his Liquor;

Sing hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom, Tom.*

Song 237.

NOW I confess I am in love,
 Though I did think I never could,
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,

Whose

And an old Fryfado-coat to cover his worships

Frank-hose,

And Cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper Nose,

Like an old, &c.

With an old fashion when *Christmas* is come,

To call in his Neighbors with Bag-pipe and Drum.

And good cheer enough to furnish every old Room,

And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a

Like an old, &c.

(wiseman dumb,

With an old Huntsman, a Folkner, and a Kennel of

Hounds,

Which never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own

Grounds,

Who like an old wiseman kept himself within his

own bounds,

And when he died gave every Child a thousand old

Like an old, &c.

(pounds,

But to his eldest Son his House and Lands he assign'd,

Charging him in his Will, to keep the old bountiful

mind,

(kind:

To love his good old Servants, and to Neighbors be

But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he

Like a young Courtier of the Kings, (was inclin'd,

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,

That keeps a brace of Whores at his Command,

And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Land,

And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither

Like a young, &c.

(go nor Land.

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,

Who never knew what belong'd to good House-

keeping nor Care,

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air,

And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other mens

Like a young, &c.

(Hair;

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,

Wherein is burned neither Coal nor wood,

And a Shuffle-board Table, smooch and red as blood,

Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor lit-
Like a young, &c. (the good,

With a new Study stuff full of Pamphlets & Plays,

With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he
 prays,

With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four
 or five days.

With a new French Cook to make Cickshaws and
Like a young, &c. (Toys

With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come,

With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,

And leave no body at home but our new Porter *John*

Who relieves the poor with a thump of the back
Like a young, &c. (with a stone.

With Gentleman Usher, whose carriage is com-
 pleat,

With a Footman, Coachman, a Page to carry meat,

With a waiting Gentlewoman, whose Dressing is
 very neat,

VVho when the Master has din'd, lets the Servants
Like a young, &c. (not eat.

VVith a new honour bought with his Fathers old gold

That many of his Fathers old Mannors had sold,

And this is the occasion that most men do hold

That good House-keeping is now grown so cold.

Like a young Courtier of the Kings,

Or the Kings young Courtier.

Song 240.

VVith a new Beard but lately trim'd;

VVith a new Love-lock neatly kem'd,

VVith a new Favour snatch'd or nimb'd,

VVith a new Doublet French-like limb'd,

VVith a new Gate as if he swim'd.

And a new Soldier of the Kings,

Or the Kings new Soldier.

VVith a new Feather in his Cap,

VVith new white Poots without a Strap,

And

And newly paid for by great hap ;
VVith a new Quean upon his Lap,
And a new Brat that ne're eat Pap.

And a new, &c.

VVith a new Hat without Band ;
VVith a new Office without Land ;
VVith all his Fingers on his Hand,
With a new Face at *Plymouth* tan'd ;
And a new Horse already pawn'd.

And a new, &c.

With a new Cassock lin'd with Cotton ;
With Cardecues to call his Pot in ;
With a new Gun that ne'r was shot in ,
Under a new Captain very hot in
A new command, and hardly gotten.

And a new, &c.

With a new Head-piece, ne'r hit,
With a new Head of greenish wit ,
VVith new Shirts without Louse or Nit,
VVith a new band, not torn as yet,
VVith a new Spear, and very fit.

For a new, &c.

VVith a new Jacket made of Buff,
VVith new Sleeves of Spanish stuff,
VVith a new Belt of Leather enough ;
VVith new Tobacco-pipes to puff,
And a new brawl to take in Snuff.

Like a new, &c.

He's newly come to sixteen years,
And gone aboard with his Mothers tears,
VVith his *Monmouth* Cap about his ears,
VVith new Bravadoes void of fears,
And a new Oath by which he swears.

To be a new, &c.

VVith a new Nose that ne'r met foe ,
VVith a new Sword that ne'r struck blow,

VWith a new red breech to make a show,
 With a new Copper-Lace or two,
 And new Points on his wings also,
 To a new Courtier he will go,
 To drink old Sack, and do no moe,
Like a new Souldier of the Kings,
Oh, the Kings new Souldier.

Catch, or Song 241.

THe Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
 And now it is almost day,
 And he that s a bed with another mans wife,
 It's time to get him away.

Mock Song 242.

OH Love! whose power and might,
 No Creature e're withstood,
 Thou forcest me to write,
 Come turn about *Robin Hood.*
 Sole Mistress of my Heart,
 Let me thus far presume,
 To crave in this Request,
 A black patch for the Rhume,
 Grant pity or I dye,
 Love so my Heart bewitches,
 With grief I howl and cry;
 Oh how my elbow itches.
 Teers overflow my sight,
 With floods of daily weeping,
 in the silent night,
 Cannot rest for sleeping,
 What is't I would not do
 To purchase one sweet smile?
 Bid me to *China* go,
 Faith I'll sit down the while.
 Oh wo'men you will never
 But think men still will flatter;

I vow I love you ever,
 But yet it is no matter,
Cupid is blind they say,
 But yet me-thinks he seeth;
 He struck my heart to day,
 A Turd in *Cupids* Teeth:
 Her Tresses that were wrought,
 Much like the golden snare,
 My loving Heart hath caught,
 As *Moss* did catch his Mare.
 But since that all relief;
 And comforts do forsake me,
 I'll kill my self with grief,
 Nay then, the Devil take me,
 And since her grateful merits,
 My loving looks must lack,
 I'll stop my vital Spirits,
 With Claret and with Sack.
 Mark well my woeful hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
 Send down thy Thunder-clap,
 And rend her Smock in sunder.

Mock Song, in Answer 243.

Y Our Letter I receiv'd,
 Bedeckt with flourishing quarters,
 Because you are deceiv'd,
 Go hang you in your Garters.
 My beauty, which is none,
 Yet such as you protest,
 Doth make you sigh and groan;
 Fie, fie, you do but jest.
 I cannot chuse but pity,
 Your restless mournful Tears,
 Because your plaints are witty,
 You may go shake your Ears.
 To purchase your delight,

No labor you shall leese,
 Your pains I will requite;
 Maid, give him some bread and cheefe,
 'Tis you I fain would see,
 'Tis you I did daily think on,
 My looks as kind shall be,
 As the Devil over *Lincoln*.
 If ever I do'tame,
 Great *Foue* of Lightning Flashes,
 I'll send my fiery flame,
 And burn thee into ashes,
 I can by no means miss thee,
 But needs must have thee one day;
 I prethee come and kifs me,
 VWhereon I sate on Sunday.

Song 244.

IF she be fair, I fear the rest,
 If she be sweet, I'll hope the best,
 If she be fair, they say she'l do,
 If she be foul, she'l do so too:
 If she be fair, she'l breed suspect,
 If she be foul, she'l breed neglect.
 If she be born 'th' better sort,
 Then she doth savour of the Court;
 If she be of the City born,
 She'l give the City Arms the Horn,
 If she be born of Parents base,
 I scorn her vertues for her place;
 If she be fair and witty too,
 I fear the harm her wit may do.
 If she be fair and wanteth wit,
 I love no Beauty without it.
 In brief, be what she will, I'm one
 That can love all, though I wed none.

Song

Song 245.

THere's none but the glad man,
 Compar'd to the mad-man,
 Whose heart is still empty of care,
 His Fits and his fancies
 Are above all Mischances,
 And Mirth is his ordinary fare:
 Then be thou mad, and he mad, mad let us all be,
 There's no men lead lives more merry than we.

Song 246.

GAze not on thy Beauties pride,
 Tender Maid in the false tide,
 That from Lover eyes did slide.
 Let thy faithful Christal show,
 How thy Colours come and go,
 Beauty takes a foil from wo.
 Love that in those smooth streams lies,
 Under pity's fair disguise,
 Will thy melting heart surprize.
 Nets of passions finest thread,
 (Snaring Poems) will be spread,
 All to catch thy Maiden-head.
 Then beware for those that cure,
 Loves disease, themselves endure,
 For a reward, a Calenture.
 Rather let the Lover pine,
 Than his pale Cheek should shine,
 A perpetual blush to thine.

Song 247.

ABeggar got a Bayliff a Bayliff got a Yeoman,
 A Yeoman got a Prentice, a Prentice got a Freeman,
 A Freeman got a Master, and he begot a Tease,
 And soon became a Gentleman, than a Just. of Peace
 This Justice got a Daughter, and she is come to light
 She slept into the Court, and there she got a Knight,
 A Knight got a Lord, a Lord an Earl begot,
 An Earl got a Duke, this Duke he was a Scot:

This Duke a Prince begot, a Prince of Royal hope,
 He begot an Emperor, the Emperor a Pope,
 The Pope got a Bastard, he was a noble Spark,
 He lay with a Nun, and so begot a Clark.
 A Clark got a Sexton, a Sexton got a Vicar,
 A Vicar got a Parson, and all of them got Liquor,
 Till they were all made Prebends, and so they got a
 A Dean got a Bishop, a Bishop got a Quean. (Dean,

Song 248.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that never was in Print,
 'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
 I'll tell you before hand, you'll find no hing in't.

On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
 'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
 Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and
 Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos a Den; (Men,
 And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.

'Tis *nothing* sometimes makes many things hit,
 As when fools among wisemen do silently sit,
 A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What one man loves, is another mans loathing,
 This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow
 thing.

And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*. (thing

Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smoot-
 And thinking with *figs* to gain her and soothing,
 Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
 He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd;
 But she that hath *nothing*, must needs be a Maid.

Your flashing and clashing, and flashing of wit,
 Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
 'Tis little or *nothing* to what has been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall,
 Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
 From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.

That

That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms and Churches lie waste;
Their Project, and all came to *nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root;
They thunder'd & plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't.

The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Fack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty New *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctify'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the the People by faithing and trothing;
At last he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.

In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall;
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When War, and Rebellion, and Plundering grows
The Mendicant man is the freest from foes;
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cesar*, and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies follow'd as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say't an Action of Slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a rout
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.

Old *Noll* that arose from high-thing to low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, Nicking, and Frothing,
In seven years distance was All-things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful slow thing,
Who once was invested with purple Clothing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.

If King killers bold are excluded from bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*; than what he now is.

Blind Colonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl,
To lofty Degree, from a low Coblers stall;
Did bring Awl to *nothing*, when awl came to all.

Your

Your Gallant that Rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pitifull low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his
When death doth arrest him & bear him away, (pay
At the general Bar will have *nothing* to say.
Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac'd,
Thus courting, and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.
If any man tax me for weakness of wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex-nihilo, nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due;
Cause then it vvas vvith him, as novv its vvith you;
He study'd it vvhen he had *nothing* to do.

This very vvord *nothing*, if took the right vvay,
May prove advantagious, for vvhat vvould you say,
If the vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay?

Song 249.

BY Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she,
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
That she's belov'd by me?

The Gods may give their Altars o're,
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The Lightning vvhich tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain,

The humbler Furzes of the plain,

She being so high, and I so lov'd,

Her power by this doth greater shovv,

Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

Compar'd vvith her all things so vvorthless prove,

That nought on earth can tovwards her move.

Till't

Till't be exalted by her love.
 Equal to her, alas, there's none;
 She like a Deity is grown,
 That must create, or else must be alone.
 If there be man that thinks himself so high,
 As to pretend equality,
 He deserves her less than I;
 For he would cheat for his relief,
 And one will give with lesser grief,
 To an undeserving Beggar than a Thief.

Song 250.

Vhen I drein my Goblets deep,
 All my cares are rockt asleep,
 Rich as *Craesus*, Lord o'th' Earth,
 Chanting *Odes* of wit and Mirth,
 And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
 I can kick the Globe round round.

Let other fight while I drink;
 Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brink;
 Come fill it high, fill it high,
 That I may but drink and die.
 For when I lay down my head,
 'Tis better to be drunk, 'Tis better to be drunk,
 Dead drunk, than dead.

Song 251.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
 As to be invited twice;
 What should women more incite,
 Than their own sweet appetite?
 Shall salvage things more freedom have,
 Than Nature unto woman gave?
 The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
 Bill and kifs, then take the Marrow.
 They bill and kifs, what then they do,
 Come bill and kifs, and I'll shew you.

Song

Song 252.

Phillis on the new made Hay,
 Phillis on the new made Hay,
 In a wanton posture lay,
 Thinking no Shepherd by her;
 But *Aminias* came that way,
 And threw himself down by her.
 Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
 Hotly he pursu'd the Game,
 She cry'd pish, and fie for shame,
 I vow you shall not do it;
 But the Youth soon overcame,
 And eagerly fell to it.

VWhen alas to vex her more,
 When alas to vex her more,
 He e're she began gave o're;
 For such was the Adventure,
 He made his Complement at door,
 And could not stay to enter.

In great rage she flung away,
 In great rage she flung away,
 He asham'd, and breathless lay;
 But though he had displeas'd her,
 He rally'd and renew'd the Fray,
 And manfully appeas'd her.

Song 253.

Come *Jack*, Let's drink a Pot of Ale,
 And I shall tell thee such a Tale,
 Will make thine Ears to ring.
 My Coyn is spent, my Time is lost,
 And I this only fruit can boast,
 That once I saw my King.
 But this doth most afflict my mind,
 I went to Court in hope to find
 Some of my Friends in place:
 And walking there I had a sight

Of

Of all the Crew, but by this light,
 I hardly knew one Face.
 S'lfe of so many noble Sparks,
 Who on their Bodies bear the Marks
 Of their Integrity;
 And suffer'd ruine of Estate,
 It was my base unhappy fate,
 That I not one could see.
 Not one upon my life, among
 My old acquaintance all along,
 At *Truto*, and before.
 And I suppose the place can show,
 As few of those whom thou didst know,
 At *York*, or *Marston-Moor*.
 But truly there are swarms of those
 Whose Chins are Beardless, yet their Nose
 And back-sides still wear Muffs;
 Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
 Retires, and dares not once appear,
 For want of Coyn and Cuffs;
 When none of those I could descry,
 Who better far deserv'd than I,
 I calmly did reflect:
 Old Servants they by rule of State,
 Like Almanacks grow out of date,
 VVhat then can I expect?
 Troth in contempt of Fortunes frown,
 I'll fairly get me out of Town,
 And in a Cloyster pray:
 That since the Stars are yet unkind
 To Royallists, the King may find,
 More faithful Friends than they.

Song 254.

[Marvel *Dick*, that having been
 So long abroad, and having seen
 The VVorld as thou hast done:

Thou

Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,
As old as Nectar, and as stale,
As that of Priest or Nun.
Are we to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortunes sport,
Where merits scarce appear:
For bashful merits only dwells
In Camps, in Villages, and Cells,
Alas it comes not there.
Desert is nice in its address,
And merit oft times doth oppose,
Beyond what guilt would do;
But they are sure of their demands,
That come to Court with golden hands,
And brazen Faces too.
The King indeed doth still profess,
To give his party soon redress,
And cherish honesty;
But his good wishes prove in vain,
Whose service with the Servants gain,
Not always doth agree.
Ah Princes be they ne'r so wise,
Are fain to see with others Eyes,
But seldom hear at all.
And Courtiers find their interest,
In time feather well their Nest,
Providing for their fall.
Our comfort doth on him depend,
Things when they are at worst will mend;
And let us but reflect,
On our condition to'ther day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
What did we then expect?
Mean while a calm retreat is best,
But discontent if not suppress,
May breed Disloyalty:

This

This is the constant Note I'll sing,
I have been faithful to my King,
And so shall live and die.

Song 255.

Phillis I pray,
Why did you say,
That I did not adore you?
I durst not sue,
As others do,
Nor talk of Love before you:
Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown,
No tears could e're appease you,
'Tis better I,
Should silent die
Than talking to displease you.

Song 256.

Come Chloris hie we to the Bower,
To sport us e're the day be done,
Such is thy power,
That every flower,
Will ope to thee as to the Sun.
And if a flower, but chance to die,
With my sighs blast, or mine eyes rain;
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again:
The wanton Suckling and the Vine,
Will strive for th' honour, who first may,
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Song 257.

Though I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Love or Death is well;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold,
Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,

And

And both do aim at humane hearts ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean nothing.

Song 258.

UPon the *Change* where Merchants meet,
'Twixt *Cornhil* and *Tbreadneedle-street*,
Vvhere VVits on ev'ry size are hurl'd.

To treat of all things in the VVorld ,
I saw a folded Paper fall ,
And upon it these words were writ ,
Have at all.

Thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me ;
And (if the consequence be true)
It may as well be, have at you :
Then listen pray to what I shall
In brief declare what's written there,
Have at all.

I am a Courtier who in sport,
Do come from the *Utopian* Court ,
To whisper softly in your ear ,
How high vve are, and vvhat vve vvere ;
To tell you all vvould be too much ,
But here and there a little touch ,
Have at all.

I vvvas not many years ago ,
In tatters trim'd from top to toe,
My Rags are all to Ribons turn'd ;
My patches into pieces fall ,
I cog a Dye, svvagger and lie ,
Have at all.

Upon my Pantalonian Pate ,
I vvear a Milliners estate :
But vvhen he duns me at the Court ,
I shevv him a Protection for t ;

Vvhist

Whilst he does to protesting fall,
And then I Cry, Dam me, you lie.

Have at all.

Since *Venus* shav'd off all my Hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls,
Which I procure for Lords and Earls.
When Love doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives at Maids and Wives,

Have at all.

My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in fifty three,
Which I forgot, so doth not he;
I call him sawcy Fellow, Sirrah,
And draw my Sword to run him thorow,

Have at all.

Yet once a Friend that sav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton Wife,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a Cuckold and a Knight;
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,
Whilst she and I, together cry,

Have at all.

But yet those Cits are subtile slaves,
Most of them Wits, and knowing Knaves;
VVe get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands, and Lordships too:
And 'tis most fit in these affairs,
And Land should go to the right Heirs,

Have at all.

A Soldier I directly hate;
A Cavalier once broke my Pate.
VVith Cane in hand he overcome me;
And took away my Mistress f
For I confess I love a

Though *English, Irish, Dutch or French,*
Have at all.

A Soldiers life is not like mine ;
 I will be plump, when he shall pine :
 My projects carry stronger force,

Than all his armed Foot and Horse ;
 What though his Morter-pieces roar ,
 My Chimney- pieces shall do more.
Have at all.

Thus have I given you in short ,
 A Courtier of *Utopia* Court ;
 I write not of Religion ,
 For (to tell truly) we have none ,
 If any me to question call ,
 With Pen, or Sword, Hab Nab's the word,
Have at all.

Song 359

Poor *Fenny* and I we toiled,
 A long long Summers day ,
 Till we were almost spoiled ,
 With making of the Hay.

Her Kerchief was of Holland clear
 Bound low upon her brow ,
 Pse whisper'd something in her ear,
 But what's that to you.

Her Stockings were of Kersey green ,
 Well sticht with yellow Silk ,
 Oh! like a Leg was never seen ,
 Her Skin as white as Milk.

Her Hair was black as any Crow ,
 And sweet her Mouth was too ,
 Oh ! *Fenny* daintly could mow ,
 What's that to you.

are not so low .

For I was by to bear 'em;
 I'z took 'em up all in my hand,
 And I think her Linnen too,
 Which made a friend of mine to stand,
 But what's that to you?

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
 And Concubines a Number;
 Yet I'z possess more happiness
 And he had more of Cumber.
 My Joy surmounts a wedded Life,
 With fear she lets me mow,
 A Wench is better than a wife,
 But what's that to you?

The Lilly and the Rose combine
 To make my *Fenny* fair,
 There'n no contentment like as mine,
 I'm almost void of care.
 But yet I fear my *Fenny's* face,
 Will more men bring to woo,
 Which I shall take for a disgrace,
 But what's that to you?

Song-260.

AH! *Celia*, leave that cruel Art
 Of killing with those conquering eyes,
 Your triumph o're a tender heart,
 Makes a sad victim of your prize.
 Such Soldiers little honour gain,
 As trample o're a Captive-slave;
 That use of victory is vain,
 Pursues the Foe unto his Grave.

But Prisoner-like as when repriv'd
 Sad sighs I will no more approve,
 Nor think 'tis happy to be griev'd,
 Nor sacrifice my self to Love.

Though 'tis most true, your Beauty lasts
 As powerful as it was before,

But

But having felt its fatal blâs,
I'm warn'd to give Devotion o're.

If now at lost you will be kind,
And just, as I have been to you,
I then may once more change my mind,
And be for ever, ever true.

But if you will be cruel still,
And constant zeal can nothing move,
Then be you wedded to your will,
And I'll divorce my self from love.

Song 261.

Cook *Laurel* would have the Devil his Guest,
And bade him home to *Peck* to Dinner,
VWhere Fiend had never such a Feast,
Prepared at the Charge of a Sinner.

With a Hey Down, Down, Down, Down.

His stomach was squeasie, he came thither Coacht,
The jogging had caus'd his Cruders to rise,
To help which, he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That us'd to turn up the white of his eyes.

With a Hey, &c.

And so he recovered unto his wifh,

He sate him down, and began to eat,
A Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first dish.

His own privy Kitchin had no such meat.

With a Hey, &c.

Yet though with this he much was taken,

Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spy'd the Bawd and Bacon,

By which you may know the Devil's a wencher.

With a Hey, &c.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,

VWith Sempsters and Tyrewomen fit for his pal-
VWith Feather-men and Perfumers, put (let,

Some twelve in a Charger, to make a Grand-sal-

With a Hey, &c.

(let,
A rich

As well my self, as you deny,
And learn of me bravely to bear,
The loss of what I hold so dear;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my Example,
My Example work in thee.

Song 263.

OH! the little House that lies under the Hill,
Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill,
There's Ale, and Tobacco, and Wenchies at Will,
Oh! the little House that lies under the Hill.

Song 264.

ON a Hill there grows a Flow'r,
Fair befall the gentle sweet,
By that Flow'r there is no Bow'r,
Where the Heav'nly Muses meet.
In that Bow'r there is a Chair,
Fringed all about with Gold,
Where doth sit the fairest Fair,
Mortal ever did behold.
It is *Philis* fair and bright,
She that is the Shepherds Joy,
She that *Venus* did despight,
And did blind her little Boy,
That is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *Ipsique*, the which,
There is none but only she.
Who would not this Face admire;
Who would not this Saint adore,
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more.
Oh fair Eyes! but let me see
One good look, and I am gone,
Look on me, for I am he,

Thy

Thy poor silly *Coridon*
 Thou that art the Shepherds Queen,
 Look upon thy silly Swain,
 By thy vertues have been seen,
 Dead men brought to live again.

Song 265.

Since life's but short, and time amian
 Flyes on, and ne'r looks back again;
 Let's laugh and sing and merry be,
 And spend our times in jollity.
 Good Wine makes the Pope religiously given,
 And sends all the Monks and little Fryers to Hea-

Then take a merry Glass,

(ven.

Fill it just as it was,

And let no man take it in dudgeon;

He that makes any stir,

Is no true drunken Cur,

Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.

'Twas *Joves*'s refreshment when his mind was shrunk
 With cares, to make himself with Nectar drunk;
 So heavenly drunk, his brain ran like the sphears,
 Round, and made Musick to his Ears.

He's right honest man, you may believe what he'll
 tell you,

If he hath a jolly Nose, and a beautiful Belly.

Then take a merry Glass, &c.

Great *Alexander* to enflame his heart,
 With courage, drank two Gallons and a Quart
 At six go downs, and then in Raptures hurld,
 He went and Conquer'd all the World.

Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedon* won it,

But if he had not been drunk he could never have
 done it.

Then take a merry Glass, &c.

Song 266.

Love I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
 A victim to thy beardless Diety;
 Nor shall this heart of mine,

Now

Now 'tis return'd
 Be offer'd at thy shrine,
 Nor at thy Altar burn'd,
 Love like Religion's made an airy Name,
 To aw those souls whom want of wit makes tame.
 There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
 Nor do's Like wound, but we imagine so;
 Or if it does perplex,
 And grieve the mind,
 'Tis in the Masculine Sex,
 Women no sorrow find,
 'Tis not our parts or Persons that can move 'em,
 Nor is't mens worth, but wealth makes women
 love 'em.

Reason, not love, henceforth shall be my guide,
 Our fellow Creatures shan't be defil'd.

I le now a Rebel be

And so pull down,

The Distaff Hierarchy,

Or females fancy'd Crown,

In these unbridled times, who vould not strive

To free his Neck from all Prerogative.

Song 267.

THe Spring's coming on, and our Spirits begin,
 To retire to their places merrily home,
 And every soul is bound to lay in

A new brewing of blood for the year that's to come

They'r Cowards that make it of clarifi'd Whey,

Or swill with the Swine in the juice of the Grains:

Give me the Racy Canary to play,

(And the sparkling Rhenish to vault) in my veins.

Let Doctors teach our lives are but short.

And overmuch Wine a new death will invite,

But we l be reveng'd before-hand for't,

And crown a lives mirth, with the space of a night,

Then stand we about with our glasses full crown'd,

Whilst ev'ry thing else to their postures doth grow

Till our Heads and our Caps with the Houses turn
round, (now

And the Cellars become where the Chambers are

Then fill out more wine. 'twill a sacrifice bring,
We'll sipple, and fiddle, and fuddle all out

This night in full Draughts, with a Health to our
King.

Till we baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about,
Whose first rising Rays when shot from his throne,
Shall dash upon faces as red as his own,
And wonder that Mortals can Fuddle away,
More wine in a night, than he water in a day.

Song 168.

Love is a Bauble,
No man is able
To say it is this, or 'tis that,
'Tis so full of passions,
Of sundry fashions,
'Tis like I cannot tell what,
'Tis fair in the Cradle,
'Tis foul in the Saddle,
'Tis either too cold, or too hot,
An errant Lye,
Fed by desire,
It is, and it is not.
Love is a Fellow,
Clad all in Yellow,
The Canckerworm of the mind.
A privy mischief,
And such a sle Thief,
As no man is able to find.
Love is a wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
As common to one as to moe,
So great a Cheater,
Every man is better,
Then hang him and so let him go.

Song 269.

Dear Love, let me this Eve'ning die,
Oh smile not to prevent it ;
But use this opportunity,
Lest we both repent it,
Frown quickly then, and break my Heart,
So that my way of dying,
May though my life be full of smart ,
Be worth the Worlds envying.
Some striving knowledge to refine,
Consume themselves with thinking,
And some whose friendships scald in Wine
Are kindly kill'd with drinking,
And some are wrack'd on *Indian* coast,
Thither by gain invited ,
And some in smock of battel lost,
Whom Drums, nor Lutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly these depart ,
Their Graves still unattended,
Who dies not of a broken-heart ,
In Love is not befriended ;
His memory is only sweet ,
All praise no pity moving,
Who fondly at his Mistress feet,
Doth die with over-loving ,
And now thou frown'st, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie,
For that ground's only hollow'd
If the priest tak't ill, I have a Grave ,
My death not well approving.
The Poets my Estate shall have,
To teach the Art of Loving
And now let Lovers ring the Bells,
For the poor Youth departed,
He which all others else excels,

That are not broken-hearted,
 My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow,
 But if thy tears fall near them,
 They'll so excel in scent and show,
 Thy self will shortly wear them:
 Such Flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
 That on a Lover's growing,
 And water'd by hit Mistress eyes,
 With pity overflowing;
 A Grave so deckt will (though thou art
 Yet fearful to come nigh me)
 Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,
 And lie down boldly by me.

Then every where the Bells shall ring,
 While all the black is turning,
 All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
 As Nature self were mourning,
 And we hereafter may be found,
 (By Destinies right placing)
 Making, like Flowers, love under ground,
 Whose Roots are still embracing.

Song 270.

YEs, I could love If I could find
 A Mistress pleasing to my mind,
 Whom neither Pride nor Gold can move,
 To buy her Beauty, sell her Love,
 Goes neat, yet cares not to be fine,
 Who loves me for my self, not mine.
 Not Lady proud, nor City coy,
 But full of freedom, full of joy,
 Not childish young, nor Beldam old,
 Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
 Not gravely wise to guide a State,
 Not vain, as to be pointed at;
 Not rich, nor proud, nor base nor poor,
 Nor chaste, nor no reputed Whore;

When

When such a Lass I shall discover,
Cupid entitle me a Lover.

Song 271.

(rejoice,

YOU Maidens and Wives, and young Widows
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and
with voice,

Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say
There ne'r was such cause for a Thanksgiving day:
For from *London Town*,
There's lately come down
Four able Physicians that never wore Gown,
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,
And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, nor Pill,
(Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill)
Your taste, not your Stomach, need ever displease,
If you'll be advis'd by one of these:

For they have a new Drug,
Which is call'd *The Dose Hug*,
Which will mend your Complexion, and make you
look smug.

A sovereign Balsam which once well apply'd,
Though griev'd at the heart, the Patient n'er dy'd,
In the morning you need not be rob'd of your rest,
For in your warm beds your physick doth best:
And though in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The motions so pleasant you cannot be tir'd
For on your back you must lie,
With your Buttock rais'd high,
And one of those Doctors must always be by,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold all physick doth harm.

Before they do venter to give their direction,
They always consider their Patients complexion,
If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
She requires more Physick than one man can spare.
If she have a long Nose,

The Doctor scarce knows,
 How many good handfuls must go to her Dose.
 You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,
 In reason and conscience should pay double Fees.
 But that we may give these Doctors due praise,
 Who to all sorts of people their favours conveys,
 On the ugly for pity sake skill shall be shown,
 And as for the handfom they'r cur'd by their own,
 On your Silver or Gold,
 They never laid hold,
 For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold.
 Then join with those Doctors and heartily pray,
 Their power of Healing may never decay.

Catch. or Song 272.

Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man,
 Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man was he,
 So long he was a glad man, a glad man,
 So long he was a glad man, a glad man was he,
 Till Caesar from Pharsalia, routed his Batalia,
 'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he,
 Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
 And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 273.

OH Ann quoth he, well Thomas quoth she,
 What wouldst thou say unto me?
 I love thee quoth he, dost love me quoth she,
 Chime the more beholding to thee.
 To bed then quoth he, no Thomas quoth she,
 Not till the Parson hath said all unto me,
 I'z bump thee quoth he, wo't bump me quoth she,
 Chime the more beholding to thee.
 How lik'st it quoth he, well, Thomas quoth she,
 So thou com'st but once more unto me,
 That I will quoth he, sayst thou so quoth she,
 Chime to more beholding to thee.

Song 274.

Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, lay thy leg o're me.
 Thou be'st a bonny Lass, fain would I mow thee,
 Fain would I mow thee, and thou would'st let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
 Out away Jonny Lad, I'se am a Virgin,
 There is no hope to get a Pergin,
 For to get Pergin, I dare not let thee,
 Out away Jonny lad, I'se mun forget thee.
 Thou be'st young, so is I, let us be doing,
 There is no better thing than to be mowing,
 Than to be mowing, and thou would'st let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
 Why dost thou whimper, thou know'st my mind f,
 Would mother suffer me, I would be kind fo,
 I would be kind fo, and she would let me,
Bonny lad, Jonny lad, I'se ne're forget thee.

Song 275.

I Went to the Ale-house as an honest woman shoo'd,
 And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves
 Knaves will be knaves in every degree, (wo'd,
 I'll tell you by and by, how this Knave serv'd me.
 I call'd for my Pot as an honest woman shoo'd,
 And the Knave drank it up, as you know Knaves;
Knaves will be Knaves, &c. (wo'd.
 I went into my bed as an honest woman shoo'd,
 And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves;
Knaves will be Knaves, &c. (wo'd
 I prov'd with Child as an honest woman shoo'd,
 And the Knave run away, as you know Knaves.
 Knaves will be Knaves in every degree, (wo'd
 And thus have I told you how this Knave serv'd me.

Song 276.

HAng fear, cast away care,
 The Pariah is bound to find us,

Thou and I,
 And all must die,
 And leave this world behind us;
 The Bells shall ring,
 The Clerk shall sing,
 And the good old wife shall wind us,
 And *John* shall lay,
 Our Bones in Clay,
 Where the Devil n'er shall find us.

Song 277.

Nay prethee do not fly me,
 But sit thee down by me,
 For I cannot endure
 The man that s demure.

A pox on your Worships and Sirs:
 For your Congies and Trips,
 With your Legs and your Lips,
 Your Madams and Lords,
 With such finical words,
 The Complement you bring,
 That doth spell nothing.

You may keep for the change and the Furs,
 For at the beginning was neither Peasant nor Prince
 And who, the Devil made the distinction since:

Those Titles of Honours,
 Do remain in the Donors,
 And not in the thing,
 To which they do cling,

If his soul be too narrow that wears them;
 No delight can I see,
 In the Thing call'd Degree,
 Honest *Dick* sounds as well,
 As a name with an L,
 That with Titles do swell.
 And hums like a Bell,

To affright mortal ears that do hear 'um:

He

He that wears a brave soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.

Why should we then dote on,
One with a fools Coat on,
Whose Coffers are cram'd,
Yet he will be damn'd

E're he'll do a good act or a wise one.
What reason hath he,
To be Ruler o're me,
Who is Lord o're his Chest,
But his head and his breast,
Are but empty and bare,
And puffed up with air,
And can neither assist, nor advise one.

Honours but air, and proud Flesh but dust is,
Tis the Commons makes Lords, as the Clerk makes

But since it must be, (the Justice,
Of a different degree,
'Cause some aspire
To be greater and higher,

Then the rest of our Fellows and Brothers;

He that hath such a Spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Country's good,
And make himself fit,
By his Valour and Wit,

For things above the reach of all others:

Honour's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me,
Be but quiet and free,
I'll drink Sack and obey,

Let the great ones sway,
That spend their whole time in thinking,
I'll not busie my Pate,

With the Matters of State,
 The News-books I'll burn all,
 And with the Diurnal
 Light Tobacco, and admit,
 They are so far fit,
 To serve good Company and Drinking;
 All the name I desire, is any honest good fellow,
 For that man has no worth that won't sometimes
 be mellow.

Song 278.

VVhy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vow to be?

Lady, it is already morn.

And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
 That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,

A tedious twelve hours space?

I must all other Beauties wrong.

And rob thee of a new embrace,

Should I still dote upon thy Face?

Not but that all Joys in thy brown hair,

By others may be found,

But I must search the black, and fair,

Like skilful Mineralists that sound,

For Treasures in a plow'd-up ground,

Then if when I have lov'd my round,

Thou prov'st the pleasant she,

With spoil of other Beauties crown'd,

I laden will return to thee,

Even sated with variety.

Song 279.

THe May-po'e is up.

Now give me the Cup,

I'll drink to the Garlands around it;

But first unto those,

Whose

Whose hands did compose,
 The glory of Flowers that crown'd it;
 A Health to my Girls,
 Whose Husbands may Earls
 Or Lords be, granting my wishes;
 And whence they shall wed
 To the Bridal-bed,
 Then multiply all to Fishes.

Song 230

Farewel fond Love, under whose Childish whip,
 I have serv'd out a weary Prentiship;
 Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
 To dote on those that love not, and to fly
 Love that woo'd thee; go bane of my content,
 And practice on some other patient.
 Farewel fond hopes that fan'd my warm desire,
 Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
 Which no sigh could, nor tears extinguish can,
 Although my eyes out-flow the Ocean.
 Forth from my thoughts for ever, thing of Air,
 Begun in error, finish'd in despair,
 Farewel false world, upon whose restless stage,
 Twixt love and hope, I have fool'd out an Age.
 E're I will seek to thee for my redress,
 I'll woo the wind, and court the wilderness,
 And bury'd from the days discovery,
 Find out some flow, but certain way to die.
 My woful monument shall be my Cell,
 The murmurs of the purling Brooks my Knell,
 And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall grone
 Eternally, if any ask that stone,
 What wretched thing doth in that compass lie?
 The hollow Echo shall reply, 'tis I, 'tis I,
 The hollow Echo shall reply, 'tis I.

Song 231.

Go with thy Staff the Sea divide,
 And with thy Whistle stop the Tide.

Catch

Catch the wild winds fast in thy fist,
 And let them blow but when thou list,
 Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
 And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,
 Then sore more high and fetch me down
 Fair *Ariadne's* starry Crown,
 So that with it I may wear
 Some of *Berenices's* Hair,
 Make *Mars* and *Saturn's* aspect mild,
 And get the Virgin Star with Child,
 But if thou hast a daring Soul,
 Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
 All this thou mayst long e're thou can
 A Woman find, a woman find that's true to Man;
 For womens hearts take new desires,
 Far sooner than the Powder fires,
 Their flashes are more violent
 Than those flames, and sooner spent,
 Like Torrents womens loves rise high,
 Make a noise, decrease and die,
 Then let no wiseman think it strange,
 That women are so apt to change.
 No Creature underneath the Sun,
 Bears such relation to the Moon,
 He then that for their love is sick,
 Is worse than they, is worse than they, he's lunatick.

Song 282.

With more than Jewish Reverence, as yet,
 Do I the sacred name conceal;
 When ye kind Stars, Ah! when will it be fit,
 This gentle Mystery to reveal,
 When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
 That Christning as a Badge of Happiness.

So bold as yet no Verse of mine has been,
 To wear that Gem on any line,

Nor till that happy Nuptial Muse be seen,
 Shall any Stanzy with it shine.
 Rest, Mighty name, till then; for thou must be,
 Laid down by her, e're taken up by me.

Then all the Fields, and Woods shall with it ring;
 The Ecchoes burden it shall be;
 Then all the Birds in several notes shall sing,
 And all the Rivers murmur thee,
 Then every wind the sound shall upwards bears,
 And softly whisper'd in some Angels ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread
 Thick as the Flowers in Meadows lie,
 And when in future time they shall be read,
 (As thine, I think, they will not die,)
 If any Critick doubt that they be mine,
 Men by that stamp shall quickly know the Coyn.

Mean while I will not dare to make a Name,
 So good to represent thee by:
Adam (Gods *Nomenclator*) could not frame
 One, that enough should signifie.
Astræa or *Calia*, as unfit would prove,
 For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity, *Jove*:

Song 283.

Love, Fare thee well,
 Since no man Love dwell
 In her, that in hatred doth all excel:
 All Love is blind,
 But none more unkind,
 Than that which repays love with a proud mind,
 Love that's divine,
 Is not like mine,
 Since she doth laugh, for whom I repine,

Then gentle Love, for Lov's own sake,
 Wound faster that my heart may break.
 My heart's on fire,
 While I do admire,
 Yet you with disdain requite my desire;
 All Love must cease,
 Yet my flames encrease,
 O curst be that pride that murth'rd my peace,
 Nothing can be
 More cruel to me,
 Than thus to dote on your Tyranny.
 Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
 Wound faster than my heart would break.
 Many declare
 What torments there are,
 But none ever felt so much of despair,
 No tongue can tell,
 How high my griefs swell,
 Oh heaven! That so traduc'd me to Hell.
 Ne're was poor heart,
 So pierc'd by a Dart,
 Never less pity, nor greater a smart,
 Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
 Wound faster that my heart may break.

Song 284.

Cupid one when weary grown,
 With Womens Arrants laid him down,
 On a refreshing rose Bed,
 The same sweet Covert harbored
 A Bee, and as she always had
 A quarrel to Loves idle trade,
 Stings the soft Boy: pain and strong fears
 Straight melts him into cries and tears,
 As Wings, and Feet, would let each other,
 Home he hastens to his Mother.
 Then on her knees he hangs his head,

And

And cries, oh Mother, I am dead;
 An ugly Snake, they call a Bee,
 (O see it swells) has murther'd me,
Venus with siniles reply'd, O Sir,
 Does a Bees sting make all this stir ;
 Think what pains attend those Darts,
 Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
 E'en let it smart, may chance that then
 Thou'lt learn more piy towards men,

- Song 285.

AH! what advice can I receive,
 No, satisfie me first;
 For who would Phylick Potions give,
 To one that dies with thirst.
 A little puff of Breath we find
 Small fires can quench and kill ;
 But when they'r great the adverse wind
 Does make them greater still.
 Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
 But straight I'm just the same :
 Alas ! The fate must needs be such
 Of cutting through a flame.

Song 286.

A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar, I'le be,
 There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
 A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,
 A Beggar I'le be, from a Beggar I came,
 If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
 We in the conclusion shall Beggars be all.
*Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,
 And few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.*
 A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
 A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,
 A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,
 A Lister my Aunt, and a Beggar my self ;

In white wheaten straw when their bellies were full
Then I was got between Tinker and Trull.

And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,

For there's none leads a life more jocular than he.

When boys do come to us, and that their intent is,
To follow our calling, we ne're bind them Prentice;
Soon as they come too't, we teach them to doo't,
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.

And he, or she, that Beggars will be,

Without Indentures he shall be made free.

VVe beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens,
VVe feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no men slayers,

VVe have no Religion, yet live by our prayers.

But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purfes,

VVe charge and give fire, with a volley of Curses.

The Devil confound your good Worship we cry,

And such a bold brazen-face'd Beggar am I.

VVe do things in season, and have so much reason,

VVe raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason,

VVe bill at our Mates, at very low Rates,

VVhilst some keep their quarters as high as th' Gates

VVith *Shinkin ap Morgan*, with Blue Cap or Teague,

VVe into no Covenant enter, nor League.

And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,

For none lives a life more merry than he.

For such petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,

VVe are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,

But sometimes the whip, doth make us to skip,

And then we from Tything, to Tything do trip,

For when in a poor bouzing ken we do bibe it,

VVe stand more in dread of the stock than the

Gibbet.

And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,

For when it is night in the Barn tumbles he.

VVe

VVe throw down no Altar, nor ever do falter,
 So much as to change a gold Chain for a Halter,
 Though some men do flout us, and others do doubt
 VVe commonly bear forty pieces about us, (us,
 But many good Fellows are fine and look fiercer,
 That owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mer-
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet, (cer.
I fear not the Compter, Kings-Bench, nor the Fleet.
 Sometimes I do frame my self to be lame,
 And when a Coach comes I hop to my Game,
 We seldom miscarry, or ever marry,
 By the Gown, Common-prayer, or Cloak Directory;
 But Simon and Susan like Birds of a Feather,
 They kiss and they laugh, and so lie down together.
Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangle they lie,
Till there they beget such a bold Regue as I.

Song 287.

I Dream'd we both were in a Bed
 Of Roses, almost smothered,
 But when I heard thy sweet breath say,
 Faults done by night vwill blush by day,
 I kiss thee (panting and I call)
 The night to record, that vvas all ;
 But ah ! if empty Dreams so please,
 Love give me more such nights as these.

Song 288.

G O treacherous hopes, by vvhose uncertain fire,
 I cherish my tyrannical desire ;
 Love is more uncertain Guest than Care,
 And my Fate's such,
 That vwill cost as much,
 To love as to despair.
 'Tis true our lives are but a long disease,
 Made up vvith real care, and seeming ease,
 Ye Gods that such uncertain favours give,

Oh

Oh tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
And such a task to live.

Song 289.

Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many men have performed fights.
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, who fought for Ladies sake?
Read old Stories, and you shall plainly see
How *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon flee.

St. George he was for England,

St. Denis was for France,

Sing bony fait qui mali pense.

To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excel;
Hannibal and *Scipio* they many a Field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Remus* were those that *Rome* did build,
But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd.

St. George, &c.

Jephthah and *Gideon* they lead their men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Amonites*, they put them all to flight,

Hercules's Valour was in the Vale of *Basse*,

And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of
an Ass,

And when he was blind pull'd the Temple to the
ground,

But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon did confound.

St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orsen* they came of *Pepins* blood,

Alfrid and *Aldricus* they were brave Knights and
good,

The four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charles*—
Sir Hugh de Bourdeaux and *Godfry de Bullaign*,

These were all French Knights, the Pagans did con-
vert, — But

But St. George, St. George, pull'd out the Dragons
St. George, &c. (heart,

Henry the Fifth he conquered all France,

He quartered their Armies his honour to advance,
He raced their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garnish'd his land with a double triple crown
He thumped the French, and after home he came,
But St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon tame.

St. George, &c.

St. David you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheefe
And Jason was the man brought home the golden
Fleece,

And Patrick you know he was St. George's Poy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
away,

For which knavish act a slave he doth remain,

But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath slain.

St. George, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperour in Iron-Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town,
Scanderberg magnanimous Mahomet's Bashaw did
dread, (dead,

Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was
His Beglerbegg, his Corn-like dregs, Geo. Castriot he
was call'd,

But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath maul'd.

St. George, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar, he came of Persia's Race,

The Great Mogul, with his Chefts so full of Cloves
and Mace,

The Grecian youth Bucephalus, he madly did bestride

But these with their Worthies Nine, St. George did
them deride,

Gustavus Adolphus was Swedelands warlike King,

But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the Dragons
Sting.

St. George, &c.

Pendragon

Pendragon and *Cadwalladar* of British blood do boast
Though *John* of *Gaunt* his foes did daunt, *St. George*
shall rule the roast,

Agamemnon and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats,
But compar'd to our Champion they are but meer-
ly Cheats,

Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* Fights their bran-
dish Swords out drew,

But *St. George* met the Dragon, and ran him thro'
and through,

St. George, &c.

Bidia the *Amazon*, *Porteus* overthrew,

As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen*, or *Few*,

The Potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his Bed,

In came wise *Judith*, and subtly stole his Head ;

Brave *Cyclops* stout with *Jove* he fought, although
he show'd down Thunder,

But *St. George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not that
a wonder ?

St. George, &c.

Mark Anthony I'll warrant you, plaid feats with
Egypt's Queen,

Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was ne-
ver seen,

Grim *Grgons* might was known in fight,

Old *Bevis* most men-frighted,

The *Myrmidons* and *Prestor Johns*, why were not
these men Knighted,

Brave *Spinola* took *Bredab*, *Nassaw* did it recover ;

But *St. George* met the Dragon, and turn'd him
o're and o'er,

St. George he was for *England*,

St. Denis was for *France*,

Sing bony soit qui mali pense.

Song 290.

With much of pains, and all the Art I knew,
 Have I endeavour'd hitherto,
 To hide my Love, and yet all will not do.

The World perceives it, and it may be, she;
 Though so discreet, and good she be,
 By hiding it to teach that skill to me.

Men without Love, have oft so cunning grown,
 That something like it they have shown,
 But none who had it, ever seem'd t'have none,

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
 Can no Arts, or disguises find,
 But thinks none sees it, cause it self is blind.

The very eye betrays the inward smart,
 Love of himself left there a part;
 When through it, he pass'd into the Heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
 But keep the secret wisely, yet,
 Like Drunkenness, into the Tongue 'twill get.

Song 291.

Swift as the feet of *Leda*, I
 Will to *Olimpus* flowred bosom flie,
 And there lie quaffing in mortality,
 Who tastes such sweets, whose hearts can never die,
 The *Cyprus* Queens not half so fair,
 Beauty her self can't with my Love compare,
 She doth impale all things the Gods count rare,
 Come view with her what sublunary dare?
 Her Neck's a Town of Snow, her Head
 A rosie Globe with curling Amber spread,
 Whose darts are able to amaze the dead,

And

And make them leap from their cold shady Bed.

When she first opes her cas'd Eyes, (Skies;
You'd swear two Suns at once broke through the
Or that they were bright Lamps of Paradise,
The sawcy Gazer on those splendor dies.

Her Ivory Brows a Thrown erect,
To arbitrate betwixt each Lovers Sect.
Her Footstool with Majestick Arch is deckt,
It frowns to death Loves wanton Heretick.

Descending hence a little grows
A lovely Gnomon, rustick call'd the Nose.
Each side two blushing Hemispheres disclose,
Where th' Lilly's youthful Bridal with the Rose.

Her Lips like Gates of Rubies show,
And opens where two sets of Pearl doth grow,
In Coral Sockets, bending like a Bow,
Whose worth the Lapidaries do not know,

Hence breaks a voice such Harmony,
Is able to transform a Diety,
And cause the dead to live, the living die,
Orpheus and *Amphion* at it mute doth lie.

Have you not seen at Sacrifices,
How chaffed Incense with brew'd Spikenard rises,
In Clouds of Perfumes, or in flaming Spices,
Just so her breath my senses each surprises.

But on her breast two Hills advance,
Would cost a Pilgrim an eternal Traite;
On this the Nymphs, on that the Graces dance,
Here *Cupid* lays his Bow, there *Mars* his Lance,
Beneath this Vale's Plain reveal'd,
Eden it self no such delight doth yield,
Where the bold Champion, though his back were
steelt,

Sounds a Retreat, but vanquish't quits the field,

O stay *Olympia*, I have not done,
These Plains I wander are *Elysium*.

Oh let me herein blest for ever come,
Whilst in a babe we met, *Olympia* come.

This is the Theatre of Love,
In this sweet Lab'rinth let me endless rove,
And like the Orb about the Center move.
So I'll change my Sense to be a Jove.

Song 292.

Come will you hear a merry Jest,
That of a truth of late was play'd,
The story to you I'll relate,

Between the Mistress and the Maid.
Not far from hence a Lavvyer dwelt,
Which had a neat and handsome Wife;
This Lavvyer he vvas struck in years,
But yet he lov'd her as his Life.

This Lavvyer had a handsome Clark,
That for his Master us'd to vwrite,
On him his Mistress often vwould,
Cast many an amorous sight.

Like *Adonis* that spruce Youth,
Was bashful vwhen fair *Venus* smil'd,
It seem'd in him but covvardize,
To shevv himself so like a Child.

Had Warlike *Mars* been present there,
He'd not have dallied vwith Loves Queen,
But straight the Fort he vwould have scal'd,
And Master of the same have been.

But time doth matters bring about,
Young things you knowv delight to play;
And Love hath many Stratagem,
(Though ne're so close) to find the vvay.

As Fortune smil'd, the Lavvyer had
Occasion out of Tovvn to ride;
To have her opportunity,

This vvitty Wife her senses try'd:
This Mistress had a Waiting-maid,

As many other Maidens be ;
 Betwixt them both a Plot they laid,
 And now hear how they did agree.
 The Mistres sitting by the fire,
 The Man and Maid then standing by,
 Quoth winking *Moll*, here's *John* our Clark,
 I think he hath adocity.
 You are deceiv'd the Mistres said,
 The still Sow all the Draught doth eat,
 I'll warrant you let *John* alone,
 For he knows how to do the Feat.
 'Tis very like then answered *Moll*,
 A Wager with you I will lay,
 Were he in bed between us both,
 That still all night he would not lie :
 I do believe it to be true,
 The Mistres unto *John* did say,
 I am afraid to lie alone,
 A Wager with you I will lay,
 And you shall lie between us both,
 But if that you uncivil be,
 Forty Shillings you shall pay,
 Next morning gentle *John* to me.
 'Tis done, sweet Mistres, then said *John*,
 And so to bed this Couple went,
 But he thinks of a cunning Trick,
 His Mistres Plot for to prevent.
 Straight to his Thigh his Nag he ty'd,
 With a Silk Garter presently,
 Quoth he revenge on thee I'll take,
 If that thou wilt not quiet lie.
 Stripping himself to bed he went,
 And down betwixt them both he lay,
 But *Moll* she slipt the running Knot,
 And so poor *John* she did betray,
 The Spirits move him to the quick,

His

His Nag being at liberty,
Then he began for to grow bold,
And on his Mistress face did fly.
Resting a while, he at the Maid,
Like to a Dragon straight he rusht,
Quoth he, revenge on thee I'll take,
But still she bad him do his worst.
This night poor *John* had little rest,
For he had work enough to do,
One Woman it is hard to please,
Yet he was forc't to please the Two.
Next morning did his Mistress rise,
What Woman can believe a Man?
You were uncivil all the night,
The Wagers lost say what you can.
Not so, sweet Mistress, then said *John*,
Your words I utterly despise,
But when my Master doth come home,
He shall be judge 'twixt you, and I.
Nay, *John* I hope you'll be more wise,
Than once to let your Master know,
Nay, by my Troth, then answered *John*,
I do intend it shall be so.
Next morning came his Master home,
To wait at Table was his Task;
Now good Sir, may I be so bold,
Only one question now to ask?
A Man of late a Nag ty'd fast,
Hard by the Corn, where it did grow,
The party that did own the Corn,
Unty'd the Rope, and let him go.
This Nag being left at Liberty,
Upon the Corn then he did graze,
And who can blame the Nag for this,
He did his kind, although he strays.
Now who the Treasures did commit,

Resolve me Sir, I do you pray.
 That party that did owe the Corn,
 The Lawyer unto him did say,
 Lo Mistres, I've your wager won,
 A Crimson blush her Cheeks belpread,
 Although the Wager I have lost, -
 It doth not grieve me much, she said.
 And thus all parties were agreed.
 But little did the Lawyer think, ;
 The crafty Cat could catch a Mouse,
 When that she did but seem to wink.

Song 293.

VVhen I go to revel in the night,
 The *Brewers* Dog my brains did bite,
 My head's too heavy, and my heels too light.

And I like my humour well, well,

And I like my humour well.

VVith *ipse* 'ke I live my Head,
 My Hostess Cellar is my bed,
 The vWorld's our own when the Devil's dead,

And I like, &c.

Then I fall to talking of the Court,
 Or of the taking of some Fort,
 And I swear a lye for a true report.

And I like, &c.

Then from the War I came, I swear
How I made a Fellow die for fear;
 And how many I kill'd that I never came near.

And I like, &c.

If mine Hostess bids me pay the score,
 I'll stand if I can and call her Whore,
 Or stumble and reel out of the Door.

And I like, &c.

The Cape of my Cloak hangs all on one side,
 My Hat-band is lost, and my Hose are unty'd,
 My Heels on the ground begin for to slide.

And I like, &c.

Then

Then juffle with every poft I meet,
I kick the Dunghils about the Street,
I trample the kennels under my feet.

And I like, &c.

The Conftable then I curfe and ban,
He bids me ftand if I am a man;
I tell him he bids me do more than I can.

And I like, &c.

If I fall to the ground the Watchmen fee,
They ask me if I foxed be?
I tell them it is my humility.

And I like, &c.

If I chance to juffle with a Taylors Stall,
My Noſe to the ground doth catch a fall,
VVe kiſs and be friends, and ſo we part all.

And I like, &c.

VVhen I come home my VVife doth ſcold,
It is my patience makes her bold.
She'll rale the more I bid her hold.

And I like, &c.

VVhen I go to bed I looſe my way,
Forgetting where my Cloaths I lay,
And call to drink before it be day.

And I like my humour well, well,

And I like my humour well.

Song 294.

SHall I woo thee lovely Molly,
She's ſo fair, ſo fat, ſo jolly,
But ſhe has a trick of Folly.

Therefore I'll have none of Molly, no, no, no, no, no.

I'll have none of Molly, no, no, no.

Oh the cherry Lips of Nelly,
They are red and ſoft as jelly,
But too well ſhe loves her belly,

Therefore I'll, &c.

What ſay you to bonny Betty,

Have you seen a Lafs so pretty,
But her body is so swetty.

Therefore I'le, &c.

When I dally with my *Dolly*,
She is full of Melancholly,
Oh that Wench is pestilent holy.

Therefore I'le, &c.

I could fancy lovely *Nanny*,
But she has the Love of many,
Yet her self she loves not any.

Therefore I'le, &c.

In a Flax-shop I spy'd *Rachel*,
Where she Tow and Flax did hatchel,
But her Cheeks hung like a Satchel.

Therefore I'le, &c.

In a Corner I met *Biddy*,
Her Heels were light, her Head was giddy,
But she fell down and somevvhath did I.

Therefore I'le, &c.

Song 295.

THere vvas a Puritan Cat,
Was looking for her Prey,
Being in the House,
She kill'd a Mouse,

Upon the Sabbath-Day,

Her Master being moved,

At such a Deed prophane,

Being at his Book,

The Cat he took,

And ty'd her in a Chain,

Thou vvicked damned Creature,

Thou blood-sucker (said he.)

Enough to throw,

To Hell below,

My holy House and me.

But

But be thou vvell assured,
 Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
 For spilling of
 The Mouses blood,
 Upon the Sabbath-Day.
 Oh then he took his Bible-book,
 And earnestly he pray'd,
 That the great Sin,
 The Cat was in,
 Might not on him be laid.
 So then to Execution,
 Poor Puffee, she vvas dravvn,
 Where on a Tree,
 There hanged she,
 And left her Life in pawn,
 For since the Act of Puritans,
 Since they did bear such svay,
 You murther must,
 Nor Mouse, nor Louse,
 Upon the Sabbath-Day.

Song 296.

Speak *Chloris*, if thou canst not Love,
 Or if I am not he,
 That can in thee such passion move,
 Speak then, and set me free;
 I hate to Court and keep a pother,
 To make you game some for another.
 These ten days past, that I have lain,
 Before thy Lips and Eyes,
 Hath been long time enough to gain
 A far more glorious Prize,
 But I'm content you make your boast,
 That I my time, and you be lost.

Song 297.

IF the Season proves unkind,
 The Bees vwill yield no Hony,

And if you lie with me too night,
 You must give me your Money
 And under the Moss the Mine grows,
 And under the Mine the Money,
 And under the waste,
 The belly is plac'd,
 And under that
 I know not what,
 But I think they do call it a --- Coney.

Song 297.

VVhen *Aurelia* first I courted,
 She had youth and beauty too,
 Killing pleasures when she sported,
 And her Charms were ever new;
 Conquering Time doth now deceive her,
 VVhich her glories did uphold,
 All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
 Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.
 The airy Spirits which invited,
 Are retir'd, and move no more,
 And those eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore.
 Want of these abate her merits,
 Yet I've passion for her name
 Only kind and am'rous Spirits,
 Kindle and maintain a flame.

Song 298.

A Lover I'm born, and a Lover I'll be,
 And I hope from my Love I shall never be free,
 Let Wisdom abound in the Grave Woman-hater,
 Yet never to love is a sign for ill-nature.
 But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
 Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.
 With hopes and with fears, like a ship in the Ocean,
 Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion,
 When our passions are pal'd, and our fancies would
 fail, Then

Then some little fresh quarrel supplies a fresh gale,
But when the doubt clear'd, and the jealousy's gone,
How we kiss and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 299.

WE'll call for our Barge, and to *Lambeth* we'll row,
The Fishes our Foot-men shall be,
The Swans that now silently swim to and fro,
Shall die with their fighting to thee,
We'll row, and we'll rest, we'll smile, and we'll kiss,
And *Neptune* himself, shall envy our bliss.
Our drink shall be that which the Gods do delight
But *Nectar* beyond any there's, (in,
Our Servants shall tippie Canary, till fighting,
Who shall pledge thee, and thine Heirs,
See! each hath already his Cup to the brim,
And all our Attendants in Liquor shall swim.

Song 300.

ON the bank of a Brook, as I late fishing,
Hid on the Ozers that grew on the side,
Jover-heard a Nymph, and Shepherd wishing;
No time nor fortune, their loves might divide,
To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offer'd a vow,
That they wou'd love her, as they lov'd now.
Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh't, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd between Lovers alone.
Love must be secret as Phairy Treasure,
When once discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone,
For envy and jealousy, where they do stay,
Oh, it will soon at last make a decay.
Then let us leave the World, and Care behind us,
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand,
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some far Desert, we'll seek a new Land,
And live from Envy, and Jealousie free,
And a whole World to teach other we'll be.

Song 302.

I Always resolv'd to be free from the Charms,
 That Love with its subtilty e're could invent,
 I kick'd at his Deity, scorn'd at those harms,
 That he could inflict to abridge my content,
 But now I do find,
 Though the God he be blind,
 The mark he has hit, and has changed my mind,
 Though a God thought he be,
 Yet his Manhood I see,
 For with one poor shaft he hath conquered me.
 I likewise before such beauties did see,
 With Charms on their Tongues, and Darts in
 there Eyes,
 Who strove by their wiles to intoxicate me,
 But never till now my heart could surprize,
 Yet now do I see,
 That a slave I must be,
 To that which before was a Servant to me;
 For the angry Gods Dart,
 Hath so pierced my heart,
 No Balm that's apply'd but increaseth my smart,
 And thus being plung'd in this love in a maze,
 This place is a Labyrinth where I reside,
 Whose windings and turnings have so many ways,
 That none can get out unless by a Guide.
 And my Guide's so coy,
 Though my Soul I employ,
 To lie at her feet yet my hopes she'l destroy,
 But much rather than I,
 Will keep parly with her Eye,
 To add to my Bonds, I'm resolv'd to die.

Song 303.

WHere ever I am, and what ever I do,
 My *Phillis* is still in my mind,
 When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find.

Unknown

Unknown to my self, I am just at the Door,
 And when I would rail I can bring out no more.
Than Phillis too fair and unkind,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.
 When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
 And the love I would stifle is shown,
 Asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone,
 Sometimes a sweet dream does delude my sad mind,
 But when I awake. no *Phillis* I find,
How I sigh to my self all alone,
How I sigh, &c.
 Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his treasure in vain;
 Oh! let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again;
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I would to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no, &c.
 Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own pow'r,
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour,
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis* though false and unkind.
Than ever be freed from her pow'r,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

Song 304.

Since you needs will my heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess
 The faults to which 'tis given,
 It is to change much more inclin'd,
 Than Women, or the Sea, or Wind,
 Or ought that's under Heaven.
 Nor will I hide from you this truth,

It hath been from its very youth,
 A most egregious Ranger,
 And since from me it often fled,
 With whom it was both born, and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.
 The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
 Which made me often think 'twas mad,
 With one kind look would win it,
 So naturally it loves to range,
 That it hath left success for change,
 And what's worse, glories in it.
 Often when I am laid to rest,
 I makes me act like one possest,
 For still 'will make a pother,
 And though 'tis you I most esteem,
 Yet it will make me in a Dream,
 Court and enjoy another.
 And now if you are not afraid,
 After these truths which I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover,
 Be not displeas'd, if I protest,
 I think that heart within your breast,
 Will prove just such another.

Song 304.

Tis Liberty alone I crave,
 I am so airy minded,
 Restraint to me is like a Grave,
 I hate to be confined;
 Until Death doth me arrest,
 And says I must be going,
 Yet I will drink and sing,
 Till I feel its sting,
 For I fear no undoing.
 Then let us ne're our selves deny,
 That which is call'd a pleasure,
 Wine, and Women, still I cry,

On Earth's the only Treasure
 We poor mortals can enjoy,
 While we stand stiffly to 'em,
 For, for half a Crown,
 I'll have black or brown,
 And ne're spend time to woo 'em.
 He that doth mispend the day,
 To court a Thing call'd Woman,
 Is a mad man you will say,
 Now they are grown so common;
 They, poor Souls, we cannot blame,
 Since for their recreation,
 The veriest Fact,
 Which they sometimes act,
 Is but Predestination.

Song 305.

Green was the Garden, and pleasant the walk,
 The Fruit-trees all bending their heads,
 When *Damon* and I, did privately talk
 Of our Loves; and thus he proceeds,
 My fair one, quoth he, be not cruel,
 Denials augment by my wo,
 And then began,
 To bear up like a man.

But was quasht with a No, no, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Recruiting himself, he renew'd the discourse,
 No Listners were by but the Birds,
 He zealously did the main argument force,
 And often repeated his words,
 Oh! *Phyllis* denials will kill me,
 My Dearest ne're answer me so,
 And then with his hand,
 He thought to command,

But was quasht, &c.

I modestly blusht, and left him alone,

But

But was by him straight overtook,
 Quoth he my delight is utterly flown,
 When once I by you am forsook ;
 My love to you, fairest, is real,
 Then be you no longer my Foe,
 Let each others bliss,
 Be seal'd with a kiss.

*But I answer'd him No, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.*

Song 306.

I Pass all the night in a shady old Grove,
 But I live not the day that I see not my Love,
 I survey ev'ry walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
 And sigh when I think we were there all alone.

*O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there's no Hell,
 Like loving, like loving too well.*

But each Grove, and each conscious bank when I find,
 Where I once was happy, and she hath been kind,
 And spy where her print in the green doth remain,
 And imagine the pleasures may yet come again.

*O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no joys above,
 Like the pleasures, like the pleasures of Love.*

But while I repeat to my self all her Charms,
 She I love may be lookt in another mans arms,
 She may laugh at my cares, and so false may she be,
 To say all the kind things, she before said to me.

*O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think there's no Hell,
 Like loving, like loving too well.*

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
 Such innocent passion so kind without Art,
 I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be,
 So full of true Love, to be jealous of me.

*O then 'tis, O then 'tis, I think no joys above,
 Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.*

Song

Song 308.

ALL the flatt'ries of fate,
 And the pleasures of state,
 Are nothing so sweet, as what Love do's create,
 If this you deny,
 This time I should die,
 Kind Death's a reprieve if you threaten to hate;
 In some close shady grove,
 Will I wander and rove
 With the Nightingale and disconsolate Dove,
 With down-hanging wing,
 I will mournfully sing,
 The tragick Events of unfortunate Love,
 With our plants we'll conspire,
 To heighten Loves fire,
 Still vanquishing life, till at length we'll expire,
 And when I am dead,
 In a cold leafie Bed,
 Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.

Song 309.

I'Le go to my Love where he lies in the deep,
 And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep,
 When we awake the kind Dolphins together shall
 throng,
 And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.
 The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
 All mixed with Coral a Crown to compose, (bliss,
 Though the Sea-nymphs do spite us, and envy our
 We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.
 For my Love lies now in his watry Grave,
 And hath nothing to show for his Tomb but a wave,
 I'll kiss his dear Lips than the Coral more red,
 That grows where he lies in his watry bed.
*Ab, ab, ab, my Love's dead,
 There was not a Bell,
 But a Tritons Shell,
 To ring, to ring out his Knell.*

Song 309.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen,
 Oh things beyond compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found,
 In any place in English ground,
 Be it at Wake, or Fair.
 At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way,
 Where we thou know'st do sell our Hay,
 There is a House with Stairs;
 And there did I see coming down,
 Such Folks as are not in our Town,
 Vorty at least in Pairs.
 Among the rest one peest'lent fine,
 (His Beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest;
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him.
 The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him
 Should he go still so drest.
 At Course-a-park without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out,
 By all the Maids 'th' Town;
 Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
 Or little *George* upon the Green,
 Or *Vincent* of the Crown.
 But wot you what? the Youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The Parson for him staid:
 Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
 He did not so much with all past,
 (Perchance) as did the Maid.
 The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
 For such a Maid no *Whitson-Ale*
 Could ever yet produce;
 No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so sweet as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on, which he did bring,

It was too wide a peck :

And to say truth (for out it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)

About our young Colts neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat ,
Like little Mice stole in and out,

As if they fear'd the light :

But *Dick* she dances such a way,
No Sun upon an *Easter-day*

Is half so fine a sight ;

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was nice,

She would not do't in sight ;

And then she lookt, as who should say,
I will do what I list to day,

And you shall do't at night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white were on,
No Dazy makes comparison ,

(Who sees them is undone :)

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a *Katherine-Pear*,

The side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly)

But *Dick* her Eyes so guard her Face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she doth speak,
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get,

But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,

And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The Parson's self had guilty been,
 (She look'd that day most purely)
And did the youth so of the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.
Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that should be thought upon,
 I trow besides the Bride,
The business of the Kitchin's great ,
For it is fit that men should eat ,
 Nor was it there deny'd,
Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice,
 His Summons did obey,
Each Serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our Train'd-band,
 Presented and away.
When all the Meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth was able
 To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
 The Company was seated.
Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse (
Healts first go round, and then the House,
 The Brides come thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
 (And who can help it *Dick* ?)
O'th sudden up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance,
 Then Dance again and kifs ;
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every Woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By

By this time all were stoln aside,
 To counsel, and undress the Bride,
 But that he must not know ;
 But 'twas thought he guest her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind,
 Above an hour or so.
 When in he came (*Dirk*) there she lay,
 Like new-faln Snow melting away,
 ('Twas time I trow to part)
 Kisses were now the only stay,
 Which soon he gave, as who should say,
 'God-by'w'y' with all my heart.
 But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
 In came the Bride-maids with the Posset,
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;
 For had he left the Women to't,
 It would have cost two hours to do't,
 Which were too much that night.
 At length the Candles out, and now
 All that they had not done they do,
 What that is, you can tell ;
 But I believe it was no more,
 Than thou and I have done before,
 With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

Song 311.

Come hither young Sinner ;
 Thou raw young beginner,
 I'll shew if thou canst understand me,
 All the ways of a Wench,
 Be she *English* or *French*,
 More than *Ovid de arte Amandi*.
 I'll teach thee to know,
 Both the who, and the how,
 And the when, and the where to delight,
 If she simper or Saint it,
 Or patch it, or paint it,

I'll warrant, *ye Boys yet got in love*
 If

If she jogg with her Thighs
 Or twinkle with her Eyes,
 She bids you come on if you like her,
 If without Joys, or Fears
 She can laugh and shed Tears,
 'Tis the only true trick of a Striker.
 If she sighs when she speaks,
 Or doth use many freaks,
 She is deeply in Love, By this Light,
 If you tread on her Toe,
 And she answer thee so,
I warrant, &c.
 She'l smile and she'l frown;
 She'l laugh and lie down,
 At every turn you must tend her;
 She'l peep in her Glass,
 And dispraise her own Face,
 On purpose that you may commend her;
 With Love-tales and Fancies,
 Pickt out of Romances,
 She'l Angle to try if you'll bite;
 If she speak in a passion,
 Or make application,
I warrant, &c.
 If she stand at a distance,
 There is no resistance,
 Her very retreat is a Call,
 She'l so stare in your Eyes,
 Like a Pyrate for a Prize,
 As she would say, *Have at all.*
 She'l shew you her brest,
 To guess at the rest,
 The Fountain of Love, and Delight!
 If she sit in my Lap,
 Beware of a Trap,
I warrant, &c.

She

She'l hit, and she'l miss,
Look coy, and yet kiss,
To try and find out what you are,
One Action shall say,
Pray Sir, *Go your way,*
And another, *Come on if you dare.*
She'l give you a glance,
Like Heaven in a trance,
No Diamond nor Saphir so bright,
If she drink Wine and Burrage,
And kiss with a Courage,
I warrant, &c.

She'l set you more snares,
Than her Tire hath Hairs,
She's subtle and swift in invention;
If you jest, and mean loosely,
Though ne're so reclusely,
She'l shew her quick apprehension:
Her Plots are abounding,
She fits hath of sounding,
If she call on your Name in the fright;
Blind Cupid hath hit her,
And you too may fit her,
I warrant, &c.

When *Noll* stole the Scepter,
She canted in Scripture,
And went to St. *Antholines* Lectures,
But now she doth trade,
Like a right reformed,
And is a decoy to the Hectors;
She'l swear she is free
From all men but thee,
And blush like a Bride the first night,
If she squint through her Hood,
'Tis to heighten thy blood,
I warrant, &c.

Her

Her turns and her windings,
 Are past your out-findings,
 She hath so many changeable tempers ;
 She'l give you a look,
 Like a Virgin forsook,
 With another Command like an Empress ;
 This sign never misses,
 If she squeaks when she kisses,
 And glimmering like Stars in the night ;
 If she give thee a trip,
 With her loose lower Lip,
I'll warrant, &c.

She'l kiss and cry quarter,
 Unloosen her Garter,
 That you may tak't up as a favour,
 When you ty't on again,
 She'l cry, *What d' ye mean ?*
 You're a man of a loose behaviour ;
 Yet thus will she play,
 To direct you the way,
 To the Center and Seat of delight,
 If she's troubled with qualms,
 Or sweat in her Palms,

I'll warrant, &c.

She'l bid you forbear,
 You're uncivil (my Dear)
 She tempts in her very denial ;
 When her Tongue cries *be gone,*
 Her Looks cries *come on ;*
 These Ticklings are only for tryal ;
 When Rams do retreat,
 More courage they get,
 And tilt with a redoubled might ;
 No fight can so move,
 As the Landships of Love.

I'll warrant, &c.

She'l

She'l give you to wear,
 A Bracelet of hair,
 And that as a Fetter she locks on,
 But let me persuade ye,
 One hair of a Lady,
 Shall draw more than ten Team of Oxen.
 Thus have I in brief,
 Told the marks of the Thief,
 That filches Affections by slight,
 But if she prevail,
 Thou'rt a slave in a Goal,
 And Honour will bid thee good-night.

Song 312.

WHat Empire (*Celia*) equal'd mine,
 When I alone reign o're all thine;
 When all thy Glories did as aptly wait
 On my devotions, as my thoughts would ha't?
 When both thy heart and eyes,
 All other Objects did despise,
 And like a sacred Votary did make,
 Me thy dear Saint, and thence thy blessing take.
 Then! in what pride I liv'd, to know that thee,
 Whom our whole world ador'd, was rul'd by me.
 But now like Forainers thine eyes
 Do gaze on all to take a prize.
 Thy beauty too, which center'd upon me,
 Is now diffus'd, and has ubiquity.
 Thy Vows and Tears pass'd by,
 But knew (vain *Celia*) that I,
 Can quietly into my self retire,
 With the danger of a second fire,
 And scorn'd thy parcell'd Love, 'Tis rarely known,
 A Prince admits a Shearer to his Throne.

Song

Song 312.

Now God alone that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth, and all that's in,
 The Ships that in the Sea do swim,
 To keep our Foes from coming in,
 Then every one does what he can,
 All for the good and use of Man.

*And I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leather Bottle.*

Now what d'ye say of Canns of Wood?
 Faith they are nought they cannot be good,
 For when a man for Beer doth send,
 To have them fill'd he doth intend,
 The bearer stumbles by the way,
 And on the ground the beer doth lay,
 Then doth the man begin to ban,
 And swears 'twas long of the wooden Cann,
 But had it been in a Leather-bottel,
 It had not been so, for all had been well,
 And safe therein it would remain,
 Until the man got up again.

And I wish, &c.

What do you say to Glasses fine?
 Faith they shall have no praise of mine,
 For when a man's at Table set,
 And by him several sorts of Meat,
 The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
 Then with your hand remove a Dish,
 Touch but the Glas upon the brim,
 The Glas is broke, and nought left in;
 The Table-Cloth though ne'r so fine,
 Is soil'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine,
 And doubtless for so shall abuse,
 A Servant may his Service loose,

And I wish, &c.

What

What say you to the handled Pot ?
 No praise of mine shall be its lot,
 For when a Man and Wife's at strife,
 As many have been in their life,
 They lay their hands upon it both,
 And break the same, although they'r loath,
 But woe to them shall bear the guilt,
 Between them both the Liquor's spilt,
 For which they shall answer another day,
 Casting so vainly their Liquor away ;
 But if it had been Leather-bottel'd,
 One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
 Both might have tug'd till their hearts shou'd break,
 No harm the Leather-Bottel could take.

Then I wish, &c.

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine ?
 Why saith they shall have no praise of mine,
 For when a Lord for Sack doth send,
 To have them fill'd he doth intend,
 The man with the Flagon runs away,
 And never is seen after that day,
 The Lord begins then to swear and ban,
 For having lost both Flagon, and Man ;
 But had it been either by Page or Groom,
 With a Leather-bottle it had come home.

And I wish, &c.

And when this Pottle is grown old,
 And that it will not longer hold,
 Out, 'th' side you may cut a Clout,
 To mend your shoes when they'r worn out,
 Then hang the rest upon a pin,
 'Twill serve to put odd Trifles in,
 As Rings, and Awls, and Candles ends,
 For young Beginners have such things,

P

And

*And I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
The first that devis'd the Leather-Bottel.*

Song 313.

IF any man doth want a House,
Be he Prince, Baronet, or Squire,
Or Peasant, hardly worth a Louse,
I can fit his desire.
I have a Tenement, the which
I'me sure can fit them all;
'Tis seated near a stinking Ditch,
Some call it *Conny-Hall*.
It stands close by *Conny-Alley*,
At foot of *Belly-Hill*,
This House is freely to be Lett,
To whomsoever will.
For term of Life, or Years, or Days;
I'le Lett this pleasant Bowre,
Nay rather than a Tenant want,
I'le Lett it for an hour.
About it grows a lofty Wood.
Will save you from the Sun,
Well water'd 'tis, for thorow out
A pleasant stream doth run.
If hot, you there may cool your self,
If cool, you there find heat,
For greatest 'tis too little,
For least 'tis not too great.
I must confesse my House is dark,
Be it by night or day,
But when you're once got but therein,
You cannot loose your way.
And when you are in, go boldly on,
As fast as e're you can,
For if you go to the end thereof,
You go where ne're did man.

But

But though my House be deep, and dark,
 'Thas many a Man made merry,
 And in't much Liquor has been spent,
 More precious far than Sherry.
 Thus if you like my *Conny-Hall*,
 Your House-room shall be good,
 For such a temper as you find,
 Burns neither Coal, nor Wood.
 For if it rain, or freeze, or snows
 To speak I dare be bold,
 If you keep your Nose within the Door,
 You ne're shall feel the Cold.
 But I must covenant with him,
 That takes this House of mine,
 Whether it be for term of Life,
 Or else for shorter time,
 See that you dress it twice a day,
 And rub it round about,
 And if you do dislike of this,
 I'll seek a new Tenant out.

Song 314.

NOW the weather is warm,
 There's no catching of harm,
 And I am resolved to venture,
 I'll go get me a Wife,
 She shall lead such a life,
 She shall never have cause to repent her,
 All night in my arms,
 I will keep her from harms,
 And thus with my Charms will I win her.
 In the Morn e're we're up,
 Chocolate a quart Cup,
 We both will drink off before dinner,
 And after-Noon-tide,
 Both I and my Bride,

To Tavern we'll ride, and so brave it,
 With Fiddlers a Score,
 Twelve dishes and more,
 We ne're shall be poor while we have it ;
 Before it be dark
 To a Play, or Hide-park,
 And home by Spring-Garden we rattle,
 Whilst our Neighbours with Wine,
 Do tipple like Swine,
 And their Wives are as drunk with their prattle.
 When our Children are grown,
 And their humours are known,
 To follow blind fortune her ranges,
 The Boys shall be such ,
 They shall humble the *Dutch* ,
 And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes.

Song 315.

I Have been in love ,
 And in Debt, and in Drink,
 This many, and many a year,
 And those three Plagues ,
 Are enough one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas Wine made me fall into Love,
 'Twas Love made me run into debt,
 And though I have strugled,
 And strugled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.
 There's nothing but Money can cure me,
 And ease me of all my pain,
 'Twill pay off my Debts,
 And remove all my Letts,
 And my Mistress that would not endure me ,
 Will love me,
 And love me again,
 O then I'll fall to loving ,
 And drinking amain.

Song

Song 316.

HOw hard is an heart to be cured,
That is overwhelm'd with despair,
'Tis a pain that by force is endured,
Which despiseth our Passion, and laughs at our
Then since nothing but death can untie (care.
Those Fetters with which you ensnare me,
For your sake, I am not willing to try,
And if you're unwilling to save me,
I am not unwilling to die.

But how much were it better complying
With the sighs; and the tears, and the groans,
Of a poor distressed Lover dying,
And give ear to the voice of his pitiful moans,
Then your slave shall in triumph be led,
To shew the effects of good Nature ;
And it shall for your be sed,
'Tis true, she kill'd a poor creature ,
But she rais'd him again from the dead.

Song 317.

I'Le bark against the Dog-star,
And crow away the morning,
I'le chace the Moon,
Till it be Noon,
And I'le make her leave her horning ;
But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet will I love,
Beneath or above,
That dirty earth that hides her.

I'le crack the Poles asunder ,
Strange things I will devise on,

I'll beat my brain against *Charls-wain*,
 And I'll grasp the round Horizon ;
But I'll find, &c.

I'll search the Caves of slumber,
 And please in a Night-dream
 I'll tumble her into *Lawrences Fenn*,
 And hang my self in a Sun-beam,
But I will, &c.

I'll sail upon a Mil-stone
 And make the Sea-Gods wonder ,
 I'll plunge in the deep till I wake all asleep ,
 And I'll tear the Rocks in sunder.
 But I will find bonny *Maud*, merry mad *Maud*,
 And seek what e're betides her,
 Yet will I love,
 Beneath, or above,
 That dirty earth that hides her.

Song 318.

Almanz.

How unhappy a Lover am I,
 While I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain,
 All my hopes of delight,
 Are another man's Right,
 Who is happy while I am in pain.

Queen.

Since hour affords no relief,
 But to pity the pains which you bear,
 'Tis the best of your fate,
 In a hopeless Estate,
 To give o're, and in time to despair.

Al.

I have try'd the false medicine in vain,
 For I wish what I hope not to win,
 For without my desire,

Has

Has no food to its fire,
But burns and consumes within,

Queen. Yet at last a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone,
For the Nymph you adore,
Is as wretched, or more,
And counts all your sufferings her own.

Al. O ye powers ! let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Philis* I'll lie,
I'll resign up my breath,
And take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

Queen. What her Honour denied you in life,
In her death she will give to your love,
Such a flame is as true,
After death shall renew,
For the souls to meet closer above.

Song 319.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad;
Upon her Lips do all the Graces play.
And on her breasts ten thousand *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen to twenty one,
Each told her of his flame,
But she forsooth affected none,
One was not handsome, the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But th' oth'r day it was my fate,
 To pass along that way alone,
 I saw no Coach before her Gate,
 But at her door I heard her moan,
 And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

Song 320.

How severe is forgetful old age,
 To confine a poor lover so,
 That I almost despair,
 To see even the man,
 Much more my dear *Damon*, Hey ho.

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
 I am trac'd so where-ever I go,
 That some treacherous tree,
 Hides this old man from me,
 And the counts every Hey ho.

How shall I this *Argus* blind?
 And so put an end to my wo,
 For whilst I beguile,
 All his frowns with a smile,
 I betray my self with a Hey ho.

My restraint then alas must endure,
 So that since my sad doom I know,
 I'll pine for my Love,
 Like the Turtle Dove,
 And breath out my life in *Hey ho*.

Poſies for Rings, or other things.

'Tis only you, whom I purſue.
Bleſt be the Powers, that made me yours.
Our conſtant Love, ſhall ne're remove.
I le rejoyce in thee my Choice.
'Tis thou art mine, and I am thine.
When this you ſee, then think on me.
In ſuch a Roſe, is ſweet Repoſe.
Health and good Wives, do lengthen lives.
That Love is ſtrong, that laſteth long.
Diſtance ne're parts, two conſtant hearts.
This Gift of mine, is ever thine.
I do but ſhow the Love I owe.
The Lord above, improve our Love
If I neglect thee, then diſrepeſt me.
Your Denials were my Trials.
This and true Friends, do know no ends.
Be thou not coy, we'll get a Boy.
I can fancy none but *Nancy*.
'Tis Thee my *Fone*, I love or none.
I ſtill muſe on my dear *Suſan*.
Time ne're ſhall vary, my Love from *Mary*.
When Hearts combine, true Love will ſhine.
I can't contain, my Love to *Fine*.
My Heart and This, do crave a Kiſs.
'Tis your Conſent, gives me Content.
The Gods combine, to make thee mine.

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 To the Queens most Excellent Majesty.
 To the most Illustrious Prince.
 To the Right Honourable Earl.
 To the Honourable Sir *A. B.* Knight and Baronet.
 To the Right Worshipful, Sir *A. B.*
 To the Right Worshipful, Sir *A. B.* Esquire.
 To his well beloved, Dear Father.
 To his Loving and Dear Mother.
 To his dear affectionate Sister.
 To his dear and loving Wife.
 To his most kind Uncle.
 To his very loving Cousin.
 To the Honourable Collonel.
 To his Honoured Friend.
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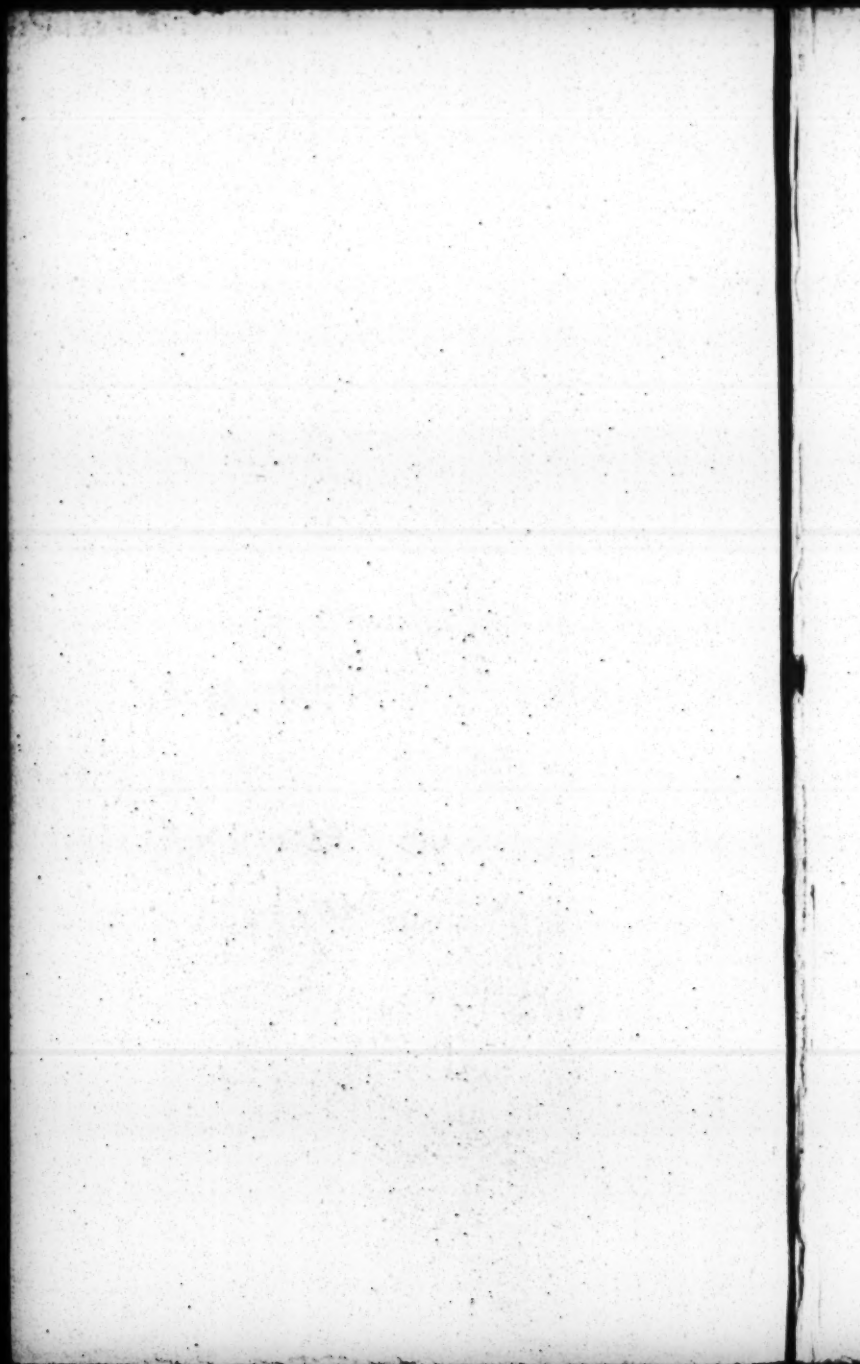
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